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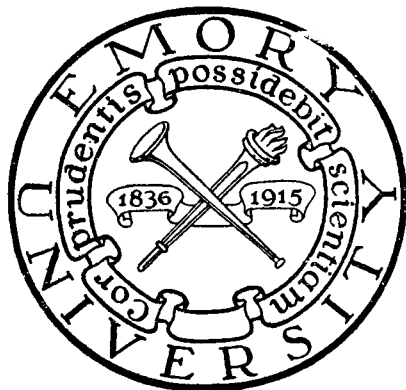
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ETC. ETC.

"By Mahomet," *said Sultan Solyman,*
"That ragged fellow is my very man."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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PREFACE.

THE numerous collections of this kind extant, each heralded by its preface, have agreeably removed from the present compiler any obligation of bespeaking his readers' favour by an elaborate introduction. Like its predecessors, this Irish medley has no higher ambition than that of agreeably occupying a leisure hour during quiet evenings at home, or periods of forced inaction in steamboat or railway carriage. If, when read out in a family circle, it interests and amuses its young and old hearers, the editor's self-complacency will be still further augmented.

The English and Scotch and the present Irish compilation, taken in combination with each other, must contribute to some extent in drawing the social bonds which unite the three peoples still closer. Every one of the compilers has had at heart to bring forward the more estimable qualities of his subjects, their ludicrous faults and failings serving merely as a shady background to enhance the brighter tints of the picture.

It has entered into the present writer's design to draw the attention of his readers to the principal events in the history of his country since the revolution of 1691, and to refresh

the portraits of the most remarkable characters who, well or ill, played out their allotted parts during the same period.

The little prefatorial speech being now spoken, nothing remains to be done but to refer to the chief works from which materials have been borrowed. These are—Doctor R. R. Madden's "History of Irish Periodical Literature;" Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's "Sham Squire," and its sequel, "Ireland before the Union;" Mr. J. T. Gilbert's "Streets of Dublin," from the "Irish Quarterly Review;" Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Recollections;" Papers by Mr. P. J. Murray in the "Irish Quarterly Review;" "Recollections of Ireland," by Mr. M.; and the "Bar Life of O'Connell," by Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan; and "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," by the late Rt. Hon. Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls.

MODERN IRISH ANECDOTES.

IRISH PRONUNCIATION.

THE Irish of our day complain of the treatment of their pronunciation by American and English writers, who remorselessly drag such words as *praste*, *thafe*, and *paither* out of their mouths to their great disgust. It is probable that they were no better off in the end of the seventeenth century. Their own countryman, poor George Farquhar (1678—1707), could afford no better pronunciation nor phraseology to *Teague* in the “Twin Rivals” than the following:—

“Yesh agra, I’m a great thraveller. I did visit France and Shpain agra. I did kish de Pope’s toe: dat ’ill excuse all de sins I commit in dis life, and fen I’m dead Shaint Patrick ’ill excuse de rest.”

Teague is suborned to swear that his own master is the younger of two brothers, but when the trial comes on, and he sees him grieved and surprised at his treachery, he acknowledges before the Court that he has received a bribe, which he offers to share with his dear master. Having, by his good-natured blundering, obtained

the victory for him, and being asked what he wished to be done for himself, he answered. “I wish to be made a justice o’ de pashe agra.”—“But Teague, you would not be fit for the place.”—“Oh fait, I will sho. I can make my mark, and take de oats (oaths). I will be a very honesht man meshelf, and keep a great rogue for a clerk.” In a modern farce Teague would have to say *kape*.

N.B.—No Irish peasant mispronounces *ie* or *ee*.

JAMES II. AT THE BOYNE.

THE last monarch of the Stuart line is scarcely a greater favourite with Irish Catholics than with English Protestants. Our peasantry can afford him no more respectable title than *Shamus a choka*. (Natives of England will do well in not attempting to pronounce this last word, nor seek after its meaning.) The poor king has been wrongly suspected of cowardice by both parties. He was possessed both of personal courage and military capacity, but Englishmen lay nearer to his heart than Irishmen, and he could set

no more than half his abilities at work when in command against his British subjects, rebels as they were. We will not vouch for the truth of the following tradition, still told at the hearths of the peasantry, and illustrative of the inclinations of the chief, who, when he saw at one point of the battle the foreigners retreating before the natives, cried out, "Oh spare my English subjects!" Now for the tradition.

Burke, the cannonier, catching a sight of William on the rising ground beyond the river, adjusted his piece, so as to put him out of all worldly care and pain, and cried out to King James, who was standing near, "I'm going to present your Majesty with three crowns. I have William covered."—"Oh, you wretch!" answered James, striking the cannon angrily with his cane, "would you make my daughter a widow!" Burke was anything but pleased with the royal speech. "D— a shot," he muttered to himself, "will I ever fire for you again after this battle, Shamus a choka!"

GOOD POINTS IN THE CHARACTER OF JAMES, WILLIAM, AND SCHONBERG.

THE brave old Dutch commander, landing in the north of Ireland, invested Carrickfergus, and after some hot work, garrison and citizens were permitted to quit the fortress, and proceed to Newry. The Inniskilliners, however, were not disposed to

let these mere Irish depart without some punishment. The Williamite Chaplain, Story, thus relates the circumstances:—

"They (the Inniskilliners) stript most part of the women, and forced a great many arms from the men, and took it very ill that the duke did not order them all to be put to death, notwithstanding the articles. But he knew better things, and so rude were the Irish Scots, that the duke was forced to ride in among them with his pistol in his hand to keep the Irish from being murdered. The poor Irish were thus obliged to fly to the soldiers for protection."

Schonberg, not being able to force the passes beyond Dundalk, was obliged to form a camp, and winter in its neighbourhood, and wretched winter-quarters his army experienced. Three Dutch soldiers incautiously straying beyond their lines were taken prisoners, and brought before King James. He questioned them, and finding that they belonged to a captain who had been very kind to himself when in discomfort at Rochester, he gave them money, and dismissed them, with kind respects to their chief.

When William was proceeding to Limerick from Dublin, after the hard-won victory of the Boyne, he exerted himself in as praiseworthy a manner as did the duke to preserve the inoffensive country people from ill-treatment on the part of the soldiers, Thus writes Story:—

"Little hapned remarkable except the king's great care to

keep the souldiers from plundering, and every night was given out in orders that on pain of death no man should go beyond the lines in the camp, or take violently to the least value from Protestant or Papist. The 11th the army marched to *Kil Kullen* bridge. The king, this morning passing by the *Ness* (Naas, in Irish, *Nas*, a gathering), saw a souldier robbing a poor woman, which enraged his Majesty so much that he beat him with his cane, and gave orders that he and others guilty of the like disobedience should be executed on the Monday following."

IRELAND BEFORE THE WAR.

WONDERFULLY recuperative qualities must our Island possess. Notwithstanding the ravages inflicted on the country during the parliamentary wars, the author of "Ireland's Lamentation by an English Protestant" stated that, just previous to the Williamite struggles,—

"Money was as plentiful, and with much more ease obtained than in England. So that an ordinary farmer or tradesman keeps a better house, and lives more plentiful than those of four or five hundred a year can do in England."

By this observant English Protestant we learn that a good-sized salmon might then be bought for a penny or two, forty-five eggs for a penny, a fat goose for threepence, and a fat turkey for sixpence. A fat hen

brought only three halfpence, while a groat secured a fat lamb or fat kid. Other eatables were proportionably cheap, even allowing for the superior value of money one hundred and seventy years since.

"The English Protestant" scarcely liked the native "humans" as well as he did their cattle, fowl, and game; still he honestly described things as they appeared to him. Here is a portion of his varied picture.

"The meer *Irish* are not near so wild and barbarous as generally represented, but are as lusty, full, well-set, comely, handsome, fair and clear skinned as the English; mighty hospitable and kind-hearted to strangers, so that if any comes where they are eating they will take it very unkindly if he do not eat with them; ay, and travellers shall have better entertainment gratis than they can afford themselves. For though the country be thus extream plentiful, the commonalty among the *Irish* fare very hard, and live mostly upon potatoes, parsnips, cabbidg, beans, pease, barley, and oat-bread, sour thick milk or butter milk, and, unless on festival days, rarely eat a bit of flesh, butter, eggs, or cheese. They are very nasty and sluttish, prefer strong butter and sowr milk before sweet, scarce ever wear shifts or shirts, or lodge otherwise than on straw or rushes on the ground, with their cows, calves, swine, or sheep, made fast at the bed's head (!), or at the least only a little partition of wattles between. Use no sheets, tum-

ble all together, only the husband between other men and their wives (his wife), and the wife between other women and their husbands" (her husband, as we suppose).

Our observer remarked that a prophecy was current among the people, that a day would come when they would be found weeping and lamenting over the graves of the Protestants. We have heard the same prophecy thus modified:—"When the Protestants will be all dead and gone, the Catholics will be seen carrying home with them the clay from their graves." Since the Boyne and Aughrim we have lost something: but neither our hospitality nor our humour.

We have the following instance from good authority:—

WAY-SIDE HOSPITALITY.

ABOUT sixty years since, an English traveller was proceeding on foot from Bunclody to New Ross. He entered a cabin near Ballinvegga to make some incidental inquiry, and found the family at their dinner of potatoes, butter, and milk. While proposing his question he could not help admiring the size of the potato heap, and the absence of a containing dish. The answer was courteously given, accompanied by a request to take a seat and join the dining party. "I am not hungry," said the traveller; "pray excuse me."—"Oh, be the laws," said the man of the house, "you may as well. Eat or not, you'll have to

pay a *thirteen*" (English shilling).—"If that be the case I may as well have something for my money." Room was made for him, and a knife (for the butter) laid before him. He imitated the mode of proceeding round him pretty much to his own satisfaction, joined in the conversation as well as he could, admired the natural politeness of the people, and, when "thirst and hunger ceased," took out a bright shilling and laid it beside his plate. "Ah, sir, what's that for?"—"For my dinner: you mentioned that price." A Homeric peal of laughter involuntarily rose from the entire family, but it was checked when they looked on the confusion in the face of their guest. The hearty goodnature shining on every countenance and the hearty shaking of hands which followed, soon set the stranger at ease, and when he resumed his journey he left a part of his heart behind.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AMONG THE RAPPAREES.

THESE were the unfortunate adherents of the national and Royal cause, who found themselves outlawed at the conclusion of the Cromwellian wars, and obliged to resort to the strong hand to keep the life in them. The contemporary writer of "The True Narrative" thus spoke of their mode of adapting their consciences to their needs:—

"These rogues could dispense

with their inviolable *Lent* fast, so that they did eat nothing but what they call protestant beef and mutton. They would not kill a beef or a mutton before they had called a formal jury on him, and tried him for heresie. If a party brought in any small *Irish* cattel that had no brand, and they guessed belonged to an Irishman, the beasts were dismissed, but the delinquents that brought them in were fined, and obliged to satisfy the society in stolen cattel. But if the beasts were found to be branded and in good case, as those that belonged to the English way of husbandry commonly were, they were condemned for hereticks, and immediately slaughtered. A poor Englishman that I very well knew, who had but one beef, found her tied up with a rope in one of his neighbours' houses, the jury about her, and the judge pronouncing sentence."

*SIR TEAGUE O'REGAN AND
HIS WAR HORSE.*

THE fortress of Charlemont was the last of the Northern strongholds to surrender to Schonberg. The fiery Sir Thigue (Thaddeus) in command of the garrison, obstinately held out till all were nearly starved. Sir Thigue's good breeding was not on a par with his valour. His answer to a polite summons of surrender was given in these rough terms:—"Tellyour master from Sir Teague O'Regan, that he's an old knave, and (*an oath*)

he shall not have the town at all." The Duke smiled, and said he hoped to make him more angry in a short time.

At last, obliged by fate and famine, the choleric commander demanded honourable terms, and readily obtained them from Schonberg, and a sad contrast was presented by the ragged, famished loyalists to the well-clothed, well-fed Dutch, and German, and French soldiers, who replaced them. There were snobs before the days of the lamented William Makepeace Thackeray. The Brandenburg colonel happening to belong to that contemptible class, exclaimed, on catching a sight of the famished warriors, "Mein Gott, how it shames me to have to come to fight against such scoundrels!" Very different from this snob was his brave and considerate general, Duke Schonberg, who highly esteemed the eccentric Sir Thigue for his loyal and soldierly character. He came to give friendly greeting to the chief of the liberated garrison on the departure of himself and his men, and the Rev. Mr. Story shall inform us of the ludicrous particulars of the interview.

"Besides the souldiers they also had about 200 *Irish* women and children, who stood in a body by themselves between the two battalions. Old Teague the governor was mounted on an old stallion, and he very lame with scratches, &c. &c. &c., and other infirmities, but withal so vitious that he would fall a kicking and squeeling if any one

came near him. Teague himself had a great bunch upon his back, a plain red coat, a weather-beaten wig hanging down at full length, a little narrow white beaver cocked up, a yellow cravat string, but that all on one side, his boots with a thousand wrinkles in them; and though it was a very hot day, yet he had a great muff hanging about him.

"Thus mounted and equipped he approached the Duke with a compliment, but his horse would not allow him to make it a long one, for he fell to work presently, and the Duke had scarce time to make him a civil return. The Duke then reviewed the Irish battalions, who all, both officers and souldiers, after they had made him a great many legs, stared upon him as if they knew not whether he was a man or some strange creature.

"The Duke seeing so many women and children, asked the reason of keeping such a number in the garrison, which no doubt destroyed their provisions. He was answered that the Irish were very hospitable, and that they all fared alike, but the greatest reason was, that the souldiers would not stay in the garrison without their wives. The Duke replied, there was more love than policy in it."

SIR TEAGUE SETTLES A KNOTTY POINT OF CON- TROVERSY.

SCHONBERG'S people having seen the Irish force safe to Ar-

magh, and given them provision for their march to Dundalk, took a friendly farewell of them. While Sir Thigue* was taking dinner with the officers one of his subordinates entered, and rather disturbed the harmony of the entertainment by his news. It seems that on the march, Sir Thigue's chaplain had glided into a controversy with an English dragoon, and as neither party saw a near prospect of effecting a conversion with the tongue, appeal was made with mutual consent to the fists. At this exercise the soldier, as any one could foretell, had the advantage, and the object of the visitor was to induce Sir Thigue to get the victor punished. "Tell the chaplain," said the commander, "that this is a case in which I cannot interfere. All I can do is to strongly advise him never to quarrel again with a dragoon."

SCHONBERG'S ORATION TO THE INNISKILLINERS.

THE brave Dutch Dalgetty looked on the female element in the Charlemont garrison with considerable contempt, but if we are to trust to the veracity of the lamented John Banim in his Historical Romance of "The Boyne Water," it roused his anger when he found his allies, the Inniskilliners, not exempt

* The reader is requested to excuse the variety of spelling in the commander's name. By English writers the name is spelled *Teague*, but by the natives the word is invariably pronounced *Thigue*. The correct spelling is *Tadg*.

from the national weakness. Thus he scolded his valiant but badly accoutred friends.

"Mein Heafen, here is much more of the Irishers hot tempers! Basta! I have nefer met such tings in any service mit your Frenchmans, your Portugueses, your Brandenburgians, your Englishmans, or your Dutchmans. Sacra, nefer! you one Inniskillingers, you ride here to join us on your fery big lean cats, and all de wild fat womans of Ireland at your backs to eat up our food or to thief it. You cry in great spirits indeed, 'Send us always on de forlorn of de army,' and den you cry again, 'Oh, we can never do any good now no more indeed, for we are put under orders.'"

Having got rid of his momentary anger by giving it an airing, he paid the scoldées some well deserved compliments on their bravery, endurance, &c.

A TRANSPLANTED LEGEND.

STORY took occasion from the shouting of the Irish when William's arm was struck by the cannon ball, to explain their love of making an outcry when going to battle.

"I have often observed the Irish very fond of shouting and hallowing before an engagement, and there is a tradition among them that whoever does not shout and huzza as the rest do in battel, he is suddenly caught up from the ground into the air, and so into a certain desert vale

in the county of Kerry, where he eateth grass, and lappeth water with some use of reason, but not of speech, and shall be caught up at last by hunters and their hounds, and so brought home. But this story is a little too light for so great an author as Camden, though he only relates it as a foolish fancy."

The original legend was in this form. When Fionn Mac Cumhail and his men were contending at *Fiontra* (Fair Strand, Ventry harbour) against the King of the World (Roman Emperor) and his allies, Gall a northern prince coming to give his help against the invaders, fought with such fury that he was seized with madness, fled from the battle field, and plunged into the solitude of Gleann na n-gealt (the Glen of the insane). Since then every Irish person affected by insanity must pay a visit to this vale of woe once in his life.

So strong a hold has this belief on the inhabitants of Munster, that numbers of instances have been remarked, of persons in the early stages of the malady, leaving their homes and finding their way to the weird valley.

OUR LAST SIGHT OF JAMES.

ONE of the causes which have left an unfriendly feeling in the hearts of the Irish to James is a tradition (probably incorrect) of a short conversation between himself and the Duchess of Tyr-

connell on his return to Dublin Castle after the defeat at the Boyne. "Madam," said he, "I congratulate you on the swiftness of your countrymen in a retreat."—"Your Majesty," answered the indignant lady, "deserves a higher compliment, for you have outstripped the fleetest of them." James would have hardly given utterance to that ill-natured remark on those who had exhibited such loyalty to him. They had disputed the battle-field foot by foot, though the ordinary rank and file were for the most part ill-disciplined recruits, and were contending against well-trained mercenaries. Besides, the retreat was a very leisurely one, and so effectively covered by Lauzun's artillery that the pursuers followed but a very short distance from the battle field. James's own mismanagement with regard to the cannon, and the forced inaction of Sarsfield were, humanly speaking, the chief causes of the defeat.

The eminent writer, J. Sheridan Le Fanu, Esq., little partial as he is to James or his cause, thus bears testimony to his conscientiousness, the occasion being his final departure from Dublin Castle. (See *Torloch O'Brien*.)

"In the cold grey of the morning it were hard to imagine a more dreary or less inviting spectacle than this group of loyalists presented. While they were waiting thus, James, a man of punctuality to the last, was employed in paying and discharging his menial servants,

previously to his taking final leave of the Irish capital. At last he entered the apartment.

"There was that in the fallen condition of the King, in the very magnitude of his misfortunes, which lent a mournful dignity to his presence, and which, in spite of the petulance which occasionally broke from him, impressed the few disappointed and well-nigh ruined followers of his cause, who stood before him, with feelings of melancholy respect.

"Gentlemen," said the King after a brief pause, 'it hath pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to give the victory to our enemies. They will be in possession of this city before many days are passed. Matters being so, we must needs shift for ourselves as best we may. Above all we do command you, we do implore of you, gentlemen, in your several stations, and principally you, Colonel Luttrell, as governor of this our city, to prevent all undue severity, all angry reprisals, all violences upon the suspected within its walls. We do earnestly entreat of you all to remember that this is our city, and they our subjects. Protect it and them as long as it shall seem wise to occupy this town for us. This is our last command, our parting request."

OID IN FINGAL AND TIPPERARY.

THE attentive historian of the

Jacobite wars, proceeding with the army from Drogheda to Dublin, picked up the following precious bit of information concerning the Fingallians, viz., the dwellers adjoining the coast:—

“The country hereabouts is, most of it all, inhabited by Old English, and is called *Fingal*, that is, a ‘Nation of Foreigners.’ It’s scarce worth relating what is writ in the Irish annals, of a countryman nigh this place, that, in the year 1341, found a pair of gloves, in drawing on of which he barked like a dog, and from that time the elders in that country barked like big dogs, and the young ones like whelps, and this continued with some for eighteen days, with others a month, and with some for two years, and entered also into several other places. And they tell you likewise of the men of Tipperary being turned into wolves at a certain time of the year. But these are trifles, for they are commonly dogs or wolves in their nature, but not otherwise.”

If the chaplain could have foreseen that the descendants of the English settlers in Tipperary and the city of Cork (in former days the most un-Irish city in the kingdom) would turn out to be the most disaffected to English rule of all the people in the empire, it would have rendered his life miserable. He made a natural mistake concerning the Fingallians, who are the descendants of Scandinavian settlers, the *Finn Gaill* or “White Foreigners.”

BARONY FORTH MEMORABILIA.

THE Barony of Forth, in Wexford, occupies most of the tract bordering on the southern coast. Our graphic historian found room in his narrative for this slight sketch of its inhabitants.

“Hereabouts were the first English planted in Ireland. They were a colony of west-countrymen, and retain their old English tone and customs to this day. I am credibly informed that every day, about one or two o’clock in summer, they go to bed, the whole country round. Nay the very hens fly up, and the sheep go to fold as orderly as if it were night.”

The men and women really indulged in the siesta, but in our opinion the hens and sheep were calumniated. “The Baronies,” as they are termed by the rest of the county, continue to this day a pious, industrious, and primitive people. They raise beans in abundance, use the dry stalks for fuel, and continue to enjoy the nickname of *Beany-Bags*. Using better food and oftener than their neighbours, these last accuse them of gluttonously indulging in five meals *per diem*. During the past century and the early part of the present, no Forthman would venture on the perilous journey to Dublin. The ice was at last broken by a worthy man to whom a legacy was bequeathed, but a journey to the capital was indispensable

before possession of the bequest. Sundry family councils were held, and orations made in favour of the journey and against it before the resolve to try the awful adventure was adopted. So prayers were offered up for the weal of the daring man in all the neighbouring churches and chapels for a month, and then the journey was begun. In the absence of all further information on the subject, let us hope that the prize was won, and the return safely effected, and the next nine days enlivened by the recital of the venture into unknown territories, and all the comments for which they furnished a text. In ridicule of the luxurious living of the men and women of Forth, the following tradition is preserved in the barony of Scarawalsh and the remaining seven of the county, Forth and Bargo excepted.

In the retreat after the Battle of Foulkes's Mill in 1798, a florid young man from the barony was observed to be weeping bitterly. "What are you crying for, you big slob?" said one of his comrades in ill-luck. "Is it afeard you are?"—"I'm not a bit af—af—af—afeared no more than yourself, but I didn't get a bit to eat for the last four hours."

A CAUSELESS MUTUAL FRIGHT.

In times of peace people cannot be too earnest in their prayers that they may be spared the horrors of civil strife. Before the breaking out of the war,

a report suddenly spread abroad in the North that the Papists would rise on the 9th of the current month (December, 1688), and massacre the Protestants throughout the kingdom. An impression prevailed among the Roman Catholics of Dublin and its vicinity at the same time that the Protestants were intent on a general onslaught on themselves. Earl Mount Alexander got a warning printed, and dispatched copies to Dublin. These arrived on Friday, 7th instant, the next Sunday being the day appointed for the slaughter. Three thousand Protestants taking the alarm hastened to get on board the ships in the bay, the mere Irish congratulating themselves on the unexpected movements of their ill-willers. However, the Catholic Lord-Deputy (Tyrconnel) being informed of the panic and flight, dispatched the Earls of Roscommon and Longford after the fugitives, and persuaded them to land and return to their homes. He dispatched his own yacht after one or two vessels that had got under way, and succeeded in bringing them back. This occurred on Sunday morning. The news of the sham plot did not reach some localities till the people were assembled at prayers, and Story thus described the result:—

"They were struck with such sudden apprehension of immediate destruction, that the doors not allowing quick passage enough, by reason of the crowd, abundance of persons made their escapes out of the windows,

and in the greatest fright and disorder that can be represented, the men leaving their hats and periwigs behind them; some of them had their cloaths torn to pieces, others were trampled under foot, and the women in much worse condition than the men."

LORD GALMOY AND HIS BROTHER.

MANY were the acts of courtesy, mercy, and forbearance exercised by the chiefs on both sides during the continuance of the Williamite war. Some acts of a contrary character are on record, and among the names distinguished for cruelty stands out distinctly that of the Jacobite Lord Galmoy. In the north-west of Wexford, a tradition prevails that a brother of this nobleman, Sir Walter Butler, owned the estate around Munfin House, by the Slaney bank, about four miles below Bunclody. He was as unfeeling as his brother, and the following detestable act of his is still related. A poor woman and her son, a child of eight or nine years, were passing along the road near the fine old manor house just named, and the lad could not be kept from searching among the bushes and shrubs of the fence for birds'-nests, or some other things so attractive to boyish fancies. His mother being delayed longer than was agreeable to her, cried out, "Come along, you young thief! Maybe Sir Walter Butler will see

you, and hang you up."—"Very properly remarked," said the unfeeling master, showing his face from behind one of the large trees. "If he is a thief, hanging is the only cure for him."—"Oh, sir, honey!" cried the affrighted mother, "I was only joking; the child is as honest as the sun."—"So you say now to get him off, but that is not your real opinion; he was committing trespass on my property, and hanged he must be," and unless the tradition is a lying one, hanged the poor child was, despite the despair and piercing shrieks of the wretched woman.

BRASS MONEY

(The Wooden Shoes omitted):

IT is morally certain that the brass money, which so determinedly sticks to the memory of King James, would, if he had regained power, be all ransomed by sterling coin of the realm. Had the distressed monarch a sufficiency of pure gold, silver, and copper in his possession, he would never have insisted on his lieges giving a half-crown's value for a brazen article, value (say) three farthings. However, the base metal current in 1689, 1690, was the occasion of no small amount of mischief: witness an occurrence related in a pamphlet of 1690.

"Colonel Roger Moore, having an incumbrance of £3,000 upon the Lord Dillon's estate, who is married to the daughter of Lady Tyrconnel, she sent for him, and told him that having

some money at her command, and being very desirous of taking the burthen off her daughter's estate, she was content to pay him off in ready money, provided he would make some handsome abatement of the sum due. The gentleman being complaisant to the lady, and very willing to receive money in such a time of scarcity, freely consented to abate a thousand pounds, so the money might be paid down at once. The lady seemed very thankful, and appointed him to come next day, and bring the deeds and obligations with him, and receive the money. Accordingly he came, and having given a legal release, the lady opened a door, and showed him a long table covered over with copper and brass (money), and tendered it for his payment, which, whether he rejected in passion, or hired a cart to carry it away, I cannot tell."

*PATRICK SARSFIELD, LORD
LUCAN.*

THE plan of our publication excludes connected historical or biographical details, but we must find room for a few sentences on the subject of Sarsfield, the most single-minded, upright, and unselfish of all the brave men who adhered to the fortunes of their king. They are copied from a biography of the hero (*Dublin University Magazine*, November, 1853), by a lineal descendant of Sarsfield's sister, Mary (Mrs. Ros-siter), viz., John William Cole,

who, under the stage name, Calcraft, managed the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during the second quarter of the present century, and largely contributed to Irish dramatic biography in our National Magazine. Mr. Cole, formerly captain in the Fusiliers, was possessed of great literary abilities, and was in every respect the model of an estimable Irish gentleman.

"There are few names more worthy to be inscribed in the roll of honour than that of Patrick Sarsfield, who may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In the annals of Irish history he stands as a parallel to Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, in those of France, and may be equally accounted *sans peur et sans reproche*, the fearless and irreproachable knight, in his public actions, firm and consistent; in his private character, amiable, and unblemished. . . At the end of the war, William III. would have gladly won his services, and he offered to continue him in his rank and property, but he listened to no overture, and left his native country attended by thousands of that gallant body who, under the title of 'The Irish Brigade,' filled the continent of Europe with their renown."

The earliest of the family on record was Thomas Sarsfield, standard-bearer to Henry II. Patrick received his military education in a French military college. His earlier grades were ensign in Monmouth's regiment in France, and (subsequently)

lieutenant in the Royal Guards of England. After the treaty of Limerick, he was most cordially received in Paris by James and Louis. The titles of colonel of James's body guards, and lieutenant-general of the French army, were conferred on him, and had his life been spared, he would have had a field-marshal's truncheon. He fought at Steenkirk in 1692, and on the 29th of July, 1693, he died in his harness at the great fight of Landen, in the Low Countries. The following rough quatrain devoted to his memory is still lovingly remembered among the people :—

"Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,
Fought in the field like any thunder;
One of Ireland's best commanders,
He now lies food for the crows of
Flanders."

The author of "Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation" thus remarks on his personal and military qualities :—

'As a partisan, and for a desultory warfare, he possessed admirable qualifications; brave, patient, vigilant, rapid, and indefatigable; ardent, adventurous, and enterprising; the foremost in encounter, the last in retreat. He harassed his enemy by sudden, unexpected, and generally irresistible attacks, inspiring his troops with the same ardour and contempt of danger with which his own soul was animated. No general was ever more beloved by his troops.'

For Sarsfield's ever-memorable exploit of capturing the great battering train at Ballyneedy, and blowing it up, we must refer the reader to ordi-

nary history, and the "Boyne Water" of the lamented John Banim. That writer gives these lines as a quotation from an old ballad. He himself was equal to their composition—

"From Limerick that day bould Sarsfield
marched away,
Until he came to Cullen, where their ar-
tillery lay.
The Lord cleared up the firmament;
the moon and stars shone bright;
And for the battle of the Boyne he had
revenge that night."

A WOUNDED TROOPER'S GRATITUDE.

THE reader having carefully read over the first siege of Limerick in any honestly-written history, may relieve his mind from its terrors and horrors by the following amusing incident, told by the Rev. Mr. Story.

"I cannot omit a pleasant adventure that fell out at the taking of the fort between a chaplain in the army and a trooper. This chaplain happened to go down after the fort (at St. John's gate) was taken, and seeing a trooper mortally wounded in all appearance, he fancy'd himself obliged to give him his best advice. The other was very thankful to him for it, and while they were about the matter comes the Sally. Our horse came thundering down, at which the clergyman making haste to get out of their way, he stumbled and fell down. The wounded trooper seeing him fall, judged he had been kill'd, and stept to him immediately to strip him, and in a trice had got his coat off on one side. The other

call'd to him to hold, and ask'd him what he meant. 'Sir,' (says the other) 'I beg your pardon, for I believed you were kill'd, and there I thought myself obliged to take care of your clothes as well as you did of my soul.'"

RESPECT TO A SLAIN FOEMAN.

BEFORE the concluding operations at Athlone, Aughrim, and Limerick, sundry skirmishes and attacks on petty fortresses occurred. In one of these the writer, who has left so minute a record of what he witnessed, lost his brother, Cornet Story. The sad event is worth recording as giving evidence of that courtesy shown to each other by the regular forces on each side, and sometimes where the Rapparees were concerned.

"June 1, 1691, two Rapparee Captains, Grace and Hogan, with eighty men, surprise Camgart near Birr. Ensign

Story, thinking to prevent the burning of it, goes thither with all speed with a party of thirty men.

Being got too nigh the works, a woman carrying water to a cabbin made a sign that the enemy was within, which occasioned the ensign to stop, at which they fired a volley upon him, killing himself and one of his men. The party could not bring off the ensign's body, being so near the castle.

The other officer in Corolante sent back a drum for Ensign Story's body, which the Irish made some scruple to deliver,

but proffer'd to bury him honourably, which they did, allowing his own drum to beat the Dead March before him, and themselves fired three volleys at his grave, acknowledging at his death some former civilities from him.

This officer was well and at liberty at nine o'clock in the morning, but before twelve he was not only in the power but buried by his enemies, and that with great formality. And a man that is at the pains of describing other people's actions may be allowed the liberty to leave one page to the memory of his own brother."

GENERAL GINCKELL'S DIS- ORDERLY HOUSEHOLD.

AMONG the Williamite chiefs De Ginckell, afterwards Baron Athlone, is noticeable for his great capacity, moderation, and prudence. While proceeding westwards to the capture of Athlone, he had much trouble with his force, which was apparently in a sadly demoralised condition. He insisted on the chaplain of every regiment reading prayers before his men at ten in the morning and seven in the evening, and particularly to exhort them to renounce the crime of swearing. Stealing appears to have been a soldierly vice among the men, but it was put out of fashion for a time by the promotion of a horse-stealer to the gibbet. The subjoined order issued by the General indicated a rather low tone of morality among the rank and file.

"No sutler, or other person

whatever, shall buy any ammunition, arms, or accoutrements, or any thing that belong to the soldiers on pain of death." The reasons for this strict order were then given, namely that the men would sell their clothes or shoes for a trifling sum, and if they were not looked after as carefully as children, they would soon be in a wretched condition.

HOW AUGHRIM WAS LOST.

TOWARDS the middle of last century, a certain Richard Ashton wrote the rhymed tragedy of "The Battle of Aughrim," and, as peasant authorities maintain, had it acted once. But the tradition goes that the Jacobite and Williamite gentlemen in the pit were so excited by the mimic warfare on the stage that they drew their swords and attacked each other. The amount of lost lives is not stated, but as was right and natural, the Government of the day forbade any other representation. Although the author's feelings were decidedly on the side of De Ginckell and his men, there was such goodwill shown to Sarsfield,—and his loyalty, courage, and humanity were so well brought out, that the printed piece has continued a popular folks-book among the Irish populace for upwards of a century, and may still be obtained on Dublin standings in yellow paper cover at threepence.

In the drama the fall of Athlone is fairly attributed to the vain glory and negligence of St.

Ruth, but he gets no credit for his military abilities.

The loss of the battle of Aughrim may be attributed to more than one cause. A portion of the Irish defending a pass applying for ammunition, bullets of too large a size for the calibre of their pieces were supplied, and the enemy passed before them unmolested. Luttrell had received orders to conduct a detachment of the rear line of the Irish to the right of the ground, but through misunderstanding or treachery he marched off the front line and left an opening to the enemy. Sarsfield was stationed with a reserve at the back of the hill without being made acquainted with St. Ruth's general plan, and remained ignorant of that commander's death for a time sufficient for the introduction of such disorder as he found out of his power to repair. Whoever wishes for the details of one of the best contested fights on one side and the other, which have occurred in modern times, may profitably study O'Callaghan's Green Book, or "The Fortunes of Colonel Torloch O'Brien," by Mr. Le Fanu.

ST. RUTH'S BULLET.

IN the Green Book is preserved a tradition of what indirectly led to the death of the French commander. This is the substance.

The day before the fight, a neighbouring gentleman, O'Kelly by name, applied to St. Ruth for payment of a flock of his

sheep, which had been driven off, and eaten by the soldiers. The General expostulated with him on the unreasonableness of the demand, representing that the men had come there to peril their lives for him and his party. "Well," said O'Kelly's herd, who was standing by, "ask him for the skins anyhow." The request was made and sternly refused, St. Ruth representing the need in which the soldiers stood of beds and bedding. On some further persistence on the part of the injured man, he and his herd were ordered off, but not till the master told the man in Irish to mark well the appearance of the General. They repaired without delay to the English commander, who recommended them to the care and notice of Trench his gunner.

During the fight next day, and when the pass was forced owing to the want of suitable bullets by the little garrison, Trench set his piece on the edge of the morass in face of the hill, and just as St. Ruth appeared ready for a downward charge on the enemy, the herd cried out, "There he is, the French general dressed out like a bandman." One wheel of the carriage being lower than the other the skilful gunner put one of his boots under it, adjusted the range, and a few seconds later St. Ruth's lifeless body was stretched along the hill side, and Aughrim was lost.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

MOST of the inhabitants of

the neighbourhood had quitted their homes when the battle was impending, and remained away for some time after it. The English survivors looked to the interment of their own people only, and the dead bodies of the Irish lay singly and in heaps all through the fields. We close our war quotations from Story with an affecting incident of the fidelity of man's most faithful dumb friend.

"Many dogges frequented the place long afterwards, and became so fierce by feeding upon man's flesh, that it became dangerous for any single man to pass that way. And there is a true and remarkable story of a greyhound (probably, wolfhound) belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle, whose body the dog remained by, night and day. And though he fed upon other corps with the rest of the dogs, yet he would never allow them nor anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corps were consumed the dogs departed, but this used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently to return to the place where his master's bones were only then left. And thus he continued till January following, when one of Colonel Foulks's soldiers being quartered nigh hand, and going that way by chance, the dog fearing that he came there to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece there upon

his back, and killed the poor dog."

*SIR TEAGUE O'REGAN
ONCE MORE.*

ON the 13th of September of this year, 1691, we find Sir Teague in difficulties again. He is invested in the fortress of Sligo, six hundred men under his command, and twelve days' provisions in the store-room. The town and part of the fortress is in possession of the enemy, and Lord Granard prepared to tumble his defences about his ears, or starve himself and his garrison. But the peppery old knight was high in the estimation of his foemen, and honourable terms were proposed for his acceptance. He condescended to approve them, and once more his white-plumed hat, flowing wig, red cloak, and muff were seen emerging from his stronghold at the head of his men, who were in much better condition than those erewhile shut up with him in Charlemont. He received a respectful and friendly greeting from Lord Granard and his officers, and leisurely proceeded to Limerick at the head of his loyalists, having no dread of hunger on the way, for they were allowed to take their stock of provisions with them.

LILLIBULLERO.

IF this doggrel, said to be composed by Lord Wharton, had power to exasperate English

and Irish Protestants against James and his Lord Deputy, the innate virtue was little indebted to poetic excellence or refined feeling. The verses are supposed to be addressed by one bog-trotter to another.

"Ho, brother Teague, dost hear de decree,

Lillibullero bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new Debittee?

Lillibullero bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibullero, bullen
a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibullero, bullen
a la.

Ho, be me shoul, it is a Talbot;
Lillibullero, &c.
And he will cut all de English troat,
Lillibullero, &c.

Dough, be me shoul, de English do
prate,
De law's on deir side, and d—— knows
what. (*Same chorus.*)

But if dispense do come from de Pope,
We'll hang Magno Carte and demselves
in a rope.

An' de good Lord Talbot is made a Lord,
An' he wid brave lads is comin' aboard.

Who all in France have taken a swear,
Dat dey will have no Prodestin heir.

But, oh, why does he stay behind?
Ho, be me shoul, 'tis a Prodestin wind.

Now Tyrconnel is come ashore,
And we vill have commissions galore.

An' he dat vill not go to Mass,
Shall turn out, and look like an ass.

But now de heretics all go down,
Saint Patrick will make de nation our
own.

Dere vas an ould prophecy found in a bog,
Dat Ireland be ruled by an ass an' a dog.

So now dis ould prophecy's just come to
pass,

Lillibullero, bullen a la,
For Talbot's de dog, and Tyrconnel's
de ass,

Lillibullero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibullero, bullen
a la;
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibullero, bullen
a la."

REDMOND O'HANLON AND
THE PEDLAR.

THIS renowned outlaw, the terror and delight of the North, was a gentleman by birth. Though the beginning of his reign coincided with the termination of Cromwell's wars, he could not allege his loyalty as an excuse for despoiling the *Sassenach* enemy, for he got one trial at least to test his good behaviour, and was not able to live quietly till his time of probation expired. He was as popular as any highway robber could be. He was averse to blood-shedding, would relieve distressed people, and kindly treat any single soldier that fell in his way. He levied black mail like any highland chief, half-a-crown per annum being the ordinary tariff, and his written protection exempted his tenants from all harm at the hand of robber or thief for a twelve-month. The mortifications he inflicted on his would-be captors, and his hair-breadth escapes, almost exceed belief.

The travelling pedlars supplied O'Hanlon with a fair proportion of his yearly revenue. As he was taking the air one day, he found one of this body not personally known to him, crying bitterly. "What's the matter, my good man?"—"Ah! that terrible Redmond Hanlon has taken my box and five pounds, all my worldly property, and gave me a beating besides."—"Well, I happen to be Redmond Hanlon; but I must have

robbed and beaten you when I was asleep, for I remember nothing of it. Which way did I go after punishing you?"—"Ah! sir, I see, the vagabond took your name in vain. He is gone down that road."

The rogue was soon overtaken by Redmond's men, and confronted with his victim. "Ill teach you," said Redmond, after the property was returned to its owner, "to avoid personating me another time." He bound the pedlar over to prosecute at the next assizes, and then sent the offender in the custody of the maltreated man and three of his own followers, to be delivered up to the gaoler of Armagh, intrusting the subjoined mittimus to the party:—

"By Redmond O'Hanlon, *in loco* one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Armagh:—

"I herewith send you the body of —, who was this day brought before me, and examined for robbing Mr. — on the king's high-road, requiring of you to hold him in safe custody till the next general assizes to be held for the said county; and for your so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1675.

"REDMOND O'HANLON.

"To —, Gaoler of Armagh."

What a source of grim merriment must not the judge and lawyers have found in the perusal of this mittimus at the trial!

*HOW REDMOND DE-
SPOILED THE SOLDIERS.*

As the red-coated men of the seventeenth century were obliged to do the duty now discharged by the Royal Irish Constabulary, Redmond took every opportunity to discomfort them, except when tired and weary individuals came in his way. These he always succoured.

Presenting himself once in a dress of the best materials to the commanding officer at Armagh, he acquainted him that he was on a journey to such a place, that he had a large sum of money about him, and in consequence stood in fear of Redmond O'Hanlon or some of his gang. This being so, he would be obliged by the protection of seven or eight of the men well armed till he would have reached such and such a place. His request was granted, and he and his convoy went on pleasantly, he treating his guards liberally at every alehouse along the road, and telling them diverting stories. At the appointed limit he made a halt, said he considered himself now out of danger, gave every man half-a-crown, and requested them to fire a salvo in honour of their success. This the partly intoxicated men readily did, and the idea so pleased them that they let off salvo after salvo till their few charges were spent. This was what O'Hanlon was waiting for before he would blow a signal on his whistle. A number of armed men rushed at the

sound from behind a thicket and surrounded the frightened men, who, at Redmond's command, laid their guns, and belts, and cartridge-boxes quietly on the ground. He allowed them to retain their half-crowns, but these were a poor comfort as they stood again before their captain, and related their misadventure.

*REDMOND MEETS HIS
MATCH.*

A MERCHANT in Dundalk was to receive a large sum from a correspondent in Newry, if he could find sufficient courage to go for it, or if he could induce any friend to make the venture. He made no secret of his trouble to his family and people. So one of his apprentices said to him one day, "Mr.—, if you are satisfied to lose about thirty shillings I engage to bring you the debt in spite of O'Hanlon and all his men." He thought the trial worth making, and handed over the sum demanded. The adventurer then mounting a horse, the own brother of Sir Teague O'Regan's steed for ill-conduct in the management of teeth and hoofs, began his journey. He did not expect to escape a for-gathering with Redmond, and his guess was a correct one. He was overtaken by a well-dressed and well-mounted gentleman, and they entered into conversation. The boy was all simplicity, and made no secret of the end and the object of his journey, and his fears of

coming under the notice of the great road-surveyor. "I wouldn't let you know all this, sir," said he, "only I see you are a finished gentleman." "You are quite right in saying nothing to any one about your business, and I advise you not to mention it to any other person, gentle or simple, except the Newry merchant. When will you be on the road back?" "This time to-morrow I expect to be about here." "Well, well, mind what I said to you. That is a bitter-tempered beast under you—good morning."

Just as he said, the boy was jogging back next day, and at the same place and same hour the gentleman was coming out from a by-lane on the high road. "Well, isn't this curious?" said he, "that we should meet again the same as yesterday? You have the money safe I suppose?" "Oh, faith I have; there it is safe in the two ends of that canvas bag, and no sign of O'Hanlon, thank God." "You are grateful too soon; I am the man; hand over the purse."—"Oh, sir, honey, you wouldn't do a poor boy such harm. My employer will kill me or put me in jail. Maybe he'll say I kept the money myself." All this time the boy's steed kept prancing, and wheeling round, and lashing out. "Keep your beast quiet, and hand over the bag, or I'll put a bullet through you."—"Oh, vuya, vuya! what'll become of me? Well, if the money is to be yours, you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it." By *ditch* the speaker meant

the fence, a thick one headed with bushes and shrubs which happened to border the road at that part, and was divided from it by a real ditch full of muddy water. Across the fence went the heavy little wallet, and O'Hanlon was obliged, nolens volens, to scramble through water and brake to recover it. The boy improved the occasion. Slipping down from his ill-tempered charger, he mounted the robber's docile steed, and was several perches on the road to Dundalk before O'Hanlon could attain the solid road again. Vain were his shouts after the simple youth, vain his attempts to bestride Rosinante, or even seize the bridle, and the heap of halfpence (many of them raps), provided by the lad in Newry, poorly repaid him for the loss of his trained horse. Perhaps his defeat by the clever boy went nearer his heart than all. That lucky apprentice reached his home in triumph with the money well quilted in his waistcoat. If this were a tale we would add that the gratified master took the youth into partnership, and blessed him with the hand of his fair daughter; but there is such a thing in the world as conscience, and the chronicle consulted by us omits all mention of the young lady. Perhaps the merchant was not provided with any child, male or female.

After many hairbreadth escapes, and the infliction of a world of trouble on the Government of the day, the stout outlaw was assassinated in open day by two trusty individuals

specially employed for the purpose by the Earl of Ormond. The deed was effected 16th April, 1681, at two o'clock in the afternoon. (See "The Tory War of Ulster" by Mr. Prendergast.)

CHARLEY OF THE HORSES.

THIS worthy, called by his countrymen *Cahir na Goppal* (correctly *G-capull*), might be called a merchant prince among the tribe of cattle-lifters. Glenmalier, near Ballybrittas, in the Queen's Co., had the disgrace of seeing him come to the world and arrive at manhood. Some of our readers must recollect About's "King of the Mountains," his extensive correspondence, his connection with London banks, and all the ramifications of a widely-diffused business-concern, the source and foundation of all being the money taken from travellers by Greek brigands, or paid to them as ransom for rich captives. Cahir directed the concern, his brother was chief accountant, and their domain included all Leinster, great part of Ulster, and portions of the other two provinces. The mode of conducting the business may be thus illustrated. A certain setter gave Charley information of such and such cattle being in such a pasture, or housed at night in an easily accessible stable. Charley sent information of the fact to another retriever, and he having conducted the cattle to an appointed spot, was relieved

of them by a third equally honest man, who, driving them to a distant fair, disposed of them, having previously disguised them by washes if there was anything very striking in their appearance.

When a bereaved farmer or gentleman found it out of the question to get on the traces of his lost cattle, he repaired personally or by deputy to Charley Dempsey, gave needful information, paid his inquiry fee, and departed. On consulting the books the latest known habitat of the animals was discovered, hints given to correspondents that the presence of such or such animals, at present grazing in such and such pastures, would be desirable on such a night at a convenient place then named; the disconsolate owner would be told to look in on a certain corner of a common, or a sandy nook by the side of a large river at the same time, and the commercial transaction was closed. In cases where search was unavailing half of the fee was returned.

This system, though more troublesome and less profitable than burglary or highway robbery, was less dangerous. So though Cahir was more than once before "Their Honours" he as often escaped. Damning evidence on the part of his employés was difficult to be furnished, such was the division of labour in the complicated system, and so little did the confederates know of each other.

*HOW CAHIR NA GOPPAL
HELPED A BROTHER
CONVEYANCER.*

MR. WILLIAM PETERS, one of Charley's contemporaries, and a professor in the same line, but by no means so highly gifted, was lying in irons in Carlow for appropriating a certain sorrel horse with a bald face and one white foot. The prisoner's father sent word to Charley of his son's accident, and requested his good offices towards his liberation. Cahir, getting an accurate description of the appearance of the horse, had a diligent search made till a mare having the same colour-marks was discovered. A trusty agent conveyed her into Carlow, where the stolen and recovered horse was now kept to be produced at the approaching trial if needful. The mare's guardian made acquaintance with the ostler who had charge of the horse, and, watching his opportunity when he was returning from watering the animal, he invited him into the tavern where he was staying, to have a drink. What denizen of a stable could say nay to such a bidding? He tied the beast to a staple, entered the house, and did not leave it in full possession of his senses. Meanwhile a confederate of Charley's agent putting the horse's caparison on the mare, left her there in his stead, and mounting on his back, was soon several miles from Carlow, and the bemused ostler remained unconscious of any change.

During the trial, which came off next day, sufficient evidence was given to hang Mr. William Peters a dozen times, but when all hope seemed lost, and the judge was preparing to charge, the prisoner's father innocently asked the prosecutor by what marks was his beast distinguished, and whether it was a horse or a mare. He at once mentioned the disposition of the coloured spots, and the gender of the animal. "My lord judge," said the questioner, "will it please you to allow the beast to be brought into court, and give his evidence?" Leave was given of course, and the spots and colours found to correspond with the owner's statement, but alas, to his great surprise and annoyance, his beast, instead of being a horse, was at once recognised as a horse's mother! Mr. Peters escaped the gallows on *that* occasion.

Charles Dempsey, the great equine financier, also escaped the cord for a long period, but the most skilfully constructed system, if founded on fraud, must go to pieces sometime. He was finally led to the gibbet, but being totally ignorant of Christian faith or hope, and unversed in its practices, he died like a soulless brute. During the death march, he gave audience to sundry parties who sought information concerning lost cattle. To some he gave useful informations, to others he would not deign an answer. Who can, without a shudder, fancy the awaking of his spirit in the world of souls?

MANUS THE GOLD-FINDER.

MANUS'S sheepish, unintellectual, innocent-looking face would have deceived even a criminal lawyer. He had begun life as a mason's apprentice, but found the atelier of a coiner of base money more attractive. Having procured by some means a small ingot of pure gold, and changed his residence from one town in the county of Kildare to another, he conned over the following romance in his mind, and then began to communicate it, under conditions of secrecy, to various individuals. He told his story with such an air of truth, that his confidants began to feel a strong desire to become sharer in his precious find. We present an outline of his narrative.

"Last Easter, fwhen I was working wid a masoner, he set meself an' another boy to make a pair of piers fwhor a gate there below at New Abbey. I was looken out fwhor some good shtones, and sure enough I found them fillen' up an owld doorway. I loosened a few of 'em wud me crow-bar, an' fwhot should I see but shteps laden down to a wait. I went down fwhor curosimy's sake, and there wor a parcel of chests ranged round, an' what would any one tink they wor houlden but de bones of de great people long ago. I touched one of 'em wud me crow, and what was it but iron, an sez I to meself, 'It can't be any harm to look inside.' But it wor so dark. I

come up, shtopped de gap I made, and meself and me comrade went down into it afther dark, lighted our candle, and prized up one o' de leds wud de crow, and what was inside but piles o' such little bars as dat, lying atop of one anoder. In anoder chest dere was chalices, crosses, rings, an' precious shtones. To make a long shtory short, me comrade an' meself removed de whole o' de treasures to a safe place, where nobody will never find dem, an' I'm sure I dunnow what to do. I'm afeard o' de lord o' de manor, dat he'd take away every moder's son o' de fruits of our hard labour, an if I take any ting to de 'grate jeweller in Dublin, he'll maybe take me up, and have me tried fwhor stalen. If I could only get some dacent man like yourself or some good naybour to give me some ready money for a parcel o' dem bars, I'd be shut o' de boder o' dem, and you or he would become as rich as jews, for you'd get near 'de walley o' dem, which a poor fellow like me wouldn't."

The first victim to the artless tale was an innkeeper who came from some distance, and agreed to give Manus forty pounds, which he had scraped together, for the full of his valise of such ingots as Manus had shown him. The innocent finder was wise enough to explain to his customer, "You see if I sell dese fwor goold, de lord o' de manor will be down on me some day. So remember I sell em to you for shtones."—"Oh, very well, I'll not discover on you."

Manus led his man in the middle of the night into a field, blindfolded him, and bade him not attempt to look after him. He took the valise into a corner of the field, and filled it with small stones. He then locked the article, delivered it to his customer, and exhorted him to get home with as little delay as he could. "I'll keep de kay," said he, "but I'll be wid you in tree days at de fardest, an' if you brake open de portmantle between dis an' dat, you'll be sorry for it only once, but dat will be all de days o' your life. Dere's a charm on all dem tings laid up be de Danes, or some oder o' de grate ould *anncient* families."

The poor dupe waited three days, and three more to the back of them, but his patience being then worn to a film, he cut open the valise, and found out the extent of his folly.

If Manus was not able to keep always on the outside of the prison, he was never promoted to the gibbet. The lamented writer, Gerald Griffin, introduced him under the name *Maney* into his interesting Munster story of *Suil Dubh*.

THE SCOLDING SISTERS.

WHEN pleasantly employed making extracts from the gossiping chaplain, we happened to overlook a legend connected with *Cariganles* (Cahirconlish?), but it will not be much out of place here.

"The people of this neigh-

bourhood have a tradition concerning two old castles that stand nigh half a mile from this place, and not above a stone's cast one from the other. They say that in former times two Brehons or Irish judges lived in these two castles, who happened to have at last some disputes about their properties; and their wives, though they were sisters, used to stand upon the battlements of their own houses and scold at one another for several hours together, which at length one of them being weary of, she found out a trick only to appear and begin the fray. Then she would place an image that she dressed up in her own clothes in such a position that her sister could not discern it from herself at that distance, who, not sensible of the cheat, she used to scold on, and at last fretted herself to death because she could not be answered in her own language. But I'm afraid the women in this country will scarce pardon this story."

DOUGHTY JOHN DUNTON IN DUBLIN.

JOHN DUNTON was a London citizen, who enjoyed as much credit and renown in the last years of the seventeenth century as John Gilpin a century later. Those readers of ours who have read his "Errors" are aware that he was a bustling, enterprising, and intelligent bookseller. Coming to Ireland to extend his trade, and cudgel a literary taste into the heads of

the "Wild Irish," he returned rather in bad humour with the natives and their climate. In his long-winded narrative, however, he praises Messrs. Brent and Powel, booksellers, and especially that man deep in the noble art and mystery of printing, John Brocas, of Skinners' Row (now Christchurch Place). Mr. Norman, who enjoyed his flower-garden when not selling his books by auction, and his thrifty wife also, obtained Mr. Dunton's approval. Messrs. Crook and Thornton, the latter being the king's stationer, came in for their share of commendation, but all their merits did not suffice to counterbalance the annoyance inflicted on him, John Dunton, citizen of London, by the selfish proceedings of Pat Campbell, who, little awed by his foreign prestige, set up a rival auction-room in opposition to that opened by the literary-mission man. He aired his grievance in a pamphlet of 554 pages of closely-printed matter, in which he called on gods, men, and pigeons to hold Pat *Cambel* in contempt, and work him all the woe in their power. Dr. R. R. Madden, in his "History of Irish Periodical Literature, thus bewails the obloquy brought on the country by the selfishness of Pat the auctioneer.

"Dunton, though he could not wreak his vengeance on the head of Pat Campbell the bookseller, revenged himself a good deal on the soil, the sky, and the people of Ireland. As for the rain, John Dunton verily believed that "it raineth every day in

that unhappy land, and invariably all night long. Ireland is the watering-pot of the planets. The heavens in that country had sore eyes, and they were always weeping, dropping tears perpetually. But there is one good thing in Ireland—the wind. That is generally westerly, which insures a short passage from it. The towns and cities are thronged like hives, yet being for the most part thieves and drones, they rather diminish than increase the stock, and were it not for the *honest* English and strangers among them, they'd be all starved, I'm persuaded, in process of time."

Even our women, who generally get a good word from visitors, as far as comparative good conduct goes, had the misfortune to displease John. He set prominently before his readers a *billet-doux* sent to him by the wife of a Dublin citizen, thus practising on his virtue, which, like a second Joseph, he preserved. For he declared, on the honour of a bookseller, that he was a religious man as well as a shopkeeper.

Now, with respect to his very prejudiced opinion of the Irish ladies. Had he asserted that their limbs were not all formed in the mould in which those of the Medicean Venus were fashioned, we might perhaps have kept our temper; but he speaks of our darling women, bodies and souls, in such terms as to exclude his memory from anything resembling an Irish blessing.

THE GREAT JOHN WHALLEY, Doctor of something or other.

THIS individual, who made considerable noise in his day by announcing to the Irish and English publics the latest news from Mars and the other wanderers through space, happened to make his first public appearance in the pillory in 1688. Naturally disliking the king in whose reign he attracted such undesirable notice, he, to the end of his life, spoke and did all the evil in his power to the co-religionists and well-wishers of James. His profession was that of astrologist and almanack-maker, and in that capacity he foretold the downfall of the Papacy in or about the year 1735, but unfortunately died in 1729, and so was not gratified by the accomplishment of his prophecy.

Had the Government obeyed the injunctions of Whalley and a few intolerant worthies of his stamp, a Roman Catholic would not be found in the empire in 1740 in a condition to pay funeral honours to his fellow-believer who had last expired. Here are a few items of the treatment which the Government, according to Whalley, should afford to the different classes of malignant papists.

Imprimis. There was no benefit to be got by imprisoning priests or schoolmasters, for they would not rest till they had perverted gaolers, prisoners, and visitors. If left in the country at all, there would be plenty of

weak-headed and soft-hearted Protestants to shelter or tolerate them. Therefore let every priest ordained in the country, along with him who ordained him, and every foreign-ordained priest coming to the country, be first treated as the Grand Turk treats the guardians of his many wives, and then banished for life.

"Another great evil is the printing and publishing of popish books, James Malone of High Street in the city of Dublin, printer, being a special offender in this line. The said Malone, with malice prepense, continually issues such pestilent popish works as 'Valentine and Orson,' 'The Seven Wise Masters,' 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' and other like fabulous stories. Now, while these are allowed to be published and read, books of a sound Protestant character will get no circulation among the people.

"Therefore be it enacted that the books specified, to wit, 'Valentine and Orson,' 'The Seven Wise Masters,' 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' and all of that class, be burned by the hangman, and every popish printer and bookseller banished beyond sea.

"Be it further enacted, that every papist, that in time to come shall teach school, or practise as a physitian, chirurgeon, or solicitor, in this kingdom be, for the first offence, fined; for the second, fined and imprisoned; and for the third, banished the kingdom." Bravo, Whalley!

*THE FIRST MEETING OF
DEAN SWIFT AND HIS
MAN.*

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Hoey's Court, off the Castle Steps, A.D. 1667, and died in the Deanery House, Kevin Street, 19th October, 1745, his latter years being spent in a state of imbecility. Whether from motives of patriotism or dislike to the Ministry, he sturdily contended for public measures conducive to the advancement of the trade and general well-being of his country. He even rendered himself obnoxious to legal punishment by his plain-speaking and fault-finding with things as they were. In consequence his memory is held in great veneration by the middle and lower classes in Ireland, who have long fathered on him sundry witty sayings and eccentric actions, the rightful property of wits and eccentrics both before and after his day. In popular tradition his servant man gets greater credit for wit and cleverness than he himself. This was the way in which they first became acquainted.*

As the Dean was one day riding along the road, he saw an intelligent but badly clad boy minding a brood of young pigs and their dam. "Who owns that fine family of young pigs?" said the Dean.—"Their mother does," answered the youth.—"Oh ho!" said the Dean to himself, "here's

a smart fellow. And who is your own father, my lad?"—"If your Reverence will only mind the *boneens*, here's the switch, I'll go in and ax my mother." Away went the Dean without exchanging another word.

*DEAN SWIFT GIVES A LESSON IN POLITENESS, AND
GETS HIS REWARD.*

SOME days after, the Dean was in his study reading, when the door was pushed open, and the same young fellow came in, dragging a fine salmon by the gills, and without saying "by your leave," or "with your leave," he walks over, and flops it across the Dean's knees, and says, "There's a fine salmon my father sent you."—"Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure; but I'd be more obliged if you had just shown better manners."—"Well, I wish I knew how."—"Sit down here, and I'll show you how to behave." He took the fish in his hand, and went outside, and shut the door. Then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out with a loud voice, "Come in;" and what should he see but the young monkey with his own spectacles on his nose, and he pretending to read a book. "Oh, the young vagabone!" says the Dean, but he didn't let on.—"Please your Reverence," says he, with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this salmon, which he has just taken."—"Your father is a respectable

* The four narratives next ensuing are given in the idiom in which the writer first heard them.

man," says the urchin, taking off the spectacles, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's half-a-crown for you. Take the fish down to the kitchen, and tell the cook she's to give you your dinner." He then sprung up, took a pull at his hair, and relieved the Dean of the fish. You may be sure the master laughed on the wrong side of his mouth.

*DEAN SWIFT AND HIS
MAN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.*

AS tricky as the young fellow was, the Dean found he was honest and dependable; so he took him into his service. Once, when they were setting out on a journey, the Dean saw that his boots were not polished, and he spoke of it. "Oh!" says the servant, "what 'ud be the use of polishing? They would be as spattered as ever before night."—"Oh, very well." They were after riding seven or eight miles, and were passing a house of entertainment, "Master," says the boy, "don't you think it time to get breakfast?"—"Ach, what use would it be? We'd be as hungry as ever before sunset." There the boy was circumvented any way. He said nothing, but kept riding after his master dismal enough. The Dean, to vex him the more, took out a book, and began to read, jogging on easy. By-and-by, a gentleman met them. He touched his hat to the Dean, and when he came near the boy, asked him the name of the clergyman. "Musha,

an' don't you know, sir, that is the Great *Dane* Swift? Did you never see him before?"—"No, indeed; but I often hear tell of him. And, pray, where are you going?"—"To heaven straight."—"Well, I think you're astray."—"Not a bit astray or mistaken, sir. My master's praying, and I'm fasting." The boy didn't speak so low but that the Dean might hear him. He did hear him, and the next inn they passed, he ordered a good breakfast for both.

TRUE TO THE DEATH.

THE Dean, out of his love to Ireland, wrote some bitter things again' Government,—so bitter indeed that he could be tried for his life for them. But no one was in the secret but his man, who used to carry the writing to the printer. The servant was pretty sober, but once he came home drunk in the evening, and next morning the Dean gave him his walking paper. "Ah, masther honey," says he, "don't send me away. I may fall into great misery, and the divel tempt me to inform on you." "I'll run that risk," says the Dean: "away with you." The Dean was as proud as Lucifer in some things. A couple of months after, the poor fellow crossed him as he was going out, and he all in rags, and famine in every line of his poor face. He asked for pardon, or anyhow for something to keep body and soul together, but not a farthing would he give him. Well, what will

you have of it? the poor creature held the secret, though he was ready to perish, and might get a big reward for informing. Still his master didn't lose sight of him, and when the danger was all past, he took him back, and never parted with him again. When he died his master got him buried next the wall in Patrick's church, giving directions for his own body to be laid just outside. (There is a germ of truth in this tradition.)

THE DEAN'S DEATH.

THERE was formerly a pretty general belief that the last years of Dr. Swift's life were spent in the asylum founded by himself off Bow Lane, W. Such however was not the case. During these years he was tenderly cared for in the Deanery-house off Kevin Street. Neither theory was comfortable enough for the audiences round country hearths on winter nights. These were the circumstances preceding his departure as known to them.

A minister visited him on his death bed to pray with him, and give him the rites of his church, if Prodestins have any. When the ceremony was over he asked him if he was in peace with all mankind. He said he was, except Father So AND So of Dirty Lane (Bridge Foot Street) Chapel. "He *done* such things to me," said he, "that I cannot forgive him. "Oh be this and be that!" says the minister, "that won't do. You must forgive every one from the bottom

of your heart, or the Face of God you'll never see." "Well now, that's a hard case, but anything is better nor to be shut out of heaven. Maybe if he was sent for, and we were speaking face to face, I might make up my mind to pardon him." The priest was sent for, and the minister staid outside to give himself and the Dean time enough to be reconciled. They took a long time to it, and at last the clergyman pushed in the door, and what did he find the priest at, but anointing the dying man. "Oh you impostor!" says he, shaking his fist at the Dean, "if ever you rise out of that bed, I'll have your gown stripped off your back." "Indeed," says the poor Dean, "if ever I recover, I'll have you prosecuted for bringing in a popish priest to a patient not over strong in his mind."

This closes the mere traditional stock of anecdotes connected with the memory of Dr. Jonathan Swift.

DR. SWIFT AND THE SHOEMAKER.

THE Dean was most punctual in keeping his engagements, and expected the people with whom he had business to be equally punctual with him. A shoemaker, who should have been well aware of this peculiarity of his patron, once brought him home a new pair of shoes in the evening, but just twenty-four hours later than the time he had fixed on himself. Dr. Swift was

as averse to change his tradesmen or followers as Napoleon I., but he would occasionally give a sharp practical reproof. The shoes were all that could be desired, and he gave them deserved praise. Having handed him the price of his labour, he asked him why he had delayed the job a day beyond the time promised. He answered somewhat carelessly, "Oh, your Reverence, it was not much, only a day." It being a fine summer evening and the large window leading to the garden open, the Doctor invited the tradesman to look at his flowers and fruit. After a turn or two round the garden, he mentioned that he should go in for a while, requesting his visitor to stay till he would return. Accordingly he made another tour, explored all the regions of the inclosure, and began to wonder why his patron was not coming. He approached the glazed door, but found it secured within. Still he was unwilling to call out for relief. He made another tour, and another, and several in succession, and at last ventured to cry out for liberty. No liberator came, and twilight was succeeded by darkness, and the poor man found all his philosophy insufficient to relieve him of a nearly insupportable weariness which he was forced to endure till morning. At last, when nature was on the point of giving way, the stern but welcome face of the Dean was seen through the window, which was then soon opened. "Oh," cried the inflexible host, "have you been here all night?"

How tired you must have felt, and all through my forgetfulness for a night. Why, if I had forgot you for a day as well as a night, as you did me, I think we'd have to bring the coroner. Won't this be a warning to you, to be punctual in keeping exactly to your promise!" The Dean was too generous in many ways, and too good a customer to be affronted by the man of leather, who slunk off, shamefaced enough.

THE DEAN'S CHARITABLE DISPOSITION.

MUCH as the lamented Mr. Thackeray satirised Irish men and Irish things in his "Irish Sketch Book," he never was appealed to in vain by a wretched or quasi-wretched object during his tour. It is very probable that Dr. Swift, as bitter as his pen and tongue were, and stern as he could be to faults or negligence, was as tender-hearted as the author of "Vanity Fair." One day, looking out at window, he saw a distressed-looking creature handing a paper to a servant (not the individual already mentioned). John Thomas, contemptuously looking over it, threw it back with the remark that his master and himself had something better to do than examining every dirty scrap of paper brought to the house. The Doctor, hearing his observation, threw up the window, and told him to bring the woman into the hall. Finding that her case was one of unmerited distress, he

placed her among his weekly pensioners, and not only read a sharp lecture to the dog in office, but dismissed him on the spot.

*DR. SWIFT'S CHARITY
SERMON.*

THE Dean once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, but had the mortification to hear it spoken of as much too long. "I shall not fall into that error," thought he, "when I get another opportunity." The opportunity came, and he thus improved it. "Dearly beloved brethren," he began, "I am instructed by my text that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." This he repeated in an emphatic tone, and proceeded. "Now beloved brethren, if you like the terms, and approve the security, down with the dust!" He descended from the pulpit, and had the satisfaction to find that his pithy oration was followed by a very liberal collection.

A TAX ON THE IRISH ATMOSPHERE DREADED.

LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, was once praising with great unction the atmosphere and climate of Ireland. "Oh, for goodness sake, madam," he exclaimed in the most pathetic style at his command, "do not mention it in the presence of any members of the Government. If you do, they will certainly tax it."

*DISCIPLINE IN THE
DEANERY.*

DR. SWIFT'S housekeeper ruled the very few female servants in his household. The only individual directions which ever came from himself were, to close the door on entering his study, or whatever room he might occupy for the time, and not forget to close it after her when leaving it. One day the housemaid asked leave to be present at her sister's wedding, and he gave it without hesitation, and moreover told her that he would allow Robert to take her behind him on the pillion, and bring her back. In her joy she forgot to shut the door, and many minutes had not elapsed till she and her fellow servant were pleasantly jogging on to Bray, where the solemnity was to be held. As they were getting out of Black Rock, they heard a call from a familiar voice mingled with the clattering noise of a horse's iron shoes on the stones. "Well, what is the matter?" "The master wants you back in all haste, Kitty." "Ah, what for?" "How do I know? Do you think he'd tell?" "Oh, musha, musha, wouldn't it be better if he didn't give me leave at all!" "Oh, faith, you may ask that of himself. There is only the one thing to be done." It was a hard case for poor Kitty, but she was in the grip of stern necessity. The horses' heads were turned, the discourse was of a dismal and disjointed character, and

every mile seemed ten till they reached Upper Kevin Street. When the poor girl was lifted down from her ill-starred eminence, she took long strides till she was inside the master's study, the door of which was as she had left it. "Sir," said she, striving to catch her breath, "what do you want me for?" "Merely to close the door." The master, thinking the punishment already inflicted sufficient, then graciously allowed her to take her seat on the pillion again, and resume her interrupted excursion to the pleasant gathering.

THE DEAN'S CULINARY SKILL.

ONE day, a shoulder of mutton, rather overdone, was laid on the table. The cook was sent for. "Take down that meat and get it rather underdone." "Oh, please your Reverence, that I could not do." "And if you had sent it underdone, could you bring it to the proper point afterwards?" "Surely I could, your Reverence." "Let me never see an overdone joint at the table again. If you must commit a fault, let it be one which can be amended."

SWIFT AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IN an assize sermon the Doctor handled the gentlemen of the long robe rather roughly. At the dinner which followed, a smart young counsellor made

the shortcomings of the clergy his theme. "I would wager," said he, "that if the devil died to-morrow, a clergyman would be found to preach his funeral oration." "You are right," said the dignitary. "I would do it myself, and give the devil his due, as I gave it to his children this morning."

On another occasion an attorney took great liberties with the clergymen of the day. "Doctor," said he to the Dean, "suppose that the parsons and the devil went to law, which, in your opinion, would win the cause?" "The devil would," answered the Doctor, "for all the lawyers would be on his side."

LOST LABOUR.

A DUBLIN lady who stood in great awe of the unmanageable man, once took a world of trouble to provide a variety of dishes, and have all cooked with great skill for an entertainment which she was to give in his honour. But from the first bit that was tasted, she did not cease to undervalue the courses, and to beg indulgence for the shortcomings of the cook. "Hang it!" said he, after the annoyance had gone on a little, "if everything is as bad as you say, I'll go home and get a herring dressed for myself."

DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE TO A CHARITY PLAY.

HOWEVER the Dean might give offence to captains or sen-

sitive lords and ladies, there was but one feeling, and that a warm and grateful one, towards him among the citizens and the poor of Dublin. He was genuinely charitable, had not a scrap of Pharisee-flesh or blood about him, and after a day spent in tracing out misery and relieving it, he would employ his night-gown-and-slipper hours in writing an epilogue for one of the bombastic tragedies about to be acted for the benefit of the poor weavers of the LIBERTY.

* Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When Charity begins to tread the stage;
When actors, who at least are hardly
savers,
Afford to give a benefit to weavers?
Stay, let me see, how finely will it
sound—

Imprimis, from His Grace* a hundred
pounds!

Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors,
And then comes in the item of the actors.

Item, the actors freely give a day,
The poet had no more who made the
play.

But whence this wondrous charity in
players?

They learn it not at sermons nor at
prayers.

'Under the rose,' since here are none
but friends,

To own the truth, we have some private
ends.

Since waiting women, like exacting
jades,

Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at
home,

Equip our kings and generals at the
Comb.†

We'll dress from Meath Street, Egypt's
haughty queen,

And *Anthony* shall court her in rat-
heen.‡

* Archbishop King, author of "The
Origin of Evil."

† *Comb*, so spelled, to make it rhyme
with "home." It is ordinarily spelled
coombe (the root, *cumar*, a hollow). The
street so called, situate near St. Patrick's
cathedral, is built on a filled hollow,
through which the piddle once sparkled
and danced in the air and sunshine.

‡ A species of narrow cloth.

In blue shalloon shall *Hannibal* be clad,
And *Scipio* trail an Irish purple plaid.
In druggot dressed, of thirteen pence a
yard,

See *Philip's* son amid his Persian guard,
And proud Roxana, fired with jealous
rage,

With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the
stage.

* * * * *
Oh! could I see this audience clad in
stuff,

Though money's scarce, we should have
trade enough;

But chintz, brocades, and lace take all
away,

And scarce a crown is left to see the
play."

PLEARACA NA RUARCACH.

MR. GORE, a hospitable gentleman in Leitrim, once carried off the Dean to his country house, and entertained him nobly, sparing neither beef, mutton, whiskey, music, poetry, dancing, nor good-nature. Hearing the melody above-named sung (the meaning being "The Feast of O'Rourke"), he got the author, a Mr. Maguaran, to give him a literal translation; and at his leisure he put it in English verse. It presents a picture of what our ancient hospitality would degenerate to when not kept in bounds by moderation and refined manners.

"O'Rourke's noble feast
Can ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
Or by those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,—
A hundred at least,
And a *meddher** our cup.

* A square wooden drinking-vessel, the
best specimens being ornamented with
carving and hoops of the precious metals.

Come, harper, strike up !
 But first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup.
 Ah ! this hath some savour.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
 Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
 Till roused by the noise
 Of the music and clatter.

They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready dressed,
 Without one *Ave-Mary*.

The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat
 Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to our feet,
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet.

Good Lord, what a sight !
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer !

They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains ;—
 A cubit at least
 The length of their skeans.*

What stabs and what cuts,
 What clattering of sticks !
 What cracking of ribs,
 What bastings and kicks !

With cudgels of oak,
 Well hardened in flame,
 A hundred heads broke,
 A hundred legs lame !

'You churl, I'll maintain
 'Twas my father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slane,
 And Carric Drumsuk.

'The Earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalty his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nursed by their mother.†

'Ask that woman there,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam :
 She knows it is true.' "

* Correctly *sciains*, long knives.

† Foster-mother to wit. In the old times in Ireland, no lady of rank thought of giving suck to her child or children. The much-desired duty was discharged by the wife of a rich farmer or grazier on the chief's demesne, and the after-bonds which connected the young chief with his foster-mother and her family were of the most loving and stringent character.

A TEXT OF SCRIPTURE APPLIED WITH SUCCESS.

WHEN the Duke of Ormond was sailing to Dublin to assume the state and duties of Lord Lieutenant, a storm obliged the captain to take refuge in the Isle of Man. There His Excellency and suite were hospitably entertained by a clergyman whose christian name was Joseph. Finding that his host enjoyed but a very limited income, the Duke promised him that when he could find time and opportunity, he would settle him in a comfortable Irish glebe house. The pastor waited a few months with as much patience as he could muster for the fulfilment of the great man's promise, but at last, getting very tired and impatient, he crossed to Ireland, and claimed the Dean's hospitality. It was the Doctor's turn to preach before the vice-regal court on the following Sunday, but he readily allowed the Manxman to take his place. Ormond seeing a new face in the pulpit, examined the features with some attention, and as soon as the voice of the preacher began to be heard, he recognised his kind entertainer, and experienced some remorse for his own neglect. The preacher gave out the text from Genesis xl., 23 :—"Yet did not the CHIEF BUTLER remember Joseph, but forgat him," and spoke so pointedly to the conscience of the great man, that the Rev. Joseph was soon in possession of the warm glebe house promised.

*DR. SWIFT AND HIS
PRINTER.*

GEORGE FAULKNER, one of the most estimable Dublin citizens of last century, established "The Dublin Journal" in the year 1724, and though it fell into bad hands in the end of that century and the beginning of the present, it lived through the first quarter of it. George was at first in company with a Mr. Hoey. "Dean Swift," we quote "The History of Irish Periodical Literature," by Dr. R. R. Madden, "sent for the printer of 'The Dublin Journal,' and was waited on by Mr. James Hoey, whom the Dean asked if he was a printer. Mr. Hoey answered he was an apology for one. The Dean, piqued at the freedom of this answer, asked further where he lived. He replied, 'facing the Tholsel.'* The Dean then turned from Mr. Hoey, and bid him send his partner. Mr. Faulkner accordingly waited on the Dean, and being asked the same question, answered, 'he was,' also that 'he lived opposite the Tholsel.' 'Then,' said the Dean, 'you are the man I want,' and from that time commenced their friendship."

*A LITTLE FOIBLE OF GEO.
FAULKNER.*

GEORGE, good citizen, and real good man as he was, could

* The Tholsel, situate near the junction of Nicholas Street and Christ Church Place, occupied the centre of the great western thoroughfare, and served for the purpose of a town hall.

not boast exemption from the weakness of vanity. He continued to be Swift's printer as long as his patron employed one, but was careful to keep his darling foible out of his sight after receiving the following practical rebuke in the commencement of their business transactions:—

"When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony he would show to a perfect stranger. 'Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?' 'I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my return from London.'—'Pray, sir, who are you?'—'George Faulkner, the printer.'—'You George Faulkner, the printer! Why, thou art the most impudent barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the House of Correction.' Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, and shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, 'My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent

follow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you, but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear." (Extract in "The Streets of Dublin," by John T. Gilbert, Esq., M.R.I.A.)

*FAULKNER NARROWLY
ESCAPES KNIGHTHOOD.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD really offered to knight the industrious printer, but vain as he undoubtedly was, he had the good sense to decline the honour. Robert Jephson, a witty hanger-on at the Castle, and a sad thorn in poor George's side with his lampoons, and essays published in his (George's) style, thus gave form to Mrs. Faulkner's anticipations of the glory awaiting her knight and herself.

"Methinks to the Ring or the Strand as I
roll,
I hear people cry, 'Oh! that fortunate
soul!'
While others in *noddy* at threepence a
head,
As they jog to Rathfarnham will fret
themselves dead.
If we alter our route and strike off to
Glasnevin,
Where your Sunday cits walk on a
scheme to be saving,
(Those days are all over with me, I
thank God!)
I look sharp for the Dean on each side
of the road.
'Dean Delaney, your servant,' 'Sir
George, I am yours.
That's a pretty conveyance you ride in.'
'Tis ours.'
The Dean stands aghast, as indeed well
he may,
Then cries, with a smile, 'Tis a mighty
fine day!
While I know in his soul, like the rest of
his brothers,
He hates to see laymen swing-swung
upon leathers.

Then I laugh in my turn, give the side-
glass a push up,
And so I would, faith, were his deanship
a bishop.
But go which way you will, we meet
with our own,
That cursed newspaper has made us so
known.
Every stockingless boy, as he bathes at
Clantaff,
At sight of the chariot must set up his
laugh,
And swear to his *connoisseurs* he but
yesterday paid you
Two thirteens for the journals, which
journals have made you.
Let them say what they will, give me
once but my coach,
I'll despise *inuendoes* and smile at re-
proach."

*GEORGE FAULKNER AT
THE PLAY.*

IN "The Orators" of the English Aristophanes, his intent was to ridicule the rage for oratory prevailing in the middle of last century. He held up to derision Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley, and would have brought Dr. Johnson on the scene but for a wholesome dread of the great moralist's strong arm and well-seasoned stick. Coming to Dublin he studied Faulkner's personal peculiarities, his taste for fine dress, his style of delivering after-dinner speeches, the loss of some teeth, and, what should have been sacred from mockery, his lameness. George's stage double was *Peter Paragraph*, and annoying as the exhibition must have been to the worthy citizen, he endured it for a time, till some sentences were added to the part reflecting on the memory of the late Mrs. Faulkner. This was the culminating point of the aggravation. The scur-

rilous mimic was brought to trial, and only for his speedy flight from the country he would have received condign punishment. Four years later he was rendered by a fall as lame as his victim, yet in George's paper the accident was barely mentioned, without note or comment, and when the Lord Lieutenant asked forgiveness for Foote, and permission for him to re-appear in Smock Alley without fear of prosecution, the good man consented on the moment.

Before proceedings were taken, it is said that Mr. Faulkner distributed a number of pit and gallery tickets among his pressmen and other employes, expressing his wish that they should hiss and groan the mimic. He was present in a box, but was mortified beyond measure to see and hear his men clapping, and applauding, and laughing with all their might. He called them in a body before him next day, and asked the reason of their non-compliance with his wishes, "Why did you not show your disapprobation of Foote and his doings?"—"Foote!" said the foreman of the party, "we saw no Foote. It was your own dear self, master, we saw before us, and how could we show you any disrespect?" We do not insist on the rigid veracity of this playhouse anecdote.

GILLO'S PEDIGREE.

A POETASTER of the first half of last century, William Moffet

by name, and schoolmaster by profession, published two poems in the style of *Hudibras*, one entitled "The Irish Hudibras," the other "Gillo's Feast," and both designed to throw ridicule on all his countrymen, who entertained Jacobite aspirations. They are mentioned here as literary curiosities. We present our readers with the prelude to the latter poem, as it contains the least contemptible lines in the production.

"In Western isle, renowned for fogs,
For Tories, and for great wolf dogs,
For drawing hobbies by the tail,
And threshing corn with fiery flail,
And where in bowels of the ground
There are great heaps of butter found,
And where in leathern hairy boat,
O'er threatening waves bold mortals
float,*

One Gillo lived, the son of Shane,
Who was the son of Patrick Bane,
Who was the son of Teigue the Tory,
Who, to his great and endless glory,
Out of a bush a shot let fly,
And killed a man who passed by,
For which he was advanced high,— }
Who was the son of Phelim Fad,
Who on his hand six fingers had,
Could twist horse shoes, and at one meal
With ease could eat the greatest veal;
With 's head, instead of hammer, could
Knock nail into a piece of wood,
And with his teeth, without least pain,
Could pull the nail from thence again."

The reader may easily conceive, after glancing at the "Feast of O'Rourke," what an undesirable entertainment was furnished by Mr. Gillo (*Giolla*, a fellow, a servant).

* Alluding to the alleged customs of the people,—yoking the horse to the plough by the tail, and burning the sheaves to come at the corn. They certainly used *corracks*, *i.e.*, wicker boats covered with hides, and in several places in bogs, was found an adipose substance, which they called "bog-butter."

*A BIZARRE MODE OF
ENCOURAGING LITERA-
TURE.*

IRISH writers of our day complain of the want of encouragement of native talent and genius on the part of our nobility, gentry, and well-to-do people in the agricultural and mercantile departments. It is probable that our living writers and vendors of books are not much worse off than their predecessors a hundred and thirty years since. Listen to portions of a petition (abridged) which the respectable printers and booksellers, George Grierson and George Faulkner, are supposed to have made about that time, or what Dean Swift imagined they might have made in the depressed state of the book trade of their day.

"To the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy of both sexes in the City of Dublin, the humble petition of George Faulkner and George Grierson, booksellers,—

"SHEWETH that your petitioners, though booksellers, are not prompted by any desire of gain to this their humble petition, being able, in case their trade should fail, to live decently on nothing, as many of their betters are known to do. It proceeds singly from their regard for the honour and glory of this metropolis. Your petitioners can with truth affirm that they have not sold any books for some time past, except some few old books

against popery, and the newest country dances.

"Your petitioners are as sensible as your honours can be of the little use of learning, and would not on any account inflict on your honours the drudgery of reading. Still, as a reputation for learning contributes to the respect of a nation abroad, it would be inexpedient for you to suffer your petitioners to shut up their shops.

"Your petitioners beg to suggest that a room fitted up with shelves full of books would cost barely about a hundred pounds, while hangings of Genoa damask would, at the least, cost a hundred and forty, a clear saving of forty pounds, and a reputation for literary taste being thus secured. We need not enlarge on the advantage of so much waste-paper at hand, useful for the sudden exigencies of master and mistress for wrapping round candles, lighting the tea-lamp, making bottoms for worsted, pinning up Miss's hair, making kites for young master, or damp plaster for his forehead when he cuts it in a fall, etc., etc., etc.

"Lest our patrons should incur any contempt for encouraging home talent or home manufacture, your petitioners solemnly engage authorship, paper, binding, etc., to be all foreign.

"Your petitioners' statement and proposal are these:—

"The inhabitants of this city are computed at a hundred thousand souls, allowing at an average one soul to each inhabitant. Twenty thousand souls, consisting of tradesmen, curates,

and subalterns, ought not to read. So there will remain eighty thousand who, though they do not choose to read, are expected to do so.

"Your petitioners, then, humbly pray and suggest that each of these eighty thousand souls will consent to purchase from us four volumes annually, at three shillings and sixpence per volume. This sum, so light on each person, and not exceeding the price of four bottles of claret, will amount in the aggregate to twenty-eight thousand pounds, of which, on the faith of Christians, our profit will not exceed the odd eight thousand.

"Your petitioners finally suggest that this arrangement will, in all probability, remove the disgrace which has clung to our city since the days of Tacitus, who, in his third book of 'The Annals of Ireland,' thus expresses himself:—'Dublin is a city entirely uncivilised, ignorant of all the liberal arts and sciences, and excelling only in drunkenness, squalor, and laziness.'"

A MODEL DUBLIN EDITOR,

A.D. 1728.

LET the indulgent reader, next time he passes by Saunders's Newsletter Office, look into Coghill's court beside it with a certain feeling of literary reverence, for there, early last century, Jean Cavallier, the sturdy leader of the Camissards, got his narrative printed, and dedicated to the head of the Latouches, and there, for about a hundred

and fifty years, have editors, sub-editors, foremen, compositors, and printer's devils laboured to afford themselves honest support, spread useful knowledge through the land, and encourage the manufacture of paper, ink, and machinery. And there did the facetious *Jemmy Carson*, editor of "The Dublin Weekly Journal," remind his patrons, on the 27th of April, 1728, of the claims he had on their friendship, esteem, and support.

"The man who carries on any useful employment among ourselves should not be without his share of praise. In this respect the (present) writer looks upon himself as no unprofitable member of the Commonwealth as a writer and a journalist. He employs a great number of hands, and while he is doing his own business, and endeavouring to divert his countrymen, he is putting bread into the mouths of a great many helpless, indigent people.

His establishment is very expensive, and it is maintained solely for the diversion and instruction of his patrons. To get news for them, and rumours of news, he has to keep secretaries, spies, agents, and even informers, to get the best intelligence for them. So that no man in all Hibernia knows more of all the sayings and doings in every place of public resort, especially at the fashionable Spa of Templeogue, where all the ladies of fashion and the gentlemen of the *beau monde* do congregate. He has always more reputations in his power than pounds in his

purse, and the reason of that phenomenon is that he does not traffic in *faux pas* and reputations. He prefers having no money to having hush money." Let us hope that this last assertion of Jemmy was made in good faith. The extract is from Dr. Madden's work,

A PERSIAN'S NOTIONS ON IRELAND.

A WRITER in the *Medler Journal*, 1744, gave utterance to his sentiments on Irish law and literature in this wise in letters to his friend Helim in *Sheraz*.

"Contrary to the usages of other nations these people think nothing worthy of praise but what comes from abroad. They often prefer things because foreign, to what is vastly superior in real worth at home. Everything from a distant clime has many admirers even before they know its merit.

"Their laws seem contrived rather for the benefit of the professors of the science (of judicature) than the advantage of the clients who have recourse to them, the former being the only persons who receive any addition to their fortunes from them.

"By the irregularity I have observed in the execution of justice on malefactors, I believe there are no settled rules for it, but that the infliction of punishment lies mainly in the power of the magistrature. All I can say is, that a great many crimes are punished with death:—mur-

der sometimes, but robbery always.

"There is for you here, if of riper years, a sort of cloister (Trinity College) where they retire to study. At least this seemeth the original design of the structure. What use it is now applied to I cannot tell thee."

A DOUBLE DUEL.

IRELAND could not be said to patronise duelling more than the neighbouring nations in the last century. Her Hell-fire Club was exceeded, at the least equalled in atrocity by kindred institutions in England. Still, notwithstanding croakers who declaim against the profligacy and blasphemy which show their diminished heads in this nineteenth century, they will be found of a mere milk-and-water character when compared to some hellish doings of the eighteenth. Generally speaking, these are unfit for mention in detail in works intended for general perusal. But to our duel—against which the same objection does not stand.

Two military gentlemen, who bore the surnames of Pack and Creed, hearing much in their London quarters of the perfection to which the systematic mode of conducting affairs of honour was brought in Ireland, crossed to Dublin to add to their own well-established credit at sword play. Hearing much of the European reputation of a Mr. Mathew, Major Pack designedly hustled a chairman

whom he met, bearing the great man to some appointment. Mathew, supposing it to be a mere accidental occurrence, took no notice; but soon after a friend of his, Mr. Macnamara, another swordsman of great skill, heard him (Mr. Pack) boasting in a coffee-room of his exploit, and of the tameness of Mr. Mathew on the occasion. Immediately Mr. Macnamara took up the cause of his absent friend, attributed the non-notice of the affront to its proper cause, and a meeting was arranged to take place in a large room in the tavern where the officers were lodging. Before the trial began, Macnamara observed, that it was out of his power to stand idly by during a single combat, and asked Captain Creed to be his *vis-à-vis* during the battle. It was the very most welcome request he could make, and the four men engaged with right good will to their work. The strife was long, most skilfully conducted, and most desperate. At last Mr. Creed fell covered with wounds, and the Major, much concerned, cried out, "Ah! poor Creed, are you gone?"—"Yes," said Mathew, "and (then perpetrating the only pun he ever attempted) you shall soon *pack* after him." An effective lunge followed the grim joke, and Pack was laid beside Creed. Both combatants were in such a dangerous state, that the surgeon ordered beds to be put up for them in the same room.

"When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice,

said to his companion, 'Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle.' For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotic idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured." (*Streets of Dublin.*)

A COLLEGE TRAGEDY

THOUGH we give preference in our collection to incidents and events of an agreeable or humorous character, we are induced to give reception to the following tragic occurrence, so unusual in its circumstances, and jarring so fearfully with the character of the scene in which it occurred.

The Rev. Edward Ford, M.A., Junior Fellow of Trinity College, was the reverse of popular among the students. They showed their dislike to him with every opportunity, and, at last, on the 6th of March, 1734, some of them, probably under the influence of liquor, attacked his windows between twelve and one o'clock at night. He imprudently opened one of the windows and discharged a pistol charged with large shot. The assailants dispersed, but soon returned, provided with fire-arms, and attacked the windows anew.

Again he opened the window, and was preparing to fire, when he received two shots full in the face and breast. These proved mortal, and he expired in three-quarters of an hour. Before his departure he said to those about him, "Tell the scholars that I beg their pardon for offences that I may have given them, and assure them that I sincerely forgive them." (Abridged from "Irish Periodical Literature.")

A DEATH-BED PRACTICAL JOKE.

RICHARD PARSONS, first Earl of Rosse, belonged to that class of free livers to whom allusion was made a page or two back, and who took a sort of pride in being spoken of as contemners of all laws, human and divine. He was what another remarkable individual of his school was called, "a *Fanfaron* of vice." His fund of animal spirits seemed inexhaustible; he was generous, and most prodigal of that species of wit which is allied to irreverence and obscenity. Being near his end, which had been hastened by his evil practices, and lying on his death-bed in Molesworth Street, Rev. John Madden, Dean of Kilmore, and Vicar of St. Ann's, in which parish his house lay, wrote him a feeling letter, under cover, alluding to particulars of his wicked career, and lovingly imploring him to turn to profit the short time yet at his disposal,

by sincere repentance, and fervent prayer for pardon.

Parsons read the letter carefully, ordered it to be put in a new cover, and directed to the Earl of Kildare, his neighbour. Calling in the Dean's messenger, he prevailed on him, by a present of two guineas, to have it presented at Kildare House, then in Suffolk Street, and to say nothing to any one on the subject.

The Earl of Kildare was the very opposite to Lord Rosse in nearly every particular. He was a model man with respect to the social and domestic virtues, but of a retiring and exclusive disposition. Displeased and shocked at the subject-matter of the epistle, he showed it to his wife. (Lady Mary O'Brien before marriage), and asked her if she did not consider the writer as a man beside himself. She said there was no mark of madness about the composition, and advised him to show it to Dr. Hoadly, the Archbishop.

The great dignitary was nearly as surprised and displeased as the Earl himself, and sent at once for the Dean. On his appearance, the Archbishop handed him the letter, and asked if he had written it. "What could have induced you to make a communication implying the possession of such evil qualities in the person addressed?"—"It was a disagreeable office, my lord, but I felt I was barely doing my duty."—"Are you aware that you are liable to be prosecuted in the ecclesiastical court, and perhaps be deprived

of your offices?"—"Whatever may befall me, I must take comfort in the fact of having done my duty." The conversation went on but little further. The Archbishop dismissed the Dean in high displeasure, and the Earl applied to the proctor to serve a citation on the wayward clergyman.

Meantime, Hoadly, pitying the case of the Dean, whose life and character had been of the most edifying character up to this unfortunate affair, paid him a visit, re-introduced the subject, and, after some conversation abounding in cross purposes, besought him to write a befitting letter of apology to the offended party. "My lord, how am I to ask the pardon of a man who died four days ago?"—"The Earl of Kildare dead?"—"No, my lord, but the late Earl of Rosse. How comes Lord Kildare into the matter?" By dint of cautious inquiries, and a careful examination of the faithless servant, everything was satisfactorily cleared up, but the bribed messenger was discharged. All this occurred in the end of June, 1741, and the circumstances, given in more detail, may be read in Mr. Gilbert's work.

A BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES!

ARTHUR DAWSON, a gentleman of talent and great powers of humour, was enjoying the hospitality of Thomas Morris

Jones, at Moneyglas, about the year 1727, and had for sleeping neighbour the celebrated musician, Torloch Carolan. Being kept awake one night by a humming of Carolan's voice, and the strumming of his harp in the next room, he perceived that he was composing a new melody. He caught the air, and sitting down at his desk when he had thoroughly mastered it, he finished off some verses in its metre. Next morning, after breakfast, the blind musician entertained the family and guests with the fine composition executed on his harp, accompanying the melody with some indifferent English words, his knowledge of any language but the native Irish being very limited. After due applause had been awarded to the gifted minstrel, Dawson cried out against their mistake. "I composed that melody," said he, "long since, and adapted to the air a few verses, which I shall now sing for you." He forthwith sung, with skill and sweetness, five verses, of which we furnish three, the other two being addressed to lawyers and physicians.

"Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told
Where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.
Be sure you don't pass
The good house, Moneyglas,
Which the jolly red god
So peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your humour,
For, pray what would you more
Than mirth with good claret,
And bumpers, Squire Jones?"

"Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking
 Famed Helicon's brook,
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward for your rhymes,
 With Humphrey the duke,*
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo;
 Forsake all the muses,
 These senseless old drones;
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpusses,
 When crowned with good claret,
 And bumpers, Squire Jones.

"Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths,
 Though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne,
 Come, leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better
 To sleep in whole bones.
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 When crowned with good claret
 And bumpers, Squire Jones."

The song was received with shouts of laughter and applause, but Carolan was almost beside himself with wonder and rage. However, the good-natured man did not leave him long in his misery. He owned the source of his inspiration, but the company found it hard to decide whether the composer or the poet deserved the higher commendation. In Dawson's later capacity of law baron, he rivalled *Counsellor Pleydell* (see "Guy Mannering") in ability, wit, and good nature. It was his delight to join in the pastimes of children.

* Humphrey Duke of Gloucester enjoyed after his death a monument and a walk in old St. Paul's, which walk was a resort for *flâneurs* and dinnerless people in hope of a chance invitation; hence the expression above quoted.

KANE O'HARA.

IN Molesworth Street, in the early part of the reign of George III., dwelt the author of "Midas," the wit and music of which the greater portion of our readers must have enjoyed. In 1759, Midas was first produced among the private theatricals at the house of Mr. Brownlow, of Lurgan. It was presented to the public at Crow Street in 1762. The author is described by a contemporary as "an old fop in appearance, wearing spectacles and an antiquated wig, but, notwithstanding, a polite, sensible, agreeable man, chief modulator in all fashionable entertainments, the very pink of gentility and good breeding. He was so tall that, among his intimate friends, he got the sobriquet of St. Patrick's steeple. The last line of an Italian glee then popular,—

"Che no' hanno crudeltà,"

was thus parodied:—

"Kane O'Hara's cruel tall."

The amiable "Fanatico per la musica" kept a puppet-show for the amusement of his young friends. On the 25th of October, 1802, the burletta began a career of twenty-seven nights at Drury Lane. His other productions were "The Golden Pippin," "The Two Misers," "April Day," and "Tom Thumb;" this last adapted from Fielding, and furnished with songs.

O'Hara was also author of

an unfinished *jeu d'esprit*, entitled '*Grigri*, a true history, translated from the Japonese into Portuguese by Didacquez Hadezczuca, companion to a missionary at Yeddo, from Portuguese into French by the Abbé du-Pot-a-Beurre, almoner to a Dutch vessel on the whale fishery, and now, lastly, from the French into English, by the Rev. Dr. Finane, chaplain to an Irish regiment in the Turkish service. Forbidden by the Fathers of the Holy Inquisition, and by all the States and Potentates upon the earth to be printed anywhere, yet printed and published for the translator here, there, and everywhere, *sine ullo privilegio*.' The MS. of this production was presented by the author, in 1762, to his intimate friend, Thomas Kennedy, Esq. of Clondalkin Castle, County Dublin, whose descendants permitted it to be published in '*The Irish Monthly Magazine for 1832*.'" (*Streets of Dublin*.)

THE CLOWN WHO ENGROSSED ALL THE GOOD THINGS TO HIMSELF.

DOBSON to Hodson.—Of all things in the world, what would you ask for, if it was sure to be granted?

Hodson to Dobson.—To swing on a gate all day, and eat fat bacon. And what would you ask for?

Dobson to Hodson.—Ah you selfish fellow, you kept all the good things to yourself.

Even so the great Charles Lucas, apothecary, *deinde* liberator of Ireland, could not afford to share any portion of an Irishman's privileges with one who made the sign of the cross on his forehead.

In the "*Freeman's Journal*," 14th March, 1767, appeared the following paragraph:—

"On Wednesday night, a Papist mass-house, which was kept at the back part of a tradesman's house near Salt-Petre Bank, was suppressed. About twenty mean-dressed people, with the priest, were assembled, but on the alarm of peace officers, made their escape at a back door."

This furnished a befitting text to Lucas, who on the 18th of the succeeding month thus charitably expressed himself in the same paper:—

"Every body knows the unlimited power which the popish priests exercise over the minds of their people. A fellow after half-a-dozen murders and robberies, goes to death with great composure, provided the priest assures him of salvation, which assurance is ordinarily purchased with a good part of the plunder, for which he suffered death. What I propose then is,—that no popish priest be suffered on any pretence whatsoever to enter the walls of Newgate, unless sent thither for his crimes; and in that case, that he be kept apart, and not be permitted to converse even by signs with the other criminals, neither allowed to attend them at the gallows, nor exchange a

word with them in their passage thither."

We wish no worse evil to any admirer of the good old times than to study carefully the account of the domestic economy of the prisons of Dublin, Newgate, the Black Dog, &c. in the last century as given in the "Streets of Dublin," by Mr. Gilbert. (*Irish Quarterly Review*, xii., December, 1853.)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE BULL-RING.

THE inhabitants of Old Dublin showed not a whit more intellectuality in their public entertainments than was possessed by that rough favourite of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Hunsdon. (See Kenilworth.) In the Corn Market they baited their bulls, and the ring which secured the poor animal's chains was an object of veneration in their sight.

A young man in general estimation was appointed mayor of this bull ring, and the unmarried men of the city rendered him a species of allegiance, and twice in the year he superintended a Wappen-Schau at their head. He was supposed to look after the morals of his corps, and would at times punish any disorderly young fellow, who publicly offended against morality. When a marriage took place, the Bull-ring Chief with his officers led the bridegroom to the bull-ring after the ceremony was performed, and at the conclusion of some proceedings marked by a certain ludicrous gravity, wit-

nessed his kissing of the ring. This was his last farewell to bachelorhood.

LUCAS'S COFFEE-HOUSE & ITS FREQUENTERS.

THIS gay resort on Cork Hill, adjacent the castle, "was usually crowded by the city beaux, dressed in all that was fine and gay, with prim queues or Martial Eugene wigs, bugled waistcoats, Steinkirk breast ruffles, and gold clocks in their silk stockings. They strutted about the coffee-house, read the newspapers, sipped coffee, rolled to the park or play-house in a chair or coach and six, and passed a part of the evenings either in the galleries of the houses of parliament or in the theatres, where the stage was thronged with them on benefit nights."

The insane rage for duelling which pervaded Europe at the time extended to Ireland, and the hot politics of the time rendered single combats as frequent in Dublin as in Paris or London. The yard behind Lucas's coffee house was the place to which the fiery disputants usually retired to settle their differences. The company flocked to the windows to see that the laws of honour were strictly observed, and to bet upon the survivor of the unhappy men, who were crossing their swords beneath in deadly conflict." (*Streets of Dublin*.)

HOW DR. THOMAS SHERIDAN WON A WIFE.

THE above named gentleman, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, incurred the displeasure of their high mightinesses, the beaux and bucks, who patronised Lucas, by protecting "at point of Fox" a young actress, whom one of their number arrogantly insulted behind the scenes. They would have made a wreck of Smock Alley theatre, had they their wicked will. What! a player dare to interfere with the will and pleasure of the great Mr. Kelly of Galway, one privileged to sit on a stool on the stage, and treat the actresses as if he were the Grand Turk and they his odalisques! The social and legal war raged for some time. The newspapers were all occupied with the dispute, and it is satisfactory that the Bashaw of Connaught suffered a defeat in the courts. Mr. Sheridan was much gratified while the paper war was in full heat, with the spirit of some articles, in which his cause was strenuously supported. He traced the authorship to a Miss Frances Chamberlayne, a beautiful and intellectual young lady, to whom he obtained an introduction for the purpose of expressing his grateful sense of her goodness. That interview led to others, and in due time and place a happy union was the result (1747). Mrs. Sheridan was the authoress of the Eastern Story *Nourjahad*, *Sidney Biddulph*, a novel, and a couple of comedies. The

author of "The Cock and Anchor," "Uncle Silas," "Checkmate," and several other superior works of fiction, is the great grandson of that amiable and gifted lady.

ROBIN ADAIR.

THE hotel of Owen Bray at Loughlinstown, was as popular a place of resort in its way as Lucas's in the city. It was extensively patronised by all the gentlemen of the Kilruddery Hunt, whose Magnus Apollo was the hospitable Earl of Meath. Had we space at our disposal we would present our readers with the entire song, which commemorated the prowess of the convivial and sporting body above-named. It is supposed to be the composition of Owen himself: we quote one quatrain.

"A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again.
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore Gad, he had shook like an aspen for fear."

John Adair of Kiltiernan was a foremost man after the fox, and over the bottle. Such was the prowess of himself and his comrades, that if we can trust a poet of that day, Old *Chronos* himself came to Kiltiernan House to test their powers of absorption. The servant not approving his dilapidated appearance, was about shutting the door in his face, but when he urged that he was in need of a glass, wide it flew.

" Jack Adair was at table with six of his friends,
 Who for making him drunk now were
 making amends ;
 TIME hoped at his presence none there
 was affronted ;
 ' Sit down, boy,' says Jack, ' and pre-
 pare to be hunted.'
 They drank hand to fist for six hours or
 more,
 Till down tumbled TIME, and began for
 to snore.
 Five gallons of claret they poured on his
 head,
 And were going to take the old flincher
 to bed."

In a note in " The Streets of Dublin " is preserved an account by a Frenchman of a Bacchic victory won by a relative of Jack's, namely, Robin. The following is a free translation of the French text.

" Here (at Kiltiernan), lived that Robert so celebrated in Irish and Scotch songs. I have seen his portrait. He was grandfather of Lord Molesworth and Sir Robert Hodson, Master of Hollybrook. A bibulous Scotch chief hearing of the Bacchic exploits of Robert Adair, came express from Scotland to defy him at the bottle ; on his landing, he began to inquire in his jargon of every one he met, ' Ken ye ane Robin Adair ? ' He soon found him out (he was at table at the time), and mentioned his business. ' Let us decide the dispute on the spot,' said Adair. ' No, everything is ready at my hotel at Bray.' Thither the champions repaired, and began the contest, but on emptying the tenth bottle, the Scotchman was laid under the table. Adair drew him out, rang the bell, and sitting astride on the poor Scot, he emptied the eleventh bottle

in the presence of the waiters. He then began to huzza with all his might. The defeated man returned to the city as soon as he recovered from the debauch, but the report of his defeat followed him ; and every one persecuted him with the query, ' Ken ye ane Robin Adair ? '—' I ken the de'il,' was his invariable answer."

BUCK WHALLEY.

THIS eccentric gentleman, whose mansion in Stephen's Green, adorned by a couchant lion over the door, is now redolent of the labours of the professors and students of the Catholic University, lived so fast in his own house, and Lucas's, and still worse places, that he soon got to his journey's end, as far as enjoyment of existence was concerned. He thought it advisable to seek excitement in foreign climes, especially as the visits of his wine, horse, silk, cloth, and meat merchants had become tiresome from frequent repetition. So he laid a wager that he would have a game of ball against the walls of Jerusalem, and he performed his vow as far as setting forth on the journey, and executing it to the letter, was concerned. During the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Buckingham a volume of poems was published (circa 1790), entitled " Both Sides of the Gutter," and one piece was devoted to the triumphant departure of the great man. We venture to give our readers a taste of its quality.

"Buck Whalley, lacking much some cash,
And being used to cut a dash,
He wagered full ten thousand pound,
He'd visit soon the Holy Ground.
In Loftus's fine ship
He said he'd take a trip,
And Costello so famed,
The Captain then was named.

From Park Street down through College
Green,
This grand procession now was seen.
The boxing chairmen first moved on
To clear away the vulgar throng ;
Then Whalley debonair
Marched forward with his bear,
And Lawler too was there,
Which made Lord Naas to stare.

* * * *

Next Heydon in her *vis-a-vis*,
With paint and ribbons, smile and glee ;
As aid-de-camp, close by her side,
Long Bob the Turkeycock did ride,
And Guildford's lord came next,
Who seemed extremely vexed
To see the lady's nob
So very close to Bob.

Then came French valets two and two ;
By garlic you'd have smelt the crew ;
And large as any Shetland hog,
Come Watch the black Newfoundland
dog.

A Swiss bore in the train
A baboon with a chain ;
The striped post-chaise came by
With Zara and with Fly.

* * * *

His creditors poor men, were there,
And in their looks you'd see despair.
For bailiffs he cared not a straw,
A member being above the law,
Cuffe from the barrack board
Swore by Great Temple Lord
This action to requite,
Tom should be dubbed a knight.

The boxing bishop, and at his back,
Jack Coffey, *alias* Paddy Whack.
His Grace had come, long may he live
His benediction for to give !

He trod, though did not know,
On Napper Tandy's toe,
Who lent His Grace a clout,
And so they boxed it out.

* * * *

From Cork see Tom Fitzgerald steers,
His boat now trimmed in its best gears,
To give Beau Whalley an escort,
And see him safely out of port ;
And in a fishing-boat
Astern was Lundy Foot,
With all his funny boys
To make a roaring noise."

TOTTENHAM IN HIS BOOTS.

WHILE the Parliament (it could scarcely be called National) sat in College Green, wonderful to relate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had it in his power to report a surplus, and of course the ministerial members wished it to be applied to a non-national purpose, while the Irish party would employ it for the benefit of the country. The tug was strenuous on this side and that ; the time for taking the votes was rapidly approaching, members were urgently pressed to be at their posts, and Mr. Tottenham, the independent member for New Ross, then at his seat at Tottenham Green, near Taghmon, was written for in hot haste. He was out riding when he received the warning, and the moment after making himself master of its contents, he turned his horse's head to Dublin, and rode end-long without stay to partake of sleep, or even food, but what was of absolute necessity, till he reached College Green, the distance ridden being about ninety English miles. He could not tell whether he was late or not ; so, without going to his lodgings to make a change of dress, he presented himself in hot haste at the door of the House of Commons. The guardian opposed his entrance in his unparliamentary trim, and with his sword dangling at his side. "If you oppose my entrance," said the wearied and agitated man,

"you shall get some inches of cold steel in your body." Cerberus was forced to yield the pass, and one side of the House had the joy, and the other the mortification of seeing the travel-soiled and booted member pass up between them. "Tottenham in his boots" made what Mr. Disraeli calls a good cry (see *Coningsby*), and was a standing toast among the Nationalists for many a day.

*AN INGENIOUS BUT
SLIGHTLY REPREHENSIBLE
DEVICE.*

"THE Dublin Journal," during the fifty years of its founder's management, 1725-1775, was conducted in an independent and impartial style, but towards the end of the century it became the property of a Mr. Giffard, to whose heart Turk, or Jew, or Atheist was more welcome than an indocile papist. Contemporary with this worthy was the once much-spoken-of Dr. Patrick Duigenan, who, born of obscure Roman Catholic parents, and bred, up to early manhood, in their faith, became Scholar, and then Fellow of Trinity College. Dr. Patrick not only quarrelled with the faith and politics of his poor relations, he quarrelled with the provost, and every one who did not fall down and adopt his opinions, which were as variable as his fortunes. The Provost designed to establish a riding school for the use of the students, but this not finding

favour in Dr. Patrick's eyes, he published his *Pranceriana*, in ridicule of it, and added his "Lachrymæ Academicæ" thereto, to open the eyes of the world to the inefficacy, and errors, and bad management of the College authorities.

Shaking the dust of the College off his soles to the great comfort of the Provost and Fellows, he became in succession King's counsel, judge of the Prerogative Court, King's advocate to the High Court of Admiralty, and, as the "Evening Post" expressed, "one of Lord Castlereagh's Commissioners for Bribing Members of Parliament." Moreover, he arrived at the dignity of member of parliament for Armagh. His revenues were large, and yet he left but little property behind him. Dr. Madden, who does anything but revere Dr. Patrick's memory, conjectures that he must have parted with much money for charitable purposes.

On the occasion of a question on the Catholic claims being about to come before the House of Commons, Dr. Duigenan fell asleep in the smoking-room, and while in that state some unprincipled joker chalked a large cross on his hat. On awaking he hastened into the assembly, and soon became aware of being the occasion of merriment to all within view of him. His annoyance on discovering the obnoxious symbol so strictly connected with his own portly presence, is not to be described.

His death occurred on the

first of April, 1816, and Vincent Dowling, a reporter, was reminded by the date to execute a practical joke which another might not have thought of.

He wrote to his friend, Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, a circumstantial account of the last illness and death of the great man, dwelling on daily visits to his bedside by a reserved, down-looking, thin personage, attired in black, and marvellously resembling a Jesuit. At last, after a very prolonged visit of this mysterious stranger, the servants entered the bed-room, found the Doctor dead, and a very decided smell of brimstone pervading the atmosphere of the apartment.

Mr. Fitzpatrick on receiving the account, took it to the office of the "Dublin Chronicle" in Suffolk Street, and next day Dublin was divided between joy, sorrow, and confusion. Mr. Giffard, then proprietor of the "Dublin Journal," behaved with much spirit on the occasion. He hung from the drawing-room window of the office a large placard, on which in letters visible at an amazing distance, he gave a decided contradiction to the report. Still those who revered the Doctor's memory were not at ease, and when the body arrived in Dublin the corporation declined to assist at the funeral. So the obsequies were performed in a private manner, much to the grief and disgust of many of the great man's admirers.

SOME OF BARRY'S ECCENTRICITIES.

THIS great and enthusiastic artist was a native of Cork, but it is more than doubtful if "the beautiful city" possesses a copy of any one of his paintings. Having finished at an early age, in fact the latest stage of boyhood, "The Baptism of Aongus King of Munster* by St. Patrick," he travelled up to Dublin with it, and it was graciously allowed a place in the school of design of the Royal Dublin Society. Edmund Burke accidentally examining it one day, was struck by the originality and ability evident in the composition, and asked the curator the name of the artist. "He did not know, but it was brought to the place by that pock-marked boy."—"Tell me, my boy, who painted that fine piece?"—"I did, sir."—"You, and so young! It can't be possible." Poor Barry burst into tears, and walked rapidly out of the room. But the good Edmund had him brought back, gave him kind and consoling words, and befriended him then, and afterwards in London.

* Thus runs the legend. During the sacred rite, the saint struck his spiked travelling-staff into the ground, as he supposed; but it took the King's instep in its way, and pierced it through, without causing any movement or cry on his side. The sacrament being administered, and the saint discovering what he had done, exclaimed in the deepest emotion, "Oh! why did you not make me aware of this terrible accident sooner?"—"I thought it was part of the rite," answered the pious convert. At the saint's prayer the wound was instantly healed.

Sir Joshua Reynolds always recommended the great heroic style in his lectures to the students, but practised, himself, the painting of portraits, and grew rich and famous. Barry by neglecting his practice, and strictly following his advice, remained in indigence. Inhabitants of London have an opportunity of examining specimens of his genius at the Adelphi. Dublin folk may gratify their curiosity by a visit to the entrance hall of the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where hangs a large painting of a scene from "Cymbeline," in which the unprincipled and crafty Iachimo and the pure-minded Imogen are characteristically presented.

Elected a royal academician, he and his fellows could not get on harmoniously together. As he wished for one thing to be done, and all the rest were anxious for the very opposite thing to be done, of course they were in a certain sense in the right, and Barry was ejected from the body, no one but honest Nollekens protesting against the proceeding. This and the robbery of his house on two occasions, rendered the poor solitary artist partially insane. Of his neglect of personal appearance, and the wretchedness of his condition, Robert Southey thus wrote:—

"I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is his noblest) days. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, from which time had taken all the green, that incrustations of paint

and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might have supposed he had borrowed from a scare-crow. All round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone in a house, which was never cleaned, and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed to one side. I wanted him to visit me. 'No, he could not spare time by day to go out from his great picture, and if he went out in the evening, the academicians would waylay and murder him.' In this solitary sullen life he continued till he fell ill, probably for want of nourishing food, and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of, and the danger from which he had escaped seems to have cured him of his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards, appeared decently dressed, and in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked. A little before his death, he had with much persuasion been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said, 'Remarkably well. He had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it a very comfortable thing.' The great

but wayward artist died in 1806 at the age of sixty-five. Much information concerning the man and his works is given in Mr. Gilbert's "Streets of Dublin." ("Irish Quarterly Review," No. 10).

SIR TOBY BUTLER.

THIS able lawyer, a worthy precursor of John Philpot Curran, did much good in his day by defending those Roman Catholic or Protestant Jacobites who had got into trouble under the precious penal laws. The patriotic and good-hearted lawyer was not exempt from the failing so prevalent in his day among gentlemen, a leaning to strong drink. After suffering no small loss and inconvenience from the cup which cheers, but, alas, inebriates also, he recorded a vow in some form against drinking spirits. When he had bravely adhered to his resolution for some time, he happened to be engaged in the defence of a person obnoxious to the laws of the day, and after much exertion found his powers of endurance exhausted. The worst of the matter was that the friends of the accused were at the moment absent in search of a much needed document, and could not possibly be on return in less than half or three quarters of an hour. The wearied counsellor communicated to a friend, in a whisper, the prostration in which he found himself, and his fears that the cause would be lost. "Ah," said he, "only for my unlucky vow this would not have happened."—"Your vow

not to drink spirits?"—"Yes, to be sure. One naggin would enable me to hold out an hour or more."—"You did not make a vow against eating the liquor?"—"Nonsense! How could that be done?"—"Wait a moment. Ask for a few minutes' respite, and see what will happen." He withdrew, and shortly returned with a fresh penny roll in his hand. The opposite party were not much discouraged at the sight of the counsellor taking his dry refreshment, but if they were aware of a full naggin of whisky having been absorbed in the hot soft inside, it would be otherwise. When the simple luncheon was out of sight, Sir Theobald fell to like any refreshed giant, outdid even himself in logic and eloquence, went on for half an hour, aye, and would have held out an hour and a half if the document had not then timely arrived. The man in the dock was set free, and Sir Theobald was overpowered with thanks and congratulations on his wonderful display. The monument of the great lawyer is to be seen in the ancient churchyard of St. James's parish.

"THE DE'IL'S IN HELL, OR DUBLIN CITY."

THE Law Courts which the foreign visitor now admires on the left bank of the Liffey, were not built in Sir Toby Butler's day. He pleaded in a building which stood on the west side of Fishamble Street, and in the neighbourhood of Christ Church

Cathedral. The entrance to what might have been called "The Lawyers' Close" was in Fishamble Street, under an archway, on the top of which a figure of the devil, sculptured in hard oak, had everything to itself. The inner place abounded in houses of entertainment, lawyers' chambers, and toy shops, much patronised by little boys. If Falstaff had wished for a commodity of bad instead of good names, he might have obtained them in Dublin. We had, not long since, "Cutpurse Row," and we still possess "Cheaters' Lane," "Cut-throat Alley," and "Murdering Lane," and the little world over whose entrance the devil displayed his tail and horns was appropriately termed *Hell*. Within its precincts Sir Theobald and his friends, fellow counsellors, and their attorneys held many a consultation and drinking-bout. But when the courts were removed, and the upper part of Fishamble Street widened, the wicked-looking image came down, and was converted into snuff-boxes and other conveniences much prized by those who were lucky enough to secure them. The head and horns became the coveted property of an antiquary of the city, and are probably still extant. No Dublin citizen was in the slightest degree disturbed when reading an advertisement in his morning paper thus worded:—"To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. N.B.—They are well suited to a lawyer." It must not be supposed that the

locality called as above was so designated in almanacs, grave guide books, or business documents. In these it bore the name of "Christ Church Yard."

HOW SIR RICHARD STEELE GOT HIMSELF PREACHED AT.

FEW of our readers require to be informed of the contributions of Sir Richard to "The Spectator" nor of his own periodical "The Tattler," nor of his "Christian Hero," nor of his sound views in respect to morality and religion, nor of his own want of ordinary thrift and prudence. Sir Richard was born in Dublin, A.D. 1672, and after a life of prodigality, straits, and discomfort, died in Wales, in 1729. We record one of the many small annoyances which fell in his way.

While fitting up a large room in York Buildings, for the purpose of the delivery of orations, he managed, as was his custom, both of forenoons and afternoons, to be behindhand with his workmen. One day, wishing to test the capabilities of his hall of oratory, he directed one of the workmen to get into the rostrum and make a speech, no matter what the subject, in order that he might judge of the audibility or the reverse of the words there uttered. The man unwillingly got into the undesirable post, looked down sheepishly, scratched his head, and vowed he knew not what to say. "Oh," said the knight, "you need not search for a sub-

ject ; the first thing that enters your head will do.”—“Thank’ee, Sir Richard. Then I make bold to say, Sir Richard, that we have been working for you for six weeks, Sir Richard, and never saw the colour of your money, Sir Richard. When,” continued he, raising his voice, “do you intend to pay us, Sir Richard?”—“That will do my good fellow, I have heard enough. You speak very distinctly, indeed, but I do not approve of the subject matter.”

A SPEECH FROM THE UPPER GALLERY.

AN incident of the same description occurred to the comedian, John Johnstone, or, as he was called, “Irish Johnstone,” to distinguish him from Yorkshire Johnson, who was such a favourite with Dublin audiences for more than a quarter of this century. Irish Johnstone was an excellent singer, and one of the best representatives of an Irish gentleman that has trod the boards for a century. Some admirers of his vocal powers, when he was serving as a common soldier, obtained his discharge, and procured him an engagement in the theatre. While performing in Crow Street one season, he happened to get on the debtor side of the books of the keeper of a five-court in the neighbourhood of Castle Street, and no eloquence on the worthy man’s part was sufficient to induce him to settle the account. Seeing the case hopeless under

ordinary treatment, the indignant creditor betook himself to the gallery of the theatre one evening, and patiently waiting there till the artist had got through an encore, he sung these two lines and a chorus in the measure of Mr. Johnstone’s lay :—

“ Jack Johnstone, Jack Johnstone, you
owe me, you owe me ;

Jack Johnstone, you owe me ten and a
penny.”

Chorus, &c.

The very commonplace distich was greeted with much laughter in pit and boxes, and with laughter and great applause in the galleries, the denizens of which demanded an encore. This the unpaid performer very willingly gave, and a third and fourth to still increasing applause ; and seemed satisfied to comply with the call of the house till one o’clock in the morning, only for a parcel of coins slipped into his left hand by a stage messenger. Thereupon he made his first and last bow in Crow Street ; and quietly took a seat, unwilling to depart without full value for his shilling expended at the door.

FATHER O’LEARY.

THIS worthy and witty priest, who was born in the western part of the county of Cork, A.D. 1729, and died in London in 1802, had the rare good fortune of being loved and revered by his own flock, and the Irish Catholic body generally, and also of being respected by all his Protestant acquaintance. He also engaged the esteem of

the governing powers for his unceasing efforts to keep his people in their allegiance. A Mr. Blair, a Scotch physician, settled in Cork, published a book against revealed religion, which brought forth the learned friar's powers in defence of the truth. His answer gave much satisfaction among Protestants of every shade of belief. He also had a *configuration* with Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, and another with Rev. John Wesley, and softened down considerably an intolerant spirit which pervaded portions of their essays. He had consulted Dr. Watson, Protestant Bishop of Limerick, before publishing his defence of Christianity in answer to Mr. Blair, and that dignitary is said to have been well pleased with his execution of the work. Perhaps the most uncharitable expression that can be found in the good father's tracts is his hint to Bishop Woodward, who showed an unmistakable dislike to purgatory. "However clamorous," he observes, "a mitred divine may be about a Popish purgatory, he may perhaps go farther, and fare worse."

CHOICE OF A RELIGION.

ONE day when walking along a street in Cork, he met two of his friends, Rev. Mr. Flack, a Protestant clergyman, and Mr. Solomons, a Jew, arm in arm, and earnestly discussing some subject. Making inquiry concerning the subject matter of the debate, Mr. Flack answered: "A ridiculous subject indeed it

is. Having nothing better on which to fix our thoughts, we were speculating whether this dog of mine, if he had liberty of choice, and a small quantity of judgment, would join himself to the Protestants, the Catholics, or the Jews?"—"A question easily decided," said the Franciscan. "He would not be a Catholic, as not approving abstinence from meat on Friday. He has a decided taste for pork; *ergo*, he would not be a Jew. So it is only waste of words to name the party he would join."

A WILFUL MISTAKE.

At a meeting of the English Catholic body, Lord Petre, the chairman, fancying that the father in his speech was dealing too much with irrelevant matter, moreover, matter calculated to produce disunion in the assembly, interrupted him with the remark, "Mr. O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are out of order."—"I thank you for your anxiety, my Lord," answered the speaker, "but I assure you I was never in better health in my life." The merriment which ensued removed whatever tendency there might have been to a want of unanimity.

A FRIEND IN COURT.

AS might be supposed, Curran and O'Leary could not come in contact without experiencing respect and friendship for each other. Once in their unconstrained, after-dinner chat, the Counsellor exclaimed to the Friar, "Reverend Father, I wish

you were St. Peter.”—“And why so, Counsellor?”—“Because, being master of the keys, you might let me in.”—“I declare to you, that it were better for you if I had the keys of the other place in my possession, for then I could let you out.”

THE BEAR THAT SPOKE IRISH.

ONCE, as Father O'Leary was returning home from St. Omers, he made a short stay at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Taking a promenade he was induced by a placard to visit a booth where the most wonderful bear ever heard of was being exhibited. The exhibition was well worth the few sous paid for admission. Bruin would write with his paw on the sanded floor the hour of the day, would bow his head, and lay his right paw on his breast when bade to pay his respects to any well-looking woman, would execute a step or two on his hind legs, throw up his fore legs, and cry, “Vive le Roi” as well as any bear in Europe. After executing some things wonderful in their way, he began to get tired of the exhibition, lay down in a sulky mood, and would do nothing, though spoken to in a very angry fashion. His exhibitor, seeing threats in vain, spoke kindly to him, and he condescended to give a few more proofs of his capacity; but all at once ceased to perform, and would not budge for threat or entreaty. This so vexed his master that he administered a

few prods on sensitive portions of his frame, and these brought out a succession of angry sounds, which the priest recognised as fearful curses delivered in Irish. He slipped out, called on the mayor, and informed him that a live Irishman was at the moment exhibiting as a bear in such a place. Both gentlemen proceeded at once to the exhibition, and the priest approaching the performing animal as near as was convenient, asked him in his own vernacular, “How are you, Paddy? (*Cionas tha thu*)?” and was promptly, perhaps inadvertently, answered, “Well, I thank you (*Thaim go maith; go raibh maith aguth*).” The questioner then turned to the civic chief, and reported progress, and poor Pat was in a very short time uncased from his bearish envelope by a handy practitioner brought by the mayor. According as his human form went on developing itself more and more in its primitive nakedness, the female portion of the audience began to decamp, and very soon a suitable covering had to be provided for the poor fellow. His story was soon told. The sailors, his present masters, had found him floating in the Bay of Biscay on a hen-coop, which he had fortunately made his own when shipwrecked. He could only speak Irish, and they French. They gave him food, and otherwise treated him well, and as the ship neared the coast they planned the exhibition. The mayor obliged them to furnish their discharged servant with a

reasonable sum for his services; and so by means of this and the carrier's good offices, Pat was restored to the arms of family and friends in Kerry.

There is another variety of his story extant. A gentleman of Munster being at an exhibition in London, the chief attraction of which centred in a savage from "The Cannibal Islands," who ate raw beef, shook his spear in a vicious fashion, and uttered most diabolically, heard Irish words very intelligibly pronounced in the vociferations of the terrible performer, and fancied he recognised the voice. Coming within whispering distance of the savage, he uttered in a low tone, "Maurice, what are you disgracing your family for in this way?"—"Eisth, eisth whist, Master Edward," said he; "I am providing for the next half-year's rent that's to be paid to the master" (young Edward's father to wit).

Charles Butler in his historical memoirs thus speaks of our subject:—

"In the countenance of Father O'Leary there was a mixture of oddness, solemnity, and drollery, which fixed every eye that beheld it. No one was more generally loved and revered, no one less unassuming or more pleasing in his manner. Seeing his external simplicity, persons with whom he was arguing were sometimes tempted to treat him cavalierly, but then the solemnity with which he would mystify his adversary, and ultimately lead him into the most distressing absurdity, was one of the

most delightful scenes that conversation ever exhibited."

When in London his company was much sought after. On one occasion he had received three or four invitations from families living in the same street, and had accepted one. But when the day and hour arrived, he had completely forgotten to which of the families he had given his promise. A simple but ingenious mode of getting out of the difficulty soon suggested itself to his active mind. He called at one of the houses, and asked the servant if Rev. Mr. O'Leary had arrived. He said "No," and gave no other sign of recognition. The same fortune attended his call to another house, but at the third hall door he had the pleasure of hearing, "Mr. O'Leary has not come as yet, but is expected every moment." Of course the haven was reached.

DALKEY AND ITS KING.

OUR book would be a misnomer if it did not contain a record, however slight, of the annual solemnity connected with the little desert isle in Dublin Bay, so zealously celebrated, and so numerous attended towards the end of last century. The only events worth recording of the kingdom, and its facetious parliament and king, all took place on the day which witnessed the resignation of his majesty and his re-election for the ensuing year. In the youth of Thomas Moore he had the

good fortune to assist at one solemnity at least. About noon on Sunday, the king and parliament, and a select portion of his subjects, got into their boats, and sailed to the lonely island, but the larger number went by every conceivable kind of vehicle, noddies and shandrydans included, and occupied the shore opposite the isle. The expanse of turf, heath, and rocks which then afforded convenience for strolling about, resting, or picnicking is now covered with houses and gardens. Nothing could be more cheerful in appearance than the crowded roads and encampments, the gaily-decked barges and their well-dressed crews, and the grey and green surface of the isle, dotted here and there, and in places enlivened by the presence of the pleasure-seeking, eager, and gaily-attired citizens.

During the progress of the state barge and its accompanying flotilla, some salvos of artillery were discharged along shore. The monarch, who boasted of the ever-renewed elections, was Stephen Armytage, a bookseller (Moore mentions him as a pawnbroker), whose august titles here follow:—"His facetious Majesty, Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins (neighbouring islet rocks), Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, Defender of his own faith, and respecter of all others, Sovereign of the illustrious Order of the Lobster and Periwinkle."

In the *Morning Post* a con-

siderable space was devoted to the chronicling of the great events of the day under the heading of "The Dalkey Gazette." It related in mock-heroic style how the regal flotilla, on its voyage from Ringsend to Dalkey, exchanged powder salutations with two ships of the sovereign's august brother, the King of England, and how dutiful offerings of rabbits, cockles, and mushrooms were made as the fleet held on its way, by his dutiful subjects of Lambay, and his right loyal holy knights of Magee.

On landing (we abridge the account in the Gazette), his majesty held a levee, at which attended the chief nobility of the kingdom (of Dalkey, be it understood), together with illustrious foreigners from Bullock, Dunleary (afterwards Kingstown), Howth, and other parts of the neighbouring continent. His majesty next approached the throne of state (a rock), preceded by the lord mayor, and supported by the lord chancellor and primate, but modestly declining to ascend the kingly (but rugged) seat, he laid his crown and oak sceptre on the table, and addressed his lieges. Then followed an amicable strife, the king urging the choice of a successor, the lord chancellor deprecating such condescension to the mob, but the contest concluding with the king-at-arms, preceded by a herald, passing through the assembly, announcing the resignation of his majesty, and directing them to choose a successor. Then there

was an unanimous acclaim for the resumption of his crown by their beloved monarch, Stephen I. The coronation took place, and King Stephen took oath over a bowl of grog, that he would maintain festivity and justice among his beloved subjects.

Lord Minikin next proclaimed that his majesty was ready to hear any complaints from his loyal people, and a deputation from the Order of the Periwinkle presented themselves, and impeached the lord chancellor for sundry corrupt practices. He defended himself, and alleged the absence of several witnesses (unpopular members of the Dublin Corporation by the way) as a reason for postponing his trial. A delay was granted. Other impeachments succeeded, and under the shelter of the sham process, unpopular measures and unpopular folk in power were held up to public dislike and contempt. A quasi-religious ceremony, presided over by the arch-druid (a really objectionable feature in the general proceedings) succeeded, and then the procession formed to gain the banquetting hall. Before the lord mayor sat down to meat, he and his corporation aped the ceremony of "riding the franchises," throwing the javelin into the sea, &c. At the beginning of the feast a plenipotentiary from the Duke of Bullock arrived with a present of potatoes, ready boiled, to eke out the kingly entertainment. These were graciously accepted, and knighthood conferred on the ambassador.

At the conclusion of the festivities, the arch-druid pronounced the following ominous benediction :—

"The blessing of the beggar and the clerk of the Crown attend you in all your adventures in this life, and the last prayer of the Recorder and of all the Judges of the Crown Circuit attend you in the next !"

While the appeals and complaints were going on (Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury) was accused, as second sergeant, with making puns from the bench as arguments against the prisoner's life, but being now absent in another kingdom to fight a duel, he could not appear to answer for himself.

On the coronation day which Moore enjoyed, Incledon, the great singer of sea songs was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. Moore tried his prentice hand on a birthday ode to King Stephen, a couple of verses of which have been preserved :—

"Thou rid'st not, prisoned in a metal coach,
To shield from thy anointed head,
Bullets of a kindred lead,
Marbles, and stones, and such hard-
hearted things.

* * * * *

"George has of wealth the dev'l and all ;
Him we may king of diamonds call,
But thou hast such persuasive arts,
We hail thee, Stephen, king of hearts."

"On the very morning after the celebration at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as his majesty's state gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred *Cronbanes*

(Irish halfpence) to whatsoever person might have found, and would duly restore his Majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and measuring both sides of the road, according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head." (*Memoirs of Thomas Moore*, vol. i.)

Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon took little pleasure in the proceedings of the Dalkey Government. In fact, as the baleful "Ninety-eight" approached, he began to look upon monarch and ministers as decided malcontents. To obtain certain information he invited Mr. O'Meara, one of the dignitaries, and a personal acquaintance, to a conference, and this dialogue followed:—

"You are, I understand, connected with the kingdom of Dalkey?"

"I am, my lord."

"May I ask what title you are recognised by?"

"I am Duke of Muglins."

"And what post do you hold under the Government?"

"Chief Commissioner of the Revenue."

"What are your emoluments in right of your office?"

"I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads duty free."

"Hogsheads of what, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Of salt water, my lord."

The lord asked no more questions.

The same hospitable attorney, who probably served for type to Mr. Lever's *Paul Rooney*,

once gave the full benefit of his unbounded hospitality to an English gentleman of mark in his own country. He seemed thoroughly sensible of the good man's attention and kindness, and returned the compliment in this manner:—

"Soon after, O'Meara for the first time visited London, and being a total stranger there, was well pleased one day to see his English acquaintance walking on the other side of Bond Street. So he immediately crossed over, and with outstretched hand declared how delighted he was to see him. The gentleman was walking with a group of high aristocratic caste, and dressed in the utmost propriety of costume; and when he saw a wild-looking man with soiled leather breeches, dirty top boots, not over-clean linen, nor very close-shaven beard, striding up to him with a whip in his hand, and the lash twisted under his arm, he started back, and, with a look of cold surprise, said,—

"Sir, you have the advantage of me."

"I have, sir," said O'Meara, looking coldly at him for a moment, "and I'll keep it too," and turned from him with a look of supreme contempt, which the other did not think it prudent to notice." (*Ireland Sixty Years Ago*; by the late Right Hon. J. E. Walsh, Master of the Rolls.)

Though we feel the reverse of respect for the ungrateful guest, the Irish host, who lavished much beyond what ordinary

good nature and politeness required, had little to complain of. Some of our Irish small gentry think no sacrifice too great to make to an Englishman of rank, when he condescends to notice them, or share their hospitality.

UNPLEASANT RESULTS OF A DEBAUCH.

IN Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Recollections," he gives a striking and melancholy, but probably fanciful, illustration of the excessive self-indulgence of his countrymen, gentle and simple, toward the close of last century. Paying a visit to his brother at Castle Durrow the day after the commencement of a festival, intended to be a long one, he found the relics of the last evening's entertainment in sad disorder, the bones being generally well picked by the dogs, after their masters had done their worst on them. The walls, not having received their last coat of plaster till the morning of the previous day, were still in a damp and comfortless condition. A certain Mr. Joseph Kelly, and a certain Mr. Peter Alley, were found in a drunken sleep, each man seated on a chair, and each man's head reclining against the lately plastered wall.

The piper of the party had had the ill-fortune of coming into the world half a century or so before Father Mathew. The company whom he had been entertaining had set him a bad example, and he had unfortu-

nately followed it. Some of the overtaken guests were stretched supine and unconscious on chairs, others to the full as unconscious on the floor, and among these lay the piper, rather better cared for than his companions. He lay like Cameron of Lochiel, "with his back to the field, and his face to the"—*rafters*, a table-cloth laid decently over his breast, his chanter, music-bag, and bellows neatly disposed thereon, and five or six candles, now burnt to the sockets, keeping watch at the sides. All this, however, was only the semblance of a genuine wake. Various unmusical sounds proceeding from the mouth and nose announced the presence of latent life in the man of the pipes.

In due time he came to a portion of his senses, and was borne unharmed from the scene of his defeat by a couple of "tall fellows;" but the two individuals reposing on chairs, and trusting their heads to the soft plaster, had not equal good luck. The great heat of the room producing its natural effect on the intermingling mass of human hair and plaster, made one dry and compact body of them, and the two misguided men, raising themselves at the call to breakfast, found such a painful impediment at the backs of their heads that they roared out, and, in newspaper phrase, threw the whole company into the utmost alarm and confusion. A person would think that a chisel, aided by taps from a hammer, and thus making a circular dent on

the dry plaster round the space of communication, would tend to separate the retaining portion of the wall ; but some of the company had read the *modus operandi* resorted to by Hannibal to detach masses of rock among the Alps, so they set new milk, melted butter, and finally hot vinegar at work, but with indifferent success. Finally scissors and oyster-knives clumsily wrought the deliverance of the heads from the wall, at the expense of some portions of the scalp.

*HOW TOM FLINTER WOULD
HAVE BOUGHT UP A
WHOLE FAIR.*

MR. THOMAS FLINTER, of Timahoe (Co. Carlow), speculated so largely in cattle of every description that all his possessions finally centered in one plain-spoken, faithful servant, called Dick Hennessy. As his property diminished, his debts increased ; but once getting some moderate sum of money in his possession, he was about starting for the fair to invest in horns and hoofs, when a lucky diversion was made by his more judicious servant. Ned, the dog-stealer, thus recorded the conference. Ned, though not trustworthy in transactions where *meum* and *tuum* had not a common interest, was considered a great poet.

“ Dick,” said he,
“ What ? ” said he,
“ Fetch me my hat,” says he,
“ For I will go,” says he,
“ To Timahoe,” says he,

‘ To buy the Fair,’ says he,
‘ And all that’s there,’ says he.

(Dick Hennessy loquiter).

‘ Arrah pay what you owe,’ said he,
‘ And then you may go,’ says he,
‘ To Timahoe,’ says he,
‘ To buy the Fair,’ says he,
‘ And all that’s there,’ says he.

(Flinter sees his error).

‘ Well, by this and by that,’ said he,
‘ Dick, hang up my hat,’ says he.”

This honest man, who ruined himself by dint of making great bargains, was one of Sir Jonah Barrington’s early acquaintances.

*A TAIL BADLY ADAPTED
TO THE BODY.*

SIR FREDERICK FLOOD, member for Wexford in the Irish Parliament, was subject, while delivering a speech, to the awkwardness of introducing into it any observation whispered to him in his ear. “ He was once making a long speech in the Parliament House, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county. As he was closing a most turgid oration by declaring that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant’s favour, John Egan, who was sitting behind him, and rather mellow, jocularly whispered, ‘ And be whipped at the cart’s tail.’ ‘ And be whipped at the cart’s tail,’ repeated Sir Frederick, unconsciously, amidst peals of uncontrollable laughter.”

(Personal Recollections of Sir

Jonah Barrington, Routledge, 1869.)

*TWO PROFESSORS OF THE
LONG BOW.*

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, author of the least trustworthy history of the Insurrection of "98" ever published, after impatiently listening to a Munchausen story told by Sir John Stuart Hamilton, expressed his disbelief in unparliamentary phrases, though both gentlemen belonged to the big house in College Green. Sir John, much irritated, as there were strangers in the room, asserted *on his word* that the fact was as he had stated it. Again Sir Richard repeated his unbelief, and Sir John exclaimed in anger, "You say you don't believe my word?"

"I can't believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my word I must only give it you under my hand," and at the moment he clenched his great fist.

"The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humour. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for telling a lie, and Sir Richard for not believing it—to the payment of two bottles of hock each." (*Sir Jonah*.)

*A FEW OF SIR BOYLE
ROCHE'S BEST.*

THOUGH Sir Boyle Roche is chiefly remembered as an issuer

of laughable *bulls*, he was much respected by his contemporaries as a well-bred gentleman, punctilious, brave, and honourable. He held the office of Gentleman Usher at the Irish Court, and discharged his duties to the satisfaction of every one with whom his functions brought him in contact. He himself attributed most of his shortcomings or overdoings to having been obliged by his lady (eldest daughter of Sir John Cave) to read with care "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This terrible composition had a more baleful effect on him than even on the good *Mr. Boffin* himself. "He was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that in his cups he often stigmatised the historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics, to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of." (*Sir Jonah*.)

Sir Boyle Roche took some credit to himself when in company from the fact of Sir John Cave having given him his eldest daughter to wife. Curran was somewhat wearied with his harping on this string, and on occasion of a certain repetition of it, observed, "Aye, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an older one still he would have given her to you." The slightly hen-pecked man took the jest in good part, for his lady (with respect to herself) was no lover nor student of dates.

A tax proposed by Government was recommended by the minister as one not likely to press on the people for years to come. It was opposed on the ground of the injustice of imposing a burden on posterity. Sir Boyle, a zealous supporter of the Irish Government, exclaimed in indignation against this view of the case, "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, 'and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this more honourable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity? for what has posterity done for us?'"

The good man, expecting serious applause, rather than the burst of laughter which greeted his profound theory, was somewhat disconcerted, and began to explain. "'He assured the House that by *posterity* he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come immediately after them.' Upon hearing this explanation, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour."

Sir Boyle, as a Government partizan, felt himself obliged to act contrary to his natural instincts, and speak in support of the union. By degrees he became persuaded of the justice of his arguments, and on one occasion felt much annoyance at the suppressed laughter which greeted his flowery picture of the happiness which the measure would bring. "Gentle-

men," added he, "may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure, but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again, and so they can't decide right now. But when *the day of judgment* comes, then honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame *in marrying our own sister.*"

The right-minded member was naturally most indignant at the proceedings of the Parisian Jacobins, and seldom omitted an opportunity of expressing his hatred and contempt of them. On one occasion he thus aired his indignation:—"If we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation. If these Gallican villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on that very table, maybe, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in a heap atop of one another. Here, perhaps, sir, the *Marshal-law* (Marseillais) men would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads on that table to stare us in the face."

Sir Boyle's axiom, that the best way to avoid danger was to meet it plump, was not only the opinion of a generous nature, but with little trouble

might be shown to possess the true quality of wit. Wit, as we know, presents a striking harmony of ideas, which, at first blush, appear to have nothing in common, while a bull results in the complete discrepancy of ideas apparently in unison. We shall not here impose on our readers a treatise on wit, humour, and blunders. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" never inflicted such desolation on poor Sir Boyle Roche, as the perusal of a profound essay on the above impalpable "notions" did on ourselves some few years since.

*SOME BOVINE REMARKS,
PROBABLY NOT SIR
BOYLE'S.*

THE following grave blunders are attributed, perhaps with little justice, to our hero. The reader may take them at their value.

One of his famous union speeches concluded with this pithy remark, "Sir, this excellent union will convert our barren hills into fruitful valleys."

In another speech directed against the Jacobins, he thus took liberties with figures of speech, "Sir, I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

Hearing that Admiral Howe was in search of the French, he expressed his conviction that "he would sweep the Gallic fleet off the face of the earth."

On another occasion he could avail himself of no words to

express his loyalty less sublime than these, "I stood prostrate at the feet of my sovereign." He also held up to the ridicule of the House "the man who had turned his back on himself."

In his sympathy with his kind he lamented "that single misfortunes never come alone, and that the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a greater." If his proposal "that the quart measure should contain a quart of liquor" be a bull, may the breed increase! His directions to the shoemaker to make one shoe larger than the other, and his reproach when they were brought home, that, instead of that, one was smaller than the other, were matched by an incident which occurred to the present writer's knowledge.

The right leg of Pat Behan's leather breeches got much wet one day, while he was leading a team of ploughing horses, the left leg remaining nearly dry. On comparing the state of the article when the day's work was over, he found the wet leg about four inches longer than the other. "I tell God's truth," said he, "one of my *maas** is longer nor the other. But I'll soon remedy that." Accordingly, taking a scissors, he cut as much off the wet leg as put the lower extremities of both on a line. The wearable was left near the fire overnight,

* A familiar name for sheep, and, by a country figure of speech, for breeches made of the skin of the animal. Pat incorrectly uses the word here for the leg of the small clothes.

but when he drew it on his limbs next morning, and saw his left knee entirely uncovered, he dismally exclaimed, "Oh, goodness! one of my maas isn't longer nor the other now, but one is shorter nor the other."

A CHRISTIAN TURK.

PUBLIC baths were first established in Dublin about a hundred years since by a portly Mussulman, upwards of six feet high, with handsome features, and an agreeable expression diffused over them. He spoke English well, styled himself Achmet Borumborad, M.D., made many friends by his pleasing manners, built the baths, bestowed great skill and care on their management, bathed and attended to the poor gratis, gave universal satisfaction, and obtained a yearly parliamentary grant which he conscientiously laid out on the object for which it was intended.

It was the doctor's custom to entertain a select number of his parliamentary friends and supporters every season, and this he did in excellent style, the best viands, the best wines, and the best singers in the metropolis being procured for the occasion. The last time of his patrons assembling, the doctor and his butler quitted the festive hall towards the end of the entertainment, to bring up some bottles of his choicest wines to crown the symposium. All had already imbibed a sufficiency of the doctor's nectar, and when Sir

John Stuart Hamilton attempted to make a timely retreat, all arose with one accord at the signal given by some one,—“Stop Sir John Stop him! The bonne bouche the bonne bouche!” and pressed on his flying footsteps. Alas, the fugitive had taken the wrong door, and in a few moments he and his pursuers were floundering about in a cold salt-water tank, or clinging to the brink. The unfortunate host on returning found the dining-hall waste, but the adjoining bath-room well peopled with his ill-advised and shouting guests. All were extracted, dried, put in Turkish habiliments, and, where these failed, swathed in blankets. They were conveyed to their respective homes, and specially attended to by their medical protégé. But the report of the accident, much modified for the worse, got abroad, and flung an air of ridicule over the doctor and his baths. Some ill-natured wags even asserted that Achmet had attempted to drown nineteen members of parliament because they would not promise to vote for him.

Parliamentary grants were no more to be thought of. Any application would be sure to be received with a burst of laughter and the poor doctor had lately made some additions to his establishment on the strength of his expectations. In this strait he bethought of bringing to a close a courtship which had been in progress for some time. His *Dulcinea* was a pretty, and as good as pretty, little woman

sister to a certain surgeon Hartigan, and mistress of a good property. She was well disposed to the estimable Turk, but had over and over protested to him that she would never consent to be his bride, till he had renounced Mahomet, and his Koran, and his own style of costume, and his flowing beard. He now wrote to her announcing his resolve to become a Christian for her sake, and begging her to bring his sufferings to an end. Next day a gentleman, name not mentioned, was announced, and in the tall, handsome, close-shaved, sable-clothed visitor she was just able to recognise her Turkish lover. "But have you changed your belief as easily as your appearance?" said the lady, when the first surprise was over. "D—— a change was I obliged to make," said he; "I have never been otherwise than a Christian, and am your own countryman, my darling—Patrick Joyce, of Kilkenny." She was easily persuaded to pardon the deception, and became his wife with little delay. The brave doctor paid his way, and kept his engagements like an honest man; but the baths lost their prestige.

IMPORTANCE OF THE OLD CORPORATION.

A CERTAIN Mr. Willis, a breeches-maker of Dame Street, and a member of the old Corporation, considered everything connected with their proceedings, and especially the manage-

ment of the city-watch, of the highest importance. In a speech once made at the Assembly House, he used the following remarkable expressions:—

"This, my friends, is a subject neither trifling nor obscure; the character of our corporation is at stake on your decision. Recollect, brother freemen, recollect," continued he, "that the eyes of all Europe are upon us!"

AN ELECTION DECIDED BY A SWEEP.

QUANN'S coach-house, in Talbot Street, is still occasionally called "Beresford's Riding House." There in the awful year of 1798, under the patronage of John Beresford, many a person suspected or convicted of disloyalty, was savagely tortured. So bad a character rested on the building, that some Dublin wits, taking the opportunity of a favourable night, fastened on the entrance a signboard with the inscription, "Mangling done here, by J. Beresford and Co."

Some years later, John Beresford and Sir Jonah Barrington were rival candidates for the representation of the city of Dublin. The votes being nearly balanced, it was in the power of a Mr. Horish (Corish?) to put victory into the hands of his favourite; he had the disposal of the votes of sundry sable-faced gentlemen as well as his own. "Let me see," said the important man; "*who* shall I vote for? I'm very hard to please, gentlemen,

I assure you. Fair and easy," said he, as the rival candidates pressed. "Don't hurry a man," and he looked earnestly at his suitors. "I know that honest fellow will vote for me," said Beresford, completely forgetful of Mr. Horish having once experienced the smarting hospitality of the lash and the triangle in his riding-house. "Indeed, he will not," answered Sir Jonah; "eh, Horish?" Still silence and reserve on the voter's part. "I'll lay you a rump and dozen," exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter." "You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr. Beresford. 'Twas many a dozen you gave me in the riding-house; and if ever I have the honour of meeting you up a chimney, depend on it, Mr. Beresford, I'll treat you with all the civility in my power. Come, boys, poll away for the councillor."

It was during this election, which lasted fifteen days (O the good old times!), that Giffard, proprietor of the *Dublin Journal*, was so crushed under the sledge hammer of Grattan's vituperation, that he had merely strength enough to whimper out, "Oh, I could spit on him in a desert."

A DELECTABLE TRIAL BEFORE THE LORDS.

AS fine an instance of *sang froid* and self-complacency as has ever been related, was exhibited by Lord Aldborough, father or grandfather to that nobleman whose sore leg set

up in life the great Mr. Hollo-way.

To Dublin citizens Aldborough House is a familiar object. It has been a barrack since it was a Feinaglian seminary, but it was originally a lordly mansion, one of the wings being a church, the other a theatre. In the end of last century its lord was a party in a suit tried before Lord Clare, his opponent being Mr. Beresford, a nephew of the judge; and judgment went against him with full costs. He appealed to the House of Lords, where Clare as Lord Chancellor presided, and was defeated again, as he might have expected.

Lord Aldborough took his revenge by writing a book in which Lord Clare and Irish appellant jurisdiction were severely handled, and acknowledged he might have acted more wisely after what had happened to him in Holland. The captain of a *trekschuyt* (packet boat) having charged him about twice the lawful fare, he made his complaint before the sitting manistrate when the boat reached Amsterdam; but when he had about half stated his case, he discovered under the broad-brimmed hat of the judge the rascally skipper, who at once decided against him with costs, and ordered him to quit the court. He would not be so cheated. He went to an advocate, put himself into his hands, attended in court next day, and the skipper and judge, rolled into one, pronounced his defeat a second time. In his printed

book the parallel between Mynheer and Fitzgibbon stood prominent, and the Irish peers accordingly cited the author to appear before them, and answer for this gross breach of privilege. The rest shall be told in the words of Sir Jonah Barrington.

"The Chancellor, holding the vicious book in his hand, asked Lord Aldborough if he admitted that it was of his writing and publication, to which his lordship replied, that he could admit nothing as written or published by him till every word of it should first be truly read to their lordships aloud in the House. Lord Clare, wishing to curtail some parts, began to read it himself; but not being near enough to the light, his opponent took a pair of enormous candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately up to the throne, and requested the Chancellor's permission to hold the candles for him while he was reading the book. This novel sort of effrontery put the Chancellor completely off his guard. He was outdone, and permitted Lord Aldborough to hold the lights while he perused the libel, comparing him to a Dutch skipper; nor did the obsequious author omit to set him right here and there, when he omitted a word or proper emphasis. It was ludicrous beyond example, and gratifying to the secret ill-wishers of Lord Clare, who bore no small proportion to the aggregate number of the House. The libel being duly read through, Lord Aldborough at

once spiritedly and adroitly said that he avowed every word of it to their lordships; but that it was not intended as a libel either against the House or the jurisdiction, but as a constitutional and just rebuke to their lordships, for not performing their bounden duty in attending to hear the appeal, he being quite certain that if any sensible men had been present, the Lord Chancellor would only have had two lords and two bishops (his own creatures) on his side of the question."

This only made matters worse, and the poor lord was subsequently committed to Newgate for six months.

JUDGE HENN'S EMBARRASSMENT.

AMONG judicial memoranda of the days of Lord Clare and Lord Clonmel, a legal puzzle which much disturbed Mr. Justice Henn is worth mention. While on circuit a civil bill question was determinedly argued by two young barristers, equally self-complacent, and equally intent on showing off. At the point when nothing more could be possibly said on either side, they appealed to the judge for his decision. "How, gentlemen," said the puzzled man, "can I settle it between you? You say positively that the law is one way, and you (turning to the other) as strongly assert that it is the other way; (then aside to his registrar, who sat below him) I wish to heaven, Billy Harrison, I knew what the

law really is." "My lord," said Billy, respectfully rising, and casting a look of sympathy on his chief, "if I knew what the law was, I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure."

"Then we'll save the point, Harrison," exclaimed the judge. "What point, my lord?" said Billy.

A LITTLE FOIBLE OF JUDGE BOYD'S.

ON the authority of Daniel O'Connell we learn that this contemporary of Curran and Henn and Fitzgibbon and John Scott (Lord Clonmel) found it out of the question to get through his judicial labours without help from "drops of brandy." A vessel containing that liquor, but resembling a large office ink-bottle, was on his desk, so was the end of a large quill, and by simply laying his left arm down flat, and opening a communication by means of the quill between the fluid and his mouth as he stooped his head, he satisfied his want, and hoped to escape observation.

One day while the counsel on one side was labouring hard to prove that a witness then under examination had been intoxicated on a certain occasion, and the counsel on the other, Mr. Harry Deane Grady, as vigorously maintaining that such was not the case, Boyd feelingly addressed the man, and exhorted him, in the name of law

and equity, to tell the court whether he were drunk or sober at the time. "Oh, quite sober, my lord," said Grady, glancing at the inkstand; "as sober as a judge."

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE OF JUDGE PATTERSON.

THIS gentleman, who was as expert at the sword in duelling exercises as he was averse to official labour, was once engaged on circuit business with Baron Dawson, whom we have already mentioned in connection with the great musical composer, Turloch O'Carolan. One being as well inclined as the other to escape, if possible, the drudgery before them, for the calendar was a heavy one, they adopted a plan which a circuit-going judge of modern times, however lazy, would hardly venture on.

"Mr. Registrar," said the chief, "call out the cases, beginning at the end." "Eh, my lord?" "Begin at the end, I repeat." "O'Regan against Riordan," sung out the registrar. "O'Regan against Riordan," repeated the crier. No response. "Go on;" and a few more cases in a retrograde order were proclaimed. "No appearance," remarked the judge; "cross out these cases, Mr. Registrar." That astonished officer then proceeded to mention half a dozen more, the parties to which had no expectation of being called on for some days to come. These were accordingly cancelled, and, by a course of steady perseverance,

Mr. Registrar arrived at the first on the list. As was to be expected, the plaintiff and defendant were in court, and their dispute was examined and settled. Judge Patterson thanked the jury for their attendance, and the praiseworthy attention they had given to the evidence, and then complacently observed to his colleague, "Well, Brother Dawson, I think we have got through a vast deal of business."

*SIR JONAH PATRONISES
JUDGE JOHNSON.*

THE pleasant author of "Personal Recollections" asserts that the ordinary demeanour of Judge Johnson was exceedingly disagreeable, but something so genial in his angry moods, that he (Sir J.) and others frequently combined to put him in a passion. Counsellor Daly, once disparaging him when absent, was properly rebuked by Mr. Justice Jebb. "Why do you say such things of Mr. Johnson behind his back?" "Because," considerably answered Daly, "I would not hurt his feelings by saying them to his face."

Sir Jonah and Johnson were intimate friends from their youth. When clothed in stuff, Barrington mentions his own advancement as one of the most rapid in the forensic annals, and that of Johnson rather in the contrary direction. He tells with much self-complacency that when he put on the gown of silk, he jokingly offered the cast-off stuff to his badly favoured

brother, who readily put it on, with a presentiment that it would bring its former owner's luck to him. Wonderful to relate, Sir Jonah asserted that he threw like any bullrush or flag from that moment, and at last was flung up on the bench.

*AN ANTI-JOHNSONIAN
JUDGE.*

"The owl, the fox, the badger, and the bat,
By sweet reserve and modesty grow fat."

SO sung poor William Blake, the spiritual artist, who, if he had lived half a century later, would have been knighted by Home or Houdin, and appointed Serjeant Painter to the spiritualistic kingdom entire. He had only to form the wish, and the ghost of Julius Cæsar, Nero, or Judas Iscariot presented itself to be limned. No one who has seen the outline of the blood-thirsty ghost of a flea, which he once outlined, will ever forget it. Our quotation has sadly led us out of our record. What we first intended to say was, that however the case may be as regards the animals in the motto, Judge Kelly rose from the bar to the bench by dint of good humour and agreeableness. Not even the wrathful and disrespectful mode in which Johnson (then a barrister) addressed him was capable of ruffling his sedate temper. He angrily as much as told him that he was wrong, that all precedent was against him, and that even he (Kelly) had twice before decided the other way. "So, Mr. Johnson," said the judge, with a humour-

ous shrug of his shoulder, "because I decided wrong twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a third time. No, no, Mr. Johnson, you must excuse me, I'll decide the other way this bout." And so he did.

Judge Kelly lost on the bench the character for deep legal knowledge which he had obtained at the bar, but retained his reputation for honour, justice, and integrity. He used pleasantly to observe, "So they find out now that I am not a very staunch lawyer. I am heartily glad that they had not acquired that information thirty years since."

The following apocryphal passage ought to have happened in court while he presided, but we fear it did not. (The joke is Norbury's.)

Mr. Joy was senior counsel in a certain suit, and Mr. Hope his junior. Mr. Joy was absent when his presence was required to open his client's case, and, after a little delay, the judge requested Mr. Hope to do it. The conscientious man requested forbearance for a while; but the while went by, and the senior put in no appearance. The judge said that no further delay could be allowed, but endeavoured to console the conscientious junior by the soothing though sad quotation—

"Hope told a flattering tale
That Joy would soon return."

CONDESCENSION OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S FATHER.

LORD CLARE'S father (Fitzgibbon) was originally intended

for the priesthood, but as he considered that a successful counsellor's revenue exceeded that of any parish priest of his time, he studied the law, acquired success, and put up money, of which he was perhaps more fond and sparing than a learned counsellor should be. A certain person not favoured by fortune, yet anxious to indulge in a lawsuit, brought his case and his fee direct to the counsellor, in order that he might be let off the easier, and personally apologise for the smallness of the offering. Fitzgibbon seemed the reverse of gratified by the sight of the money, and the poor client, in order to propitiate him, remarked, "I assure you, counsellor, I am ashamed of the smallness of the fee, but it is all I have in the world." "Oh," said the lover of gold, "if it's all you have in the world, why—hem—I must take it."

LORD CLARE'S FUNERAL.

THIS great law lord had but few friends among his countrymen, and for his great exertions to establish the Union he was poorly recompensed, as far as honour and consideration were concerned, by the British Government. In the English parliament his anti-national bursts were received with coolness and even disapprobation, and his disappointment is supposed to have shortened his life. Those who had at heart to render his funeral as imposing and large as possible canvassed the members of the bar individually; for

doubts were entertained of the general feeling, owing to the number of personal enemies he had made by his arrogance. The canvassers had little hope of a favourable reception from Counsellor Kelleher, a witty and sarcastic man, who was well known to have cherished unfriendly feelings towards his lordship, but they made the experiment nevertheless.

"You know, my dear fellow," said the spokesman, Arthur Chichester MacCourtney (feeling his way cautiously), "that Lord Clare is to be buried to-morrow."

"'Tis generally the last thing done with dead chancellors," said Kelleher coolly.

"He'll be buried in St. Peter's," said the spokesman.

"Then he's going to a friend of the family," said Kelleher; "his father was a Papist."

This created some merriment, in which the canvasser did not join. So he continued, "The bar mean to go in procession. Have you any objection to attend Lord Clare's funeral, Mr. Kelleher?"

"None at all," said Kelleher, "none at all. I shall certainly attend his funeral with the greatest pleasure imaginable."

The loyal and ultra-zealous Sir Judkin Fitzgerald, considering that the cat-o'-nine tails of itself, even though wielded by strong and willing arms, was capable of improvement in regard to the infliction of torture, got sundry of the instruments intended for the backs of the Tipperary peasants soaked in

brine. Taking some credit to himself for the invention, he once complacently expressed himself thus to Kelleher,—"You must own, Kelleher, that at least I preserved the county of Tipperary."

"Oh, faith you did, and pickled it into the bargain."

The unfeeling Sir Judkin (a disgrace to his noble surname) would have afterwards suffered in body and goods, only for a *post facto* indemnity bill brought in by Lord Castlereagh.

It is to be feared that *pickles* had been united to *preserves* in bon mots even before Kelleher's time. A member of the old Dublin corporation, an ex-Italian and hairdresser, Bassegio by name, once excited a hearty laugh by connecting the words without intention of executing a witticism or a bull.

He was standing at his shop door in Exchequer (now Wicklow) Street, his face as round as the moon, but much redder, and he lazily smoking a meerschaum, when a sudden flash of lightning, followed almost instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, struck awe into the hearts of the people with whom he was conversing. "Oh, the Lord preserve us!" ejaculated a woman standing near him. "And *pickel* us thoo," responded the *good liver*, removing the pipe for a moment from between his lips.

A LEGAL EXCHANGE OF CIVILITIES.

AMONG the witty members of the ante-Union bar was Mr.

Caldbeck, K.C., a huge soul in a diminutive body: he was about the size of Tom Moore. One day, while engaged in a legal contention with a brother of the bar of more than average height, he pestered him so that he exclaimed, in real or assumed anger. "You little vagabond, if you don't be cautious, I'll put you in my pocket." "Whenever you do," retorted Caldbeck, "you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE DANGEROUS AT TIMES.

PRACTISING in the same courts with Curran and his brothers in silk and stuff was a Mr. Conaty, resembling the Tichborne claimant in his outward man, and most negligent of his appearance, but simple-minded and kind-hearted. Many a ludicrous treat he furnished to the dangles about the courts, when, with unsuspended small-clothes, stockings ungartered, and beard of a few days' growth, he would maintain an argument with Lord Avonmore in the richest brogue.

Mr. Conaty thought not of marrying till he had seen his maturity, and then he selected a neatly dressed, tasty, affectionate little woman, and none could be happier than the newly wedded, the only bitter drop in the bride's cup being the uncouth and slovenly appearance of her loving giant. To effect a reform,

she imagined the purchase and setting up of a pier-glass in the new home. Her lord had never seen more than his head and neck reflected, and that only on shaving-days, and thought she, "when he sees the fright he is outwardly, he will surely amend his exterior ways." She had not however the precaution to tell him what she had done, and the result was unfortunate.

The counsellor, coming for the first time into the room where the mirror had been placed, was dreadfully frightened by the appearance and hostile gestures of a savage advancing towards him. He uttered a loud cry, and dropped in a fit on the carpet.

The noise brought Mrs. Conaty and one or two others to the spot; medical aid was immediately procured, and a copious bleeding brought the patient to his senses. It was no easy thing at first to *insense* him of the unreality of the horrible figure which had met his eye. If it was not a monster in flesh and blood, it must have been the devil.

And the devil it was to all intents and purposes in the eyes of Denis Brophy, the faithful old servant of Mr. Conaty; but he consoled the afflicted woman by the assurance that it was all a mistake on the part of *old horny*. "You know, ma'am, that 'Torney C—— lives one side of us, and 'Torney D—— on the other. The old fellow was in search of one or the both of them, and just mistook the house."

CURRAN'S FIRST FEE.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was as small and as insignificant in appearance as Richard Shiel, but no one who ever had the opportunity of listening to and looking at either man, when flinging abroad a torrent of eloquence, and marked the glow and animation which lighted up his countenance, could let either of these defects dwell on his imagination for a moment. Curran's birth occurred at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, on the 24th of July, 1750; his death in London, October 14, 1817.

Curran in his youth was as improvident as some others of his countrymen. He married before he touched his first fee, and was in straitened circumstances when that first fee was brought to his house on Hog Hill (now St. Andrew Street). Mrs. Curran, being a barrister's lady, considered that their landlady was taking undue liberty when reminding her of arrears of rent. The good woman felt herself aggrieved by her tenant's airs, and freely aired her own displeasure.

"I walked out one morning," said the eloquent man at a later date, "to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject (of rent), with my mind in no enviable condition. I fell into gloom, to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in

despondence; I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object that presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, with twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked on the back of it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the starting-point of my prosperity."

Curran as vigorously defended the political prisoners of the disastrous last years of the eighteenth century as Sir Toby Butler had defended those obnoxious to the penal laws. Till a comparatively late date it was thought that Leonard MacNally was as sincere as Curran in his exertions to save croppies and their well-wishers from Tom Galvin at Kilmainham. Alas! it has transpired that the dishonest counsellor regularly furnished the government officials with the information which he had obtained in confidence from the accused or their friends, and thus rendered their escape hopeless in most instances.

A DOG ON THE BENCH.

LORD CLARE and Curran entertained a strong dislike to each other. The Chancellor, once learning that the barrister was to plead in an important cause in the Court of Chancery, placed his favourite Newfoundland dog at his feet, and paid more attention to him than to the arguments of the counsellor. At last his inattention became so

pointedly offensive that the pleader abruptly stopped his harangue. "Go on, Mr. Curran, go on," said the judge. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord. I really took for granted that your lordship was holding a consultation."

CURRAN ON CARLETON.

LORD CARLETON, to whose lot it fell to pass sentence of death on the brothers Sheares, would indulge his hearers with a detail of the poor health he enjoyed, and other melancholy circumstances connected with his sojourn in this vale of tears. "He never ceased," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "to complain of the state of his health, and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his book of lamentations."

One day he entered the court encumbered with a more than ordinary load of woe, and apologised to the legal gentlemen assembled for the necessity in which he stood of adjourning business for that day, though there was an important issue for trial; "for," added he, in a low tone, "poor Lady Carleton has had a *fausse couche*, and——" "Oh, then, my lord," exclaimed Curran, "your lordship need not have made any apology, as it appears that your lordship has no *issue* to try."

Occasionally the judge could be stern enough. "While Curran" (we quote Mr. Fitzpatrick) "was defending the Sheares he warmed into indignant eloquence, when Lord Carleton

called him to account, saying, 'Mr. Curran, it would be well if you were better on your guard in what you say, for if not, you may forfeit your gown.' 'They may take the gown, my lord, but they must leave the stuff behind,' was the rejoinder."

A LAW COURT DISTURBED BY A SWALLOW.

LORD CARLETON presented a striking contrast in demeanour to Lord Clonmel (John Scott), who would indulge in buffoonery, as well as fits of passion and arrogance. In one of his dark days he was so pressed by the arguments, the eloquence, and the wit of Curran, that he lost temper, and ordered the sheriffs to be ready to take any one into custody who would presumptuously dare to fly in the face of the court. A swallow at the moment happened to be executing rapid flights over the heads of the assembly in pursuit of his favourite food, and Curran, directing the officer's attention to the bird, said aloud, "Mr. Sheriff, there is the chief offender; take him into custody for showing his utter contempt of court by flying in its face." This sally excited peals of laughter and restored good humour even on the bench.

CURRAN'S DUEL WITH BULLY EGAN.

JOHN EGAN, Governor of Kilmainham prison, and Judge for the county of Dublin, had a heart to match with his mighty

size, and was as prone to cry over any pitiable circumstance as *Mrs. Gummidge* herself, notwithstanding his bullying demeanour. He was as ready at handling the pistols as he was at handing relief to the distressed. It seems strange that out of the numerous duels arising from quarrels in the house of parliament and the law courts, so few deaths ensued. All were men of undoubted courage, and all good shots. It can scarcely be accounted for, except on the ground of the combatants being free from deadly hate when they came to the ground, and avoiding to take aim at the vital parts. Most of them went through the process in compliance with the quasi-call of honour, and were ready to shake hands with their opponents the moment it could be done without injury to their reputation.

Egan and the Master of the Rolls meeting at Donnybrook, the man of law expressed his honour satisfied after discharging his pistol, and was walking away. But Egan cried out he was not satisfied without having a shot at *his honour*. The intended victim returned to his place, and Egan looked at him with attention. "After all," said he, "I won't humour you, nor be bothered killing you. Come and shake hands, or go to old Nick."

Previous to his exchanging shots with Curran, he directed the attention of the seconds to the odds which his opponent had over him. "He may hit me as easily as he would a hay-

stack, and I might as well be aiming at the edge of a knife as at his thin carcass." "Well," said Curran, "let the gentlemen chalk the size of my body on your side, and let every ball hitting outside of that go for nothing."

Lord Clare was far from being under the influence of the chivalrous spirit which prevailed among his brothers of the courts or the parliament. In his duel with Curran he took the most deliberate aim.

A FEW OF CURRAN'S PUNS.

IT were to be wished that the collectors of ANAS had left us more of Curran's genuine witty hits and less of his puns. Our readers must be content with what we possess, in the absence of the better things lost.

A person with whom he was conversing, and who was very precise in his pronunciation, cried out on one of the company, who had just cut down *curiosity* into *curoosity*. "Oh," said he in a low voice to Curran, "how that man murders the language!" "Not exactly so bad," was the reply, "he has only knocked an *I* out of it."

Once in cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, he asked him how old his master was. "I never put my hand in his mouth," was the appropriate reply. The laugh of the assembly went against the counsellor, but he soon recovered his ground. "And very wisely you acted, for by all accounts he is a great *bite*."

On another occasion a painter suffering under his hands, acknowledged that he had taken the liberty of putting his arm round a lady's waist. "Ah," said his torturer, "I suppose you mistook that *waste* (waist) for a common?"

A poor fellow who had the misfortune to bear the word *Halfpenny* for surname, endured for half-an-hour every possible annoyance that could by any possibility be associated with the idea of that paltry coin. The lawyer concluded his exercise by this short address to the jury,—“Gentlemen, I am sure you have given full consideration to this case, and that you won't take the trouble of quitting the jury box till you nail this *rap* to the counter.”

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

No gentlemen in Europe feared the ordeal by powder and shot less than the Irish gentlemen of last century, and none laboured so earnestly to make the best of a decidedly bad thing. They reduced the institution to a science, and by means of thirty-six rules, to which they gave the title of “Commandments,” protected the quietly-disposed, honourable man from the ill-disposed bravo as much as possible, and when feasible, settled misunderstandings without resorting to the dangerous arbitrament of sword or pistol.

Under the code no one was considered justified in giving a

blow. If the thing happened to be done, the offender was bound (no apology being considered sufficient) to hand the stricken man a cane, submit his own back to receive chastisement, and ask pardon besides. Barry Yelverton, nephew of Lord Avonmore, thus whimsically illustrated Rule V., which forbade a stroke or deliberate insult, of equal gravity.

Being somewhat intoxicated at a ball in Cork, where several officers were present, he contrived to affront every one of them by abusive language, jostling them, or treading on their toes. He afterwards presented his card to every aggrieved individual, but added that it was unnecessary to send after him. He would be in the same ball-room at eight o'clock next morning, and give honourable satisfaction to every one whom he had offended. They would please to bring their swords along with them; that was his weapon.

The regimental surgeon, the swords, and the officers were punctual to the time prescribed, and so was Barry. Having ascertained that he had given to each of four gentlemen an equivalent for a blow, he presented to every man a cane, and gave them leave to use them on his back if they were so disposed. To the remaining five, whom he had simply outraged with the tongue, he presented five cards, the words “I beg your pardon” being in hand-writing over the engraved address. “Now, gentlemen,” added he, “I have

made the reparation required by the fifth rule of the Tipperary Code. If anyone is still unsatisfied, I shall be found on the bridge to-morrow morning with a pair of barking irons." He was about to withdraw, but his whimsical proceeding, his frank demeanour, and good-natured countenance, had such an effect on the officers that they burst out a-laughing, shook him heartily by the hand, and obliged him to dine with them. They were well repaid for the meat and wine he consumed by his wit and drollery.

MACNALLY AND THE KIND GALLOWS.

THIS man, who in Sir Boyle Roche's parlance turned his back on himself, was a successful practitioner in his day, but not in much estimation with his brothers, whether draped in stuff or silk. He was encumbered with an uneven pair of legs, wanted a thumb, was nearly as broad as he was high, and his face could not be brought to look clean for any consideration. The barristers, when on circuit, would not admit him to their mess, and none of them would meet him on the field of glory, whatever provocation he might give. At last good luck came in his way: a King's Counsel agreed to meet him on the "fifteen acres," and MacNally trod on air in his progress to that fine opening in Phoenix Park. His opponent, contemplating the little beer barrel set on two posts, saw mischief and

resolve in his eye, so he was well up to time. "I am hit," said the live puncheon, and to the ground he went. His seconds and all gathered round him in anxiety, but on inspecting the locality visited by the ball, they found it had been met by the buckle of the suspender (vulgo, *gallows*) and turned round his side. "Mac," said the opposing second, "you are the only rogue I ever knew who was saved by the *gallows*."

After this lucky meeting no barrister would dare to refuse a hostile invitation, and often afterwards, grasping his foe-man's hand, he would cry, "That lucky shot of yours was my salvation. I can be no longer insulted with impunity."

MacNally had the gratification of seeing his opera of "Robin Hood" successfully acted. The "Lass of Richmond Hill" was composed by him, in honour of Miss Janson, a great beauty and great slattern, and a poetess of some pretension. It was strange but true nevertheless, that the slovenly poet and the slatternly poetess continued to love each other when man and wife.

Peter Burrowes' precious life was saved in the same providential fashion. Going to meet the Honourable Somerset Butler, he happened to change a silver sixpence for five copper pennies and one penny's worth of nuts. These he carelessly put in his waistcoat pocket, and on the discharge of his foe-man's pistol they intercepted the bullet, and saved his life. The shock,

however, nearly killed him, for he felt as if some hard substance was driven into his body. Our authority says that one of the pennies left the head of King George III. sharply impressed on the skin.

BRYAN MAGUIRE.

SOME people still living have seen this descendant of the regal line of Fermanagh, but his mode of spending his time was not that of a prince nor a christian. Grumblers assert that even in this present year of Grace the streets of Dublin are not kept clean; but in Bryan's day a crossing had a ridge of mud on each side. Bryan's favourite custom was to stand in the pass, or traverse it slowly, push any passenger, whose face did not please him, against the muddy ridge, and, if he happened to complain, propose a hostile meeting, provided the individual had the appearance of a gentleman. When at home he would take his station in the first-floor window, throw a bit of clay or a small stone at the hat of a passer-by, and, when he looked up, spit in his face. If that was resented, Bryan graciously gave him his choice of walking on as if nothing had happened, or walking up-stairs, and trying a game of powder and ball with him. His bell-ringing apparatus was so constructed that a warning would be given in the lower regions by a bullet fired from his easy-chair, and striking a certain portion of it. It was a favourite exercise with him to

snuff a candle held in his wife's hand, as far off as the room would allow.

The decay of duelling, and the passing away of such men as Bryan Maguire, are blessings for which we cannot be too grateful to Providence.

GEORGE ROBERT'S FIRST DUEL.

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD, the too notorious duellist of the duelling era in Ireland, was an exception to the general body of the young gentlemen of his time—he was irreproachable in his behaviour towards women. He was twice married, and was deeply beloved by both his wives. The only escapade recorded of him was the occasion of his first duel. He was son of George Fitzgerald, of Fairlough, near Castlebar, in Mayo, and of Lady Mary Hervey, maid of honour to Princess Amelia. He finished his education at Eton. We find him at the age of sixteen an ensign in a regiment stationed in Galway, and deep in love with a young milliner of gentle blood and in the enjoyment of her townsfolk's respect. George at the time was as handsome and well-formed a youth as could be found, and the gently-nurtured girl would gladly be his wife. But his thoughts ran not on matrimony, and he forgot the maxims of good morality so far one day as to jump over the counter with the intent of snatching a kiss. At the conse-

quent outcry, Mr. Lynch, who lived opposite, and who also boasted gentle blood, ran in. George drew his sword, but Lynch told him to stay his hand till he would step across for his own. "Do you suppose, you rascally shopkeeper, that I would cross blades with you? I'll give you the discipline of my *rascal thrasher*," flourishing an oak stick, which he habitually carried about with him. "If you raise your stick," said Lynch, "I'll step across for mine, and break every bone in your body."

The result was a challenge sent to George through a Mr. French, and George's challenging the messenger, who happened to be a gentleman, for being the bearer. The pacific herald desired no better, and the duel took place in the parlour of a public-house. Fitzgerald fired first, and the bullet buried itself in the wainscoat. French's shot was equally harmless, for he had forgotten the priming. George Robert would not take his foe at disadvantage; he offered him his own powder-horn and requested him to prime, and try his hand again. The embarrassing situation was relieved by the bursting open of the door by the people of the house.

Through the course of his brief and stormy existence, Fitzgerald exhibited numerous instances of fearlessness, generosity, and punctilious honour, more than counterbalanced, however, by ferocity, arrogance, and occasional fits of cruelty and cowardice.

A BISHOP MILITANT.

GEORGE'S mother, Lady Mary Hervey, was daughter of one, and sister of two Earls of Bristol. So distinguished was the family for eccentricity that an utterer of bon-mots once took the liberty of saying,—“God created in the beginning men, women, and Herveys.” One of George's uncles was husband to the lady who “renowned herself” as the Duchess of Kingston. Another was the warlike Bishop of Derry, who in martial guise joined the volunteers at the head of sundry of his clergymen similarly attired. This clever but eccentric dignitary, considering himself not duly appreciated at home, travelled to Rome, associated in a most cordial fashion with nobles and cardinals, affected a modification of Italian episcopal costume, and would on excursions give his benediction to poor monks and peasants with such unction as edified and consoled the simple people. He probably hoped that he was in shelter from any fault-finding embassy from the banks of the Foyle, but he reckoned without the Irish episcopate. A solemn missive came to him from beyond sea, conveying the reports to his discredit that were in circulation at home, respectfully requesting an explanation, and urgently exhorting him to return to the arms of his flock. He gave the epistle his most serious attention, began a stately answer in approved and ceremonious style, acknowledged the kind commu-

nication, began apparently to prepare for his apology or explanation, wandered a little, and, alas! concluded in this distressing fashion :—

“Three blue beans in a blue bladder,
Rattle beans, rattle bladder.
“BRISTOL AND DERRY.”

AN ARCHBISHOP OF A DIFFERENT STAMP.

OUR old acquaintance, Bully Egan, was not in many respects a model man; his wit was not of a refined cast, his abuse of his opponents rather rough and savage, but he was an honest public man. Rather than support the unpopular Union he refused the office of Baron of the Exchequer, and £3,500 a-year. “He galloped,” writes Sir Jonah Barrington, “like a dray-horse over all his opponents, plunging, and kicking, and overthrowing all before him.” He died soon after in narrow circumstances.

“Egan”—we quote from “The Sham Squire”—was fond of bathing at the Black Rock. One morning, having flung his enormous carcase into the water, he came into collision with some other person similarly employed. “Sir,” exclaimed a mouth out of the water, “I presume you are not aware against whom you have so rudely jostled.” “I didn’t care if you were old Nick,” replied Egan, floundering about like a great sea monster. “You are a bear, sir,” continued the mouth, “and I am the Archbishop of Dublin.” “Well,” retorted Egan, not in

the least abashed, “in order to prevent the recurrence of such accidents, I would simply recommend you to get your mitre painted on your back.” Had we lived seventy years earlier we would much rather have had business with the genial Bishop of Derry than the ungenial Archbishop of Dublin.

THE POLITE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

EARL STANHOPE was not only the pink of politeness, but a tolerant and judicious governor of Ireland during his vice-royalty. When he came here the Roman Catholics were not allowed the liberty of meeting in any building for the purpose of public worship. A large number of them being collected for the object of hearing mass on the loft of a store in the neighbourhood of Bridge Street, the floor gave way under the weight of the crowd, and about a hundred and thirty were killed. The Lord-Lieutenant took advantage of the public sympathy to grant permission to the oppressed people to meet for worship where they pleased, so that their chapels should not be in a street line nor furnished with belfries.

The same learned and courtly lord, intending probably to compliment the people whom he ruled, condescended to a practical bull. Hearing the fine park in which his lodge was placed called *Finnisk* (*Fionn Uisge*, Fair Water), he set up a pillar near his residence, with

a phoenix on the summit, and the misnomer, "Phoenix Park," will remain attached to the demesne while water is to be found in the Spa well within, or the Liffey without.

Rather than allow his politeness to be affected by disuse, Lord Chesterfield would pay delicate compliments to the wives and daughters of Roman Catholic citizens. Miss Ambrose, daughter of a distiller, being present at a Drawing Room with an orange ribbon incumbering the bosom of her gown, his Excellency greeted her with this quatrain :—

"Pretty Tory, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on a breast,
Which in whiteness doth disclose
The beauty of the rebel rose?"

The zealous Alderman Watson venturing to expostulate with him for keeping in his service a coachman who went to mass, he said he did not dread him so long as he did not insist on driving himself there. The same sturdy partizan breaking in on him when at breakfast, cried, "Your Excellency, they are all rising (he meant for the Pretender) in Connaught." "Well," was the cool answer, while the speaker looked at his watch, "They ought to have been up three hours since. It is ten o'clock."

In an interview with the King (Geo. II.) on his return from Ireland, his Majesty asked him, in the course of conversation, if the Irish papists were not most dangerous persons.

"I never met but one deserving that character, sire."

"No ! And who was that ?"

"Miss Ambrose, sire."

LORD TOWNSHEND.

THIS open-handed viceroy, who was so sadly pestered by the articles in the "Freeman's Journal" (*The Baratariana*), put no money in his purse from his allowance as Lord Lieutenant. On the contrary, he lavished much of his own private property, and even incurred heavy debts to enable him to maintain his high station with suitable dignity. "He was," says Mr. Hardy, "a gallant soldier, the military associate of Wolfe, frank, convivial, abounding in wit and humour—sometimes more than was strictly consonant to the vice-regal dignity; capricious, uncertain, he not unfrequently offended the higher orders." His politics were found much fault with, but no one denied him the possession of many social virtues, hospitality in chief.

Like the Arabian Caliph or *Fitzjames* of Stirling, he frequently traversed the city in disguise, and once it pleased him to have a joke with Mr. M—, house-steward to Colonel Clements, the chief secretary. This worthy man saw one morning an humble-looking person approaching the gate of the lodge, and entering into conversation with him, he asked his business. "I heard that Lady Clements wanted a gardener, and I am come to look for

the situation.”—“Have you lived in many situations?”—“A great many, and I know my business well.”—“Lady Clements was at a ball last night, and it will be some time before you can see her; but come into my room, and take a bit of breakfast in the meanwhile.” The poor man gratefully accepted the invitation, and repaid his host by his agreeable talk on many subjects. At last word came that Lady Clements was at leisure to speak with the stranger, and Mr. M—conducted him into her presence. Imagine his astonishment when the false gardener entered laughing, holding out his hand to the fair mistress, and she took it with every sign of respect, and he recognised the viceroy in disguise. “Good friend,” said he, turning to his late host, “I must show my sense of your kindness in receiving a needy stranger with such genuine good nature. Your son shall be appointed Keeper of the Ordnance in Cork.” The worthy man’s family concerns prospered from that hour. Another son discharged in time the duties of the Master of the Rolls.

MIRRORS VERSUS GRIMACES.

ROBERT JEPHSON, the poet and satirist already mentioned, was Master of the Horse to Lord Townshend. After seeing service in the seventy-third regiment of foot, he enjoyed for some time his half-pay in London, being on intimate terms

with Johnson, Garrick, Burke, and Goldsmith, and subsequently returned to his native country, where he filled the above-mentioned office under twelve successive viceroys. During Lord Townshend’s administration, 1767-1772, he and Dean Marlay, with Rev. Mr. Simcox and Captain John Courtenay, kept Dublin alive with squibs, and lampoons, and witty articles in “The Mercury,” the office of which was on the west side of Parliament Street, within four doors of Essex Street. These men of wit were welcome guests at the table of the viceroy, whose social good qualities we have already mentioned. Lucas, that lover of national independence, could not afford to let his Catholic countrymen share in the coveted blessing, but Jephson was a consistent denouncer of the penal laws. The “Mercury” writers were at daggers drawn with the *Baratarians* of the “Freeman’s Journal,” and much bitter wit was expended on both sides. The Lucas party maintained that “The Mercury” patronised by the Lord Lieutenant, was under Jesuit management. One of the Lucas poets thus bespattered the castle wits:—

“A master of horse, dean, rector, and captain,
Political junto together are wrapt in;
A poet the dean, and a toper the rector,
A buffoon the horse rider, the captain a hector,
This poet and toper, this bully and jester,
Our city with lies and scurrility pester,
While the rector and captain are jovially quaffing,
The dean and the master of horse keep them laughing.

The buffoon coins the joke, and the
 rhymist indites it,
 The rector commands, and the hack cap-
 tain writes it ;
 And then Popish *Mercury* serves as a jet
 d'eau
 To play off the slanders of this vile quar-
 retto,
 Who the best in the malice of sport thus
 bespatter,
 With ironical nonsense and impudent
 satire.
 For Marlay, and Simcox, and Courtenay,
 and Jephson,
 His favours in private our governor heaps
 on,
 Every night in the hopes of preferment,
 to him flock
 This set,—Marlay, Jephson, and Cour-
 tenay, and Simcox ;
 And Simcox, and Marlay, and Jephson,
 and Courtenay,
 For wine and a supper, the old tower
 resort nigh.
 Where our resident Viceroy holds scan-
 dalous parley
 With Courtenay, and Jephson, and Sim-
 cox, and Marlay.
 Sure Satan alone could such mischievous
 hounds send
 As the friends of poor Ireland to bark for
 Lord Townshend."

Jephson was not a mere parasite. When the character of the viceroy was attacked in the House of Commons after his departure from Ireland, he loyally and courageously defended it. We set high value on old Dublin-printed copies of Jephson's tragedies, *Braganza* and the *Count of Narbonne*, chiefly from their association with happy memories of youth.

Jephson was in receipt of an annual salary as the poet laureate of the Dublin Court. He lost it in the manner related by Lord Cloncurry, and quoted by his biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Jephson lived at Blackrock, in a house which still remains, nearly opposite Maretimo. He lost place and pension by an

untimely exercise of his wit when dining at my father's house. The dinner was given to the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, who happened to observe in an unlucky mirror the reflection of Jephson in the act of mimicking himself. He immediately discharged him from the laureateship.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

THIS nobleman, whose reign as viceroy began about 1786, was a softened copy of the Regent Philippe d'Orleans. He had as sincere a desire that every peasant in the Kingdom might afford himself and his family a pullet, or at least a piece of bacon, in his pot as the good natured Henri Quatre himself, but he took small pains to effect that desirable object.

If being clothed in fine linen, silk, and wool, and faring sumptuously every day, and conferring knighthood on unfit subjects, could have tended to the benefit of Ireland, the pleasure-loving and social Duke of Rutland would have been the "Man for Galway" and all the country from that to Dublin.

Being once obliged (probably for some unrepented sin) to pass the night at Kilbeggan, and finding his host Mr. Cuffe, an obliging and zealous caterer, and being besides overtaken by Mr. Cuffe's good liquor, he had him into the banqueting room, and then and there "struck him with his blade," and bade Sir Nicholas Cuffe arise. With the

morning came reflection and repentance, and Sir Nicholas was sent for. "Mr. Cuffe, I believe that I rather exceeded my ordinary stint last night; your liquor was so agreeable and so powerful. Your good sense will consider anything that passed (as regards yourself) merely as a piece of pleasantry, a social joke. You'll speak of it to no one, and forget it as quickly as possible."—"Really, your Excellency, I would do anything to oblige you, but, unfortunately, I mentioned the honour conferred on me to my missiz, and now she'd die before she'd give up the honour and glory of being called Leedy Cuffe."

*THE DUCHESS OF
RUTLAND.*

THE beautiful and fascinating Duchess did much to enhance her husband's popularity. In that time the North Circular Road was the Hyde Park of Dublin. On Sundays the vice-regal chariot and six, and several other chariots of sixes and fours passed and repassed each other with friendly greetings between the occupants, while a guard of honour on horseback on each hand, consisting of the nobility and gentry, added to the social enjoyment, and the citizens on foot forming the outer boundary of the long and animated course, respectfully saluted their noble favourites, and received friendly recognitions in return. In the fine summer evenings the great folk promenaded in the beautiful Rotundo Gardens.

The Duchess was acknowledged on all hands to be the most beautiful woman in Dublin, but in time a report came to her ears that she had a rival in the person of the wife of Mr. Dillon, woollen draper, at No. 5, Francis Street. Great was the excitement of that unfashionable street and its neighbourhood the day that the vice-regal carriage stopped before No. 5, and the Lady Lieutenant stepped into the emporium of broadcloth and ratheen. Mrs. Dillon was not in the shop, and the dismayed foreman was about entering the parlour to summon her to the post of danger, but the Duchess told him not to take that trouble. "She would step in," and in she went. Mrs. Dillon received her with all the respect due to her noble qualities and her station, and at the same time without flurry or awkwardness. In the course of the conversation the Duchess looked at her as earnestly as good manners would allow, and uttered these words, not easily to be forgotten by their object: "There is no exaggeration in what they say of you. You are the handsomest woman in the three kingdoms."

A woman such as her Grace must have been as great an object of love and admiration in the Court of Dublin as Mary of Scotland was at Holyrood. Probably the lords and gentlemen at table in the castle one day were little surprised or scandalised at seeing Colonel St. Leger take up the glass in which she had just washed her

mouth and fingers, and swallow its contents ! "St. Leger," said the Duke, "you are in luck : her Grace washes her feet to-night, and you shall have a full bumper after supper."

A CUNNING WOMAN.

THE Honourable James Cuffe (afterwards Lord Tyrawley) was not blessed with so amiable a wife as the Duchess of Rutland. This ill-assorted pair were not favoured with any issue, and that circumstance, backed by others, created in the lady an intense dislike to her husband. She besought him for a separate maintenance, but he did not wish to be made a subject of ill-natured gossip, and refused.

However, she was determined on a divided life, and thus she secured it. Taking her opportunity, she fell on her knees before her surprised husband, confessed that she had been false to her conjugal vows, that John Scott, Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Clonmel), was the cause of her crime, and now her breast was clear of its horrible secret, he might do as he thought proper. What he thought best to be done was, in the first place, to send her to a private lodging, and in the next to upbraid John Scott, and call him to the field of strife.

Scott, though conscious of no wrong towards the honourable James, knew the code of honour too well to declare his innocence, and decline the combat. The parties met, and discharged their weapons, and Scott having

stood fire, and thus "made his face white," declared on his honour as a gentleman, and his faith as a christian, that he had neither in thought nor deed done his opponent any wrong, and that if the lady had said to the contrary she must be deranged. Mr. Cuffe gave thorough belief to what he heard, got an insight into his wife's design, and sent her word by a confidential friend that he would allow her but a small annuity in consequence of her wily conduct. The friend gently reminding her of her confession to her wronged husband, she denied it in toto, said it was a pure invention on Mr. Cuffe's part, in order to inflict on her the disgrace of a separation, and that a liberal annuity she would insist on, or appeal to the laws of her country. "Would she say, forsooth, that she had sinned with Mr. Scott? No. When her husband wrongly accused her of favouring some other person, all she said was, that he might as well suspect Mr. Scott, who in his life had never said a civil word to her. She defied him to produce the least impropriety on her part, yet he had cruelly turned her out of doors, and proclaimed her a guilty wife." The Honourable Mr. Cuffe found he had been very cleverly circumvented, and yielded to the demand made on his patrimony.

We have already hinted at the character of Lord Clonmel. "He was," in the words of his friend, Sir Jonah, "courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial. He cultivated the powerful, he

bullied the timid, he fought the brave, he flattered the vain, he duped the credulous, and he amused the convivial. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary."

JUDGES WITH THE COURT TO THEMSELVES.

LORD CLONMEL having once grossly insulted Mr. Hackett, a barrister, the father of the bar called a general meeting of the body to consider the matter, and it was then and there resolved, that until his lordship publicly apologised, "no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the King's Bench, or sign any pleadings for that court."

They abided by their resolve, and next day neither counsellor nor attorney made an appearance, and Lord Clonmel and his brothers had full leisure and opportunity to pare their nails, mend pens, and speculate on the loneliness of a court without litigants or pleaders. The ill-tempered and imperious judge becoming tired of this inaction, hastened home, wrote an ample apology, and sent it to the papers with directions to affix the date of the previous evening to it. He thus strove to make it appear that the apology was made from good will, and a sense of what was right.

LORD CLONMEL AND THE OLYMPIC PIG HUNT.

MR. MAGEE, proprietor of the "Dublin Evening Post," a clever, but eccentric man, had

rendered himself very distasteful to the angry and arbitrary judge, who consequently punished him by issuing fiats, and subjecting him to durance vile till sums of fabulous amount would be paid. On one occasion when enjoying, through means of heavy bail a season of temporary liberty, and finding himself in possession of £14,000 he settled £10,000 on his family, and vowed he would spend the balance on Lord Clonmel. The unpopular law-lord had spent a large sum on the improvement of his villa and its dependencies near Blackrock, and as some ground of comparatively little value lay side by side with it, Mr. Magee bought it up, named it "Fiat Hill," and taking an early opportunity, gave notice in his paper that on a certain day he would, at Fiat Hill, give an entertainment to all his friends and patrons, private and political, known and unknown, washed and unwashed. The classic sports and games of climbing soaped poles for prizes at the top, grinning through horse-collars, cudgel playing, and securing fat pigs by their shaved and soaped tails—all would be celebrated. Silvester Costigan's best malt whiskey would be had for the asking, and ladies and gentlemen would be entertained at a table d'hôte. At one o'clock the ball would be kicked on Fiat Hill, dinner done justice to at three o'clock, cudgel playing exhibited at five under the eyes of cool umpires, and the entire festival celebrated

in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales.

Thousands of people assembled, and the judge cursed his own imprudence in not having secured Fiat Hill in time. The joyous tumult and confusion distracted him as he took in the terrible sights and sounds at his window. But Magee's victory was not complete till all the joyous proceedings culminated in the Olympic Pig-hunt. Several strong specimens of these wayward animals with well prepared tails, were let loose on Fiat Hill, and after suffering unheard-of tortures at the hands of the unwashed portion of the crowd, they directed their flight to what seemed the entrance to a harbour of safety, viz., the hedge which separated the hostile properties. The twigs and thorns were not a pleasant medium through which to enter into their rest, but the hard and merciless hands behind were infinitely worse. Through the barrier they dashed, and after them, fearless of legal consequences, went the mob. Lord Clonmel would be dreaded in their cool moments, but Costigan's whiskey imparted courage, and their vast numerical force inspired them with confidence. To secure the runaways they remorselessly crushed flower-beds out of colour and form, invaded the privacy of summer houses, and dismantled shrubberies. Little as we respect the memory of the judge, we sympathise deeply with the suffering proprietor of the nicely kept paradise, now a desolate waste.

A JUDGE CALLED ON AS WITNESS.

MAGEE being on trial before his judicial foe for a libel on the Sham Squire which had appeared in his paper on a certain day, pleaded absence. It happened to correspond with the date of a minor festival held on Fiat Hill, in which figured asses dressed up in wigs and scarlet robes, and dancing dogs in barristers' equipments. Magee on that occasion espied the judge at his window bestowing very sour looks on the exhibition, and next day he overtook him going into town.

"You may recollect the circumstance, my lord," said he, "for your lordship was riding cheek by jowl with your own brother, Matthias Scott, the tallow-chandler from Waterford, and audibly discussing the price of fat at the very moment I passed you."

One of the brothers Scott had a double, the other a triple chin, so there was an outrageous burst of laughter in the court. Scott, however, won the game in the war of wits. He seemed to commune a while with his brother judges, and then declaring his opinion that the prisoner was in a paroxysm of insanity, directed the marshal to take charge of him till a lucid interval should occur.

All the frowning, bewigged majesty of Lord Clonmel on the bench, never imposed the slightest awe on Magee's soul, though it required all the moral courage

of the boldest barrister to enable him to bear up against it. One day, during which a dispute between Francis Higgins of the "Freeman's Journal," and himself was being investigated, he stood up and addressed the bench. In his speech he mentioned his opponent by his sobriquet, the "Sham Squire." The judge interrupted him with the remark that he would allow no nicknames in the court. "Very well, John Scott," replied the editor of "The Post," and resumed his seat.

*OPPOSITE BUT NOT
FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURS.*

THE observant Dublin flaneur, or the equally observant London visitor, as he proceeds from Stephen's Green to the Wexford Railway Station, along the west side of Harcourt Street, takes notice of a curved projection of brickwork in the place once occupied by a large bow window on the first floor of the house in the angle of Harcourt and Montague streets. In that house once dwelt Sir Jonah Barrington, and in the opposite angular house lived Lord Clonmel. Lady Barrington was daughter of Mr. Grogan, a silk mercer; Lady Clonmel, *née* Lawless, belonged to the Cloncurry family. In her large bow window Lady Barrington, arrayed in the richest silks, would sit with a complacent air, and contemplate the doings in the judge's house. This was the

reverse of agreeable to his lady, and she remonstrated accordingly with the counsellor. He was either unwilling or afraid to press the matter on his wife, and the inspection continued. Lady Clonmel, finding her wishes disregarded, adopted another plan. She hinted to a lady, who was not slow in conveying the remark to the offending party, that Lady Barrington was so accustomed to look out of a shop window to display her silks and satins, that she could not relinquish the habit, however unsuitable the place. Whatever *configuration* took place between Sir Jonah and his spouse, the window was bricked up, and the unsightly excrescence still encumbers the corner house of Montague Street.

Lady Clonmel would have shown more discretion by not alluding disrespectfully to trade. The Cloncurry family owe their rise to an industrious and lucky woollen draper of Thomas Street. The first lord, being present at the performance of "Don Quixote," in Crow Street Theatre, enjoyed the tossing of Sancho in the blanket as much as if he had handled the yard measure behind the counter that morning, and laughed from his heart. In the Sham Squire's paper, the "Freeman's Journal," the following lines appeared next morning. How the worthy nobleman incurred the ridicule is not easily ascertained. Had he shown the paltry pride or exclusiveness of a parvenu you might, O Shamado, have disparaged him with our entire approbation:—

"Cloncltry, Cloncurry,
 Why in such a hurry
 To laugh at the comical squire?
 For though he's tossed high,
 Yet you cannot deny,
 That blankets have tossed yourself
 higher."

*THE WAY SIR JONAH
 TOOK TO FRANCE.*

NO one who has added to his information, and who has been agreeably amused into the bargain by the perusal of Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Recollections," can be but disappointed and grieved by the circumstances connected with his quitting his native land for the last time.

"He had pledged his family plate for a considerable sum to Mr. John Stevenson, pawnbroker and member of the Common Council. 'My dear fellow,' said the knight condescendingly, as he dropped in one day to that person's private closet, 'I'm in a d—l of a hobble. I asked, quite impromptu, the lord-lieutenant, chancellor, and judges to dine with me, forgetting how awkwardly I was situated, and, by Jove! they've written to say they'll come. Of course I could not entertain them without the plate. I shall require it for that evening only, but it must be on one condition, that you come yourself to the dinner and represent the Corporation. Bring the plate with you, and take it back at night.' The pawnbroker was dazzled: although not usually given to nepotism, he willingly embraced the proposal. During dinner and after it he (Sir Jonah) plied his *uncle*

with wine. The pawnbroker had a bad head for potation, though a good one for valuation. He fell asleep and under the table almost simultaneously, and when he awoke to full consciousness, Sir Jonah, accompanied by the plate, was on his way to Boulogne, never again to visit his native land."—*The Sham Squire*, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., J.P.

*A LORD FAR OUTDONE BY
 A BARBER.*

WE could forgive and forget some of Lord Clonmel's failings and peccadilloes, but one mean and dishonest act of his must for ever sink his character in the estimation of every one possessed of common honour and honesty. His step-daughter, a lady possessed of considerable property, having been married to Mr. Byrne, of Mullinahack, her husband applied to the lord for a transfer of the stock. The guardian answered, "Mrs. Byrne is a lapsed papist, and I must avail myself of the laws which I administer to withhold the money." Mr. Byrne filed a bill for the recovery of the fortune, but could not obtain justice.

Let us contrast this piece of knavery with the noble conduct of a poor Protestant barber, a native of Munster, who, when no one professing the Catholic religion could hold land in fee, kept their estates in trust for perhaps a score of families of that persuasion, and could at any time he pleased take actual possession of castles and de-

mesnes. Yet the noble fellow never broke trust; he let the properties be enjoyed by their rightful owners, and shaved and cut hair to support himself and family to the end. There is a rumour, we fear an independible one, that the Munster Catholics intend to petition the Dublin Corporation for the removal of a dreadful piece of black art which flings an atmosphere of gloom round the junction of College Street and Westmoreland Street, and replace it by the effigy of the faithful clipper of hair, executed by the best sculptor to be found in the land.

Lord Clonmel having outrageously abused his privilege of issuing fiats for large sums, chiefly to the prejudice of the eccentric proprietor of the "Evening Post," the power of repeating such wicked deeds was taken by Parliament out of his and every future justice's hands about the year 1790.

HOW THE MONEY WENT IN POLICE OFFICES.

THE "Sham Squire," some time proprietor of the "Free-man's Journal," had an interest of some kind in the profits of a gambling house of evil repute, extending from Parliament Street to Crane Lane. The inefficient police of the day occasionally made a show of repressing it. Raids would be made, trifling seizures effected, and the second night after the devil would occupy his throne in as splendid style as if he had never been

dispossessed. An item or two of the expenses of the police have been preserved. If their convenience in other departments was as well attended to, they were better fitted for the enjoyment of life than the discharge of its duties. A committee of inquiry came on the following items of expense in the office:—Two inkstands, £5 5s. 6d.; three pen-knives, £2 2s. 3d.; gilt-edged paper, £100!!!

ACTIVE AND HONEST MAGISTRATES.

SOME seventy years since, our police authorities, though, as we have seen, they looked carefully after their conveniences, were found exceedingly negligent and inefficient in the discharge of their duties. Frequently the magistrates of the county did the duty of the city officials. On the occasion of a local riot, Mr. Drury, called the "Lame Justice," ascended to his garret in the Coombe as a field-marshal in our days would choose an eminence, whence to consider and direct the various manœuvres of his troops. From this vantage-post, as Curran afterwards remarked on a trial connected with the exploits of that day, "he played with considerable effect on the rioters with a large double-barrelled telescope."

The honesty of some of the magistrates was on a par with their inefficiency. The spoil recovered from robbers and thieves

was of course carefully deposited in drawers, and if a plundered man did not fully identify the rogue who did the deed he had small chance of recovering his property. A Mr. Gonne being, thus despoiled and all hope of recovering his property lost, waylaid the magistrate as he was leaving the office and asked him the hour. He pulled out his pocket-piece, and the moment Gonne laid his eyes on it, he exclaimed with an expletive for which the magistrate might have exacted five shillings, "Oh —, that is my watch!"

A PAIR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTORS.

THE nickname of "Sham Squire" was given to a certain Francis Higgins, who, though belonging to the lowest rank of Dublin society, contrived, by getting himself passed off as a gentleman of property, to obtain in marriage the daughter of William Archer, a respectable merchant. Being committed to Newgate for this and other misdeeds connected with it, he managed to make his imprisonment the first step of a rapid rise in the world. He obtained the rank of attorney-at-law, and contriving to embarrass the proprietor of the "Freeman's Journal," the poor man was obliged to give him up his interest in the paper. Besides enjoying Government patronage for his venal sheet, he enlarged his property by having a share of some kind in

the profit of the Crane Lane hell, and, to crown his infamy, found means of betraying Lord Edward's hiding-place to the castle authorities, and thus entitling himself to a heavy reward. His character was not, however, a thoroughly evil one, he was practically grateful for any good offices received in early life, and not insensible to the calls of charity.

Matthias Giffard, proprietor of the "Dublin Journal," and already mentioned by his sobriquet, "The Dog in Office," was perhaps a more absolute and arrogant enlightener of the public mind than Francis Higgins himself. We have already alluded to his utter extinction under Grattan's withering eloquence, and the hoax played on him at the death of Dr. Patrick Duigenan. However, he did not lose courage. Mr. Potts, proprietor of "Saunders's News Letter," having had the ill-luck of offending the great man, he selected the time about which the congregation were coming out of Taney Church, to administer to the inoffensive, unsuspicious man a sound cudgeling. "What disgraceful scene is this?" said a chance spectator who had arrived late on the field of battle. "Oh, nothing," replied an unfeeling bystander, who was acquainted with the parties and their little disagreements, "but a Dog licking Potts."

A PRODIGAL BROTHER.

FROM one of our homely proverbs we learn that there are

but few trees which cannot furnish as much rotten wood as would consume them when kindled. A scapegrace brother of John Philpot Curran furnishes an illustration. This worthy was an attorney, resembling the great barrister in countenance, but taller and better-looking. Whatever wit he possessed he clothed in slang; he kept dissolute company, and, after giving his brother much annoyance, he was finally excluded from his house. Still the counsellor relieved his embarrassments, but at last seeing they were never likely to end, he stayed his hand.

Driven to desperation, he adopted an ingenious plan to extract further aid from his incensed relative. He got permission from the authorities to set up a wooden box against a piece of dead wall opposite his brother's house, in Ely Place, and over it he got painted the inscription, "Curran, cobbler; shoes soled or heeled. When the stall is shut inquire over the way."

The unfortunate counsellor on returning from court one day, beheld his persecutor in appropriate costume, sitting in the stall, and holding forth to sundry chairmen grouped round. As his brother came up, he nodded carelessly to him, greeted him with "How do you do, Jack?" and then pretended to be absorbed in his business.

The man in the big house could not, of course, abide such a neighbour. He sent for him and relieved him, after exacting

a very solemn promise that he would never set up again as a cobbler in his neighbourhood.

*FUNERAL RITES PER-
FORMED OVER THE
LIVING.*

THE bibulous and dissolute habits of attorney Curran did not attract so much notice seventy or eighty years ago, as they would now. Sober young men would get no peace from their seniors till they had "made their head," *i.e.*, were able to imbibe much liquor before they disappeared below the table. An elderly clergyman related to the late Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls, that when he was going from home to college for the first time, he was secured at the house of a hospitable tyrant, and had to endure two or three nights of hard drinking, and the same number of most miserable mornings, the only remedy suggested by his host on these occasions being "a hair of the dog that bit him," *i.e.*, a glass of raw spirits. The third or fourth night he and another escaped, and hid among the deer in the neighbouring park, though hotly pursued by the old staggers.

Next morning when returning to the house, they witnessed a miserably ludicrous scene. All who had preserved their senses till dawn, were now seen occupied, some pulling, and others pushing a car with a broad flat body, on which,

covered with a sepulchral sheet, lay supine the bodies of the drink-conquered toppers. The survivors were chanting the *Caoine* (funeral dirge) as well as their feverish tongues and palates could afford, and according as they passed the residences of their (apparently) dead comrades, they gave the bodies in charge to members of their families or gate-house keepers, according to circumstance. A few duels were the result, the overtaken parties not approving of bodies only dead drunk receiving funereal rites.

HOW BUCK ENGLISH BE- CAME BLIND.

DALY's Club House, originally in Dame Street, was abandoned in 1791 for the fine block of buildings extending in College Green, from Anglesea Street to Foster Place. Many a fine estate changed its owner at Daly's, and many a well-to-do family was ruined by the high play in which Buck Whalley, Buck Jones, Buck Lawless, Buck English, and other reckless individuals of that species indulged. One night in the middle of the Saturnalia, the last-named individual happened to fall asleep, and it entered into the brains of his associates to frighten him, who dreaded neither powder, lead, nor steel. They extinguished the lights, and the fire, sat down again, and acted a gambling scene to the life, contradicting and curs-

ing each other, giving the lie, calling out on unfair play, and finally clashing swords as if engaged in a brawl. The poor buck awaking, hearing the uproar, and seeing nothing whatever, came to the conclusion that he had been deprived of his sight. Under this awful impression he fell on his knees, prayed for the first time for many years, and even invoked the Blessed Virgin, for Buck English's early years had been passed in catholic practices. He was conveyed through darkened passages into a darkened room, and there he endured some hours' agony in bed. At an early hour in the morning his kind friends visited him, sympathised with his sufferings, inquired after his spiritual state, and finally debated whether the celebrated oculist, Dr. Rouviere, might not be called to aid. "He might, perhaps, accomplish something for their dear friend." With all their precautions the increasing daylight became dimly perceptible in the chamber, and making a virtue of necessity, they flung open the window. Alas! the reign of prayer and praise was past. Up sprung the patient with a dozen of curses on his lips, and cries for pistols or small swords. He would have the lives of every man of them. He knocked down the groom porter, Peter Davenant, at all events; but soft words from his tormentors, and joy for the recovered sense, "smoor'd his wrath," and all were soon enjoying a hearty breakfast.

*AN IRISH ATTEMPT AT A
CLASSIC TRIUMPH.*

ON the 24th of January, 1799, the proposition in favour of the union was negatived in the Irish House of Commons by a majority of five, and so gratified were the people outside, that they unyoked the horses from the carriage of the speaker, John Foster, and proceeded to draw him to his residence. Catching sight of Fitzgibbon, the very unsympathising Lord Chancellor, the happy idea of harnessing him to the triumphal car presented itself to the general mind of the mob, and was instantly adopted. The obnoxious man, judging from the sudden unfriendly movement of the people that they meant him no good, widened the distance between them and himself with all the haste which dignity would permit. They gave chase, and came up with him in Clarendon Street, but he took refuge in a doorway, and with a cocked pistol in each hand prepared to receive their overtures. As they had no intention to do him bodily harm, and no one was anxious to receive one of the balls, they set up a loud laugh and cheer, left him there, and finished their interrupted work of love with loud acclamations. Had some among them read of captives obliged to grace the triumphs of victorious Roman generals?

*THE QUNTESSENCE OF
COVETOUSNESS.*

AN insatiable appetite for every

gift in the power of Government to bestow distinguished the once provost of Trinity College, the Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson. Besides his provostship he was receiver-general for Dublin, and if not belied he solicited a majority in a regiment of dragoons for his daughter. When this application was laid before Lord North, he raised his hands in admiration, and cried out, "Well as I was acquainted with the provost's power of swallow, I did not expect this. But if the venerable man was granted Ireland for a farm, he would certainly expect the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden."

Though what follows is a mere modern joke, it presents such a consistent double to the one related, that it would be a pity to separate them.

Two gentlemen walking down Sackville Street, "discoursed, 'mong other matter," of the characters and customs of carmen. Both agreed on their "wish for more," but differed in degree. "I will make a wager of two guineas with you," said one to the other, "that if you give a guinea to any *boy* we may engage for a short drive, it will not content him."—"Done," said the less experienced man. They hailed a car, got on it, and bade the proprietor drive them to the Four Courts. There descending from their eminence, the doomed gentleman presented the golden fare. Glad surprise mantled over the fellow's features for a moment, but it was quickly routed by an expres-

sion of unsatisfied covetousness. "Ah, please your honour," said he, devouring the coin with his eye, "I wish to drink your honour's health, and it would be such a mighty pity to change this guinea. Maybe your honour will spare me the other sixpence." The poor gentleman paid three guineas for his lesson of street wisdom that unlucky day.

LOTTERY LUCK.

LET Providence be praised for inspiring our rulers to abolish lotteries. For one person benefited by them ninety-nine were injured, some ruined, and others driven to suicide. It is said that the Phoenix of Dublin booksellers, Luke White, got a strong push up the steep of fortune by a few lucky tickets. These having lain on his hands for a time, he became discouraged, and sent them at reduced price to Belfast one morning. The evening of the same day he received information that the despised tickets had turned up prizes. The night was stormy, the coach had a day's start, but the man bent on wealth was not dismayed. Mounting a serviceable horse, he rode in pursuit, and never drew rein till he overtook the leisurely vehicle twenty miles this side of Belfast. He recovered his property, ate, drank and slept at his leisure while returning, and touched his prizes in due time. Let us consider the obverse of the medal.

A poor blind woman daily

exhibited a small stock of worthless articles by the flags in Sackville Street. Her little basket was covered by a net. She kept her dress scrupulously clean, and received more alms than an ordinary beggar, owing to her silent, unobtrusive demeanour.

"She dreamed of a number that was to make her fortune, and next day being led to a lottery office, she insured it. It was not drawn, and she lost, but convinced that it was to make her fortune, she still persisted in insuring it. Her little store was soon exhausted. She sold her clothes, and pledged her basket, but her number still stuck in the wheel, and when she had nothing left she was obliged to desist. She still, however, inquired after the number, and found it had been drawn the very day she ceased to insure it. She groped her way to the Royal canal, and threw herself into it." (*Ireland before the Union*. By Mr. Fitzpatrick.)

A DISREPUTABLE LINE EXTINGUISHED.

SIR HENRY LUTTREL, one of the Jacobite officers, was strongly suspected of betraying his trust (*vulgo*, selling the pass) at the fight of Aughrim. However that be, Lord Carhampton, the last Luttrell of the line, exhibited before and during the wretched era of "Ninety-eight" the worst qualities of our nature; violence offered to young girls, torture, half-hanging included, inflicted on suspected persons, &c. He treated with the utmost disre-

spect a benevolent Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Berwick, who nobly and fearlessly exerted himself to protect the inoffensive poor people of the neighbourhood. He continued to annoy the good man in every possible way. He even brought cannon to knock down an ivy-covered ruin forming a portion of the prospect seen from the clergyman's window. The triangle was set up close to his gate, and at his return from church on Sunday, he would find Luttrell's myrmidons flogging some poor wretch.

The people of his own and the after-time attributed something of a diabolical nature to the little lord. A mill on his estate by the Liffey as you go from Dublin to Lucan, has since his time been called the "Devil's Mill." The sable architect, according to popular belief, put up the building in one night.

The line of the Luttrell family is now extinct. Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes Sir Robert Heron with respect to Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, the last of the race.

"Lady Elizabeth Luttrell resided with her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, played high, and cheated much. She was commonly called the Princess Elizabeth. On the death of her sister she was thrown into gaol. There she gave a hair-dresser £50 to marry her. Her debts then becoming his, she was discharged. She went abroad, where she descended lower and lower, till, being convicted of picking pockets at Augsburg, she was condemned

to clean the streets, chained to a wheelbarrow. In that miserable situation she terminated her existence by poison."

THE POET LAUREATE OF THE IRISH BAR.

ONLY for his poetic gifts, his fondness for their exercise, and his decided taste for after-dinner social enjoyment among the good fellows and wits, who never were found wanting in the Irish legal body, the universal favourite, Ned Lysaght, might have adorned the Bench one day. He was born at Brick Hill, in the County of Clare, 21st December, 1763. His father belonged to the Lisle family, and his mother was connected by blood to some of the noble families of Connaught. Edward entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1779, and in 1784 he became a student in the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1788. A year later he joined the Irish Bar.

With reference to his legal experience in London, he said, "He had not law enough for the King's Bench, was not dull enough for the Court of Chancery, and before he could make his way at the Old Bailey he must shoot Garrow, which would be extremely disagreeable to him." Sir Jonah relates that a Jewess, far from being a beauty, took a fancy to him, and he took a more decided fancy to her over-valued fortune. There was some difficulty in winning her father's consent, but at last he did consent, and it was not long

till our barrister found himself incumbered with a rather plain-faced wife, bill entanglements, and no money to untie them. When he found himself comparatively free of his bonds, he returned to Ireland, and there abided till his death, an indifferent expounder of the law, but the delight of all his acquaintance, through his agreeable manners and power of entertaining his company by flashes of wit, and all the other desirable qualities of a good conversationalist.

Lysaght possessed poetic powers of no mean order. We must find room for his prophetic lines on the effect of the Union on the well-being of Dublin:—

"How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit
That he'll soon be transformed to a
clown, sir!

By a magical move of that conjuror Pitt
The country is coming to town, sir.
Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky
a glass,
Who'd ride on John Bull, and make
Paddy an ass.

Through Capel Street soon as you'll
rurally range,
You'll scarce recognise it the same
street;
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal
Exchange,
And cabbages down along Dame Street.
Give Pitt, &c.

Wild oats in the College wont want to be
tilled,
And hemp in the Four Courts may
thrive, sir;
Your markets again shall with muttons
be filled:
Saint Patrick! they'll graze there alive,
sir.
Give Pitt, &c.

In the Parliament House quite alive shall
there be
All the vermin the island e'er gathers;
Full of rooks as before, Daly's Club
House shall be,
But the pigeons won't have any fea-
thers.
Give Pitt, &c.

Our Custom House quay full of weeds—
Oh, rare sport!
But the ministers' minions, kind elves,
sir,
Will give us free leave all our goods to
export,
When we've left none at home for our-
selves, sir.
Give Pitt, &c.

Says an alderman, 'Corn will grow in
your shops:
This Union must work our enslave-
ment.'
'That's true,' says the sheriff, 'for plenty
of crops*
Already I've seen on the pavement.'
Give Pitt, &c.

Ye brave, loyal yeomen, dressed gaily in
red,
This minister's plan must elate us:
And well may JOHN BULL, when he's
robbed us of bread,
Call Ireland 'the land of potatoes.'
Give Pitt, &c."

For the lively songs of "Kate of Garnavillo" and "The Sprig of Shillelagh" we are indebted to Counsellor Lysaght.

THE KITE AND THE WIND.

LORD REDESDALE, during his Irish Chancellorship, was puzzled not a little by local allusions and modes of speech. He was once attending to a trial in which the expression *kite flying* frequently occurred. At last he interrupted either a speech or a cross-examination by remarking on the uselessness of wasting the time of the court and the jury by dwelling on such an irrelevant matter as a boy's pastime. "My Lord," said Counsellor Plunkett, "the exercise you object to may be a

* The United Irishmen, adopting the manners and customs of the French *regenerators*, cut their hair close, hence the nickname *croppies*.

trifling matter on the other side of the Channel, but here it is made an instrument to swindle many an honest man and some usurers out of considerable sums of money."—"You don't say so ! But how is the thing done ?"—"My Lord, as every one here knows, in England the wind raises the kite, but in Ireland it is the kite which raises the wind." The explanation only added to the learned lord's perplexity, but the barrister, pitying his ignorance, proceeded to state the matter in the English in ordinary use, and his grave pupil found his unceasing desire to tread English soil again much intensified.

A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICK.

DURING the reign of that most polite and ingenious pocket conveyancer, George Barrington, and while a fashionable audience were witnessing an interesting drama at the Theatre Royal, a rumour began to spread in the dress circle that the renowned pickpocket was present. One lady had lost her gold-chased smelling-bottle, another her purse, this nobleman his watch, the other his pocket-book. The sister of a certain count being present with one or two intimate friends at her side, and a grave, clerical looking man behind, did not feel much alarm. However, when the conversation between the acts turned upon the arch thief, he observed that no one could be too much on their guard

against his knavish proceedings, and he entered into the detail of a few of his contrivances, not calculated to encourage his audience. "I assure you, madam," said he to the lady, "that you should not pronounce those valuable earrings of yours out of danger till you are in your carriage."—"Thank you, sir, I will avail myself of your kind hint." She forthwith removed them from her ears to her purse, and, having deposited that in her safest pocket, she attended to the remainder of the play with comfort.

She paid a visit when the play was ended, and entertained her friends with the fright into which Mr. Barrington had thrown the *quality*. "I was a little frightened myself," said she, "and am grateful to a clergyman who sat behind me for putting me on my guard. Thank goodness, I may now put on my earrings without apprehension." And so she might indeed, only for the absence of themselves, and the purse, and few guineas which had been in it, shortly after George Barrington had given the friendly hint.

A MARQUIS WHO LOVED NOT MUSIC

SHORTLY after the Wexford troubles of "Ninety-eight" as the Marquis of Ely, the high sheriff of the county, and other notables were returning from their labours as grand jurors, and their after-refreshment, their attention was attracted by

a comely servant-girl sitting at a window in the house of a Mr. Lett, and singing with much apparent relish. The air was good, the voice sweet, but, alas, there lurked treason in the words. The listeners being all good men and true, and not having the master of the house before them to receive punishment, inflicted it through the agency of stones on Mr. Lett's windows, Mr. Lett's pretty but disaffected servant, and one or two of Mr. Lett's family whose curiosity outweighed their sense of danger. Mr. Lett himself, being a non-suspected man, was enabled to bring the over-zealous loyalists before their lordships at next assizes.

The counsellors employed for the accused men tried to make the musical maid vary from herself in her evidence, but were unsuccessful, and their noble client, thinking their proceedings rather lukewarm, requested leave to propose a question or two himself, and leave was given.

"Now, girl, by the virtue of your oath, did you not threaten to split my skull open?"—"By the virtue of my oath, my Lord," said she, turning to the judge, "it would not be worth my while to split his skull open."

Her examiner, supposing that her answer had reference to a reward offered by the insurgents for his life, now triumphantly asked, "And why did you not think it worth your while to open my skull?"—"In troth, it was because I was sure I'd find nothing inside." A general

burst of laughter so disconcerted the nobleman, that he pursued the interrogation no further, and he and his associates had to pay heavily for their want of musical taste.

A FAIRLY FOUGHT COMBAT.

WHEN the present writer was some nine or ten years old, he had the ill-luck to live in the same house where Edward Hay's "History of the Insurrection" had made a permanent lodgment on a dresser shelf. Winter night after winter night was he obliged to read pages on pages of that sad narrative for the delectation of neighbours who would collect to hear it, and heartily did he come to hate the book and the subject. When the reading was over one or other would begin to tell his own fortunes or those of some acquaintance "in the fighting summer." The following incident was told on one of these nights. It is nearly too good to be true.

After the battle of Ross a sort of review was held in a large field above the town, and while it was going on, the eyes of officers and men were drawn to the figure of a tall and strong croppy, who, getting out from the back of a house, walked leisurely along by the far fence of the very field where the inspection was taking place. A commotion took place, among the red coats, and muskets were levelled, but a mounted yeoman shouted out, "Hold your hands,

and I'll show you some sport with the *ribelly* rascal." He set spurs to his horse, and got between the man and the gap to which the foolhardy fellow was making, and a skilful sword-and-pike encounter took place, the sword intent on cutting the pike across near the head, the pike equally bent on sheathing its iron in the yeoman or his horse. The horse at last receiving a prod, reared up, and its rider being thrown off his guard, received his foeman's weapon in his body next moment, and fell to the ground. There was a general outcry, and a rush commenced, but the commander shouted to the men to keep their ranks. "Our man," said he, "tempted his fate, the other acted only in self-defence. If he offers no insult to his fallen enemy, let him go about his business." Out through the gap went the crotty, the commander grieving that he could not reckon him among his own rank and file.

The Hessian auxiliaries were intensely hated by the natives for their blood-thirstiness, rapine, and want of respect for women, this last evil quality never being attributed to the insurgents even by Sir Richard Musgrave himself. A crotty having laid one of the hated foreigners low, was leisurely rifling his pouches and pockets, when a brother in arms coming on the scene, cried out for a share of the plunder. "It's Tallow-hill talk with you," said the man in possession, "Go and kill a *Hussian* for yourself."

MERCY RECOMPENSED.

AT the skirmish of Tubberneering, where the Ancient Britons were nearly cut off to a man, an officer taken prisoner was about to be piked. A brave young fellow, who had some authority among the insurgents, spoke so determinedly in his favour, that his life was spared, and by his deliverer's aid he was enabled to join the nearest quarters of the army. When the storm passed away the good-hearted rebel escaped out of the country and reached London. He got employment with a master carpenter, and became a decided favourite. One day as he was busily employed he was surprised to see a lady and gentleman who had just been speaking to his employer, stopping suddenly as they passed, and the gentleman steadfastly looking at him. Raising his eyes he recognised the officer, threw down the tool he was using, clasped his hands, and cried, "I am found out at last." "You are indeed," said the other; "but it will not be for your hurt or damage. This brave young fellow," said he, turning to the lady, "is the man who saved your husband's life in Wexford, and now he fears to be given up. We must show him that kindness and gratitude are not confined to his own country." Through the means of his recovered friend and his own steadiness the outlaw acquired a respectable position in "London society."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

IN the good old times of fighting, removed from us, thank goodness, by the wide gap of three-fourths of a century, an attorney at law could not afford to let a personal affront pass without demanding gentlemanly satisfaction for it. A Dublin solicitor being obliged to dispatch a hostile invitation, composed it in the normal fashion, but when the place of assignation came to be named, viz., "The Fifteen Acres," his drafting instinct got the upper hand, and, unconscious of the unsuitableness of the expression, he subjoined "be the same more or less."

LORD NORBURY'S PIETY.

IF any benighted reader of this little book has not heard of Lord Norbury's puns, his jesting even when passing sentence of death, his habit of puffing out his cheeks, his numerous duels, and his shooting himself thereby up to a seat on the bench, such reader is worthy of general pity.

During one circuit excursion he was informed that swearing copies of the New Testament had frequently to be replaced, thievish witnesses having got into the bad habit of carrying them off, he remarked, "Perhaps the poor people do it out of a wish to make acquaintance with God's Word, and if so, the good it will work in them will more than counterbalance the loss to the country and the harm to themselves. But if you are

resolved on saving the book, fasten it with a chain to the witness-chair, and perhaps that will remind them of hanging in chains, and infuse salutary terror into their hearts."

His lordship was charitable as well as pious. An attorney having died in straitened circumstances, a couple of good men went about among the judges, and counsellors, and attorneys, to make a provision for the funeral expenses. "How much will satisfy you?" said the judge to the collectors. "A shilling will be sufficient," was the answer. "Well, here is a guinea; go and bury one and twenty of them."

LORD NORBURY'S SHORT AND SIMPLE METHODS.

WE would be unwilling to make an affidavit to the strict truth of some of Norbury's sayings and doings here set forth. They were in circulation, and that is sufficient for our purpose.

He would occasionally take a nap in his judicial chair, even when a trial for horse-stealing was going on, of all trials the most interesting to him. On one occasion of this kind, waking up from a treacherous doze, and merely recollecting the crime and the name of the culprit, he gave a more than ordinary puff, and thundered out,—“You Darby Casey, convicted of horse-stealing, than which a more detestable crime, or one more calculated to uproot

the very foundations of society does not exist, the sentence of the court is, that you be removed to the place from whence you came, and taken thence on the third——" "Ah, my lord," interrupted Darby, "you may leave out the rest, if your lordship pleases. The jury—God bless 'em!—acquitted me just before your lordship awoke."

After sentencing a criminal to death in the usual form, the condemned cried out—"A long day, my lord!" "You shall have it. This is the twentieth of June: to-morrow is the longest day in the year."

"What's your business?" he asked of a witness. "I keep a racket court, my lord." "So do I," added he, with a complacent puff.

Once during an oppressive day in court he flung back his robes and set the court-house in a roar by the novel appearance of his underdress, namely, a green tabinet coat with pearl buttons, a striped yellow and black vest, and buff breeches. He had appeared as *Hawthorn* ('Love in a Village') the night before at Lady Castlereagh's ball, and had not had time to put off his dress. Perhaps he purposely retained it for its coolness.

One day at dinner he requested the lady at the head of the table to help him to some hung beef that he might try a little of it. "Try it," said Curran, who was present, "and it will be sure to be hung."

This judge's charges resembled no others made before nor

since his time. "Flinging back his judicial robe," wrote Mr. Shiel, "and sometimes casting off his wig, he started from his seat, and uttered a wild harangue, in which neither law, method, nor argument could be discovered. It generally consisted of narratives of his early life, which it was impossible to associate with the subject, or jests from Joe Miller, mixed with jokes of his own manufacture, and of sarcastic allusions to any of the counsel who had endeavoured to check him during the trial."

LORD NORBURY'S PRIZE PUN.

THE present writer has often seen the facetious lord in his latter years, taking an airing on horseback, his ancient servant following, and their horses looking as old and quiet as themselves. About forty-five years have since elapsed. He was much stooped at the time, but if the newspaper *Norburiads* could be trusted, he would occasionally drop in on favoured shopkeepers, and fire off a dozen or so of puns at them. Some of the papers kept the heading LORD NORBURY'S LAST in type, and under its shade issued sundry pleasantries which he had never dreamed of. One of these will be sufficient in this place, the reader bearing in mind that a puffing dealer in tea, exclusive of all other groceries, occupied a shop in Dame Street, near the corner of

George's Street, and rejoiced in the surname of Nott.

"Last week Lord Norbury went into the shop of Mr. Pott, grocer, in Dame Street, and, after conversing with him for some time in his usual familiar style, proposed this question :— 'Mr. Pott, how are you making your fortune?' 'Faith, my lord, it would be hard for me to tell. I am only living from hand to mouth.' 'That wont do, Mr. Pott, I know better. I ask you the second time, Mr. Pott, how are you making your fortune?' 'Well, maybe the d—— or your lordship knows, I don't.' 'You're very close, Mr. Pott. I ask you for the third time, how are you making your fortune? You wont tell. Well, then, I must. You're making your fortune, Mr. Pott, by *Nott* refusing to sell sugar. I think that's not the worst thing I've said in my time. Good morning, Mr. Pott,' and mounting his old steed he nodded on down towards the college, his old retainer following, and keeping a steady eye on him, regardless of the many faces turned towards them as they jogged along."

*LORD NORBURY, JUDGE
AND COUNSEL IN ONE.*

JOHN TOLER, LORD NORBURY, was not a bad landlord, and bore the character of a kind and considerate master to his domestics and the people employed about his house and grounds. Riding to court one day he overtook a peasant, and, as was his wont, entered into

conversation with him. The man did not know with whom he was conversing, and so frank and good natured seemed the gentleman on horseback that he made no secret of his business. He had been wronged and harshly treated by a little magnate in his neighbourhood, and, taking the law in his own hands in a fit of passion, he had been seized and imprisoned, and now, being out on bail, he was proceeding to the court where Lord Norbury was to preside. He had no counsel employed, and had no confidence in the leniency of the judge, and was altogether in a depressed state of mind. They parted company before arriving at the courthouse, and the judge, sending for a favourite counsellor, instructed him in the case, and handed him a fee for the defence.

The defendant, taking a peep at the judge as he took his seat, was no little dismayed. "I'm done for," said he, "Lord Norbury knows all. I must prepare for the worst." The petty tyrant's counsel having made his complaint in due form, the judge called to the defendant in no very friendly tone, and asked had he any counsel employed. "No, my lord, I had no fee to give him." "Well, what defence can you make to this charge?" "My lord, you know yourself as well as *me*, the whole ins and outs of it." "How should I know? You ought to be committed for contempt of court." Here the counsellor mentioned above interfered, and begged

his lordship to allow him to undertake the defence. Getting ready permission, he did his work so effectually, and heaped such obloquy on the plaintiff's conduct, that the accused man was speedily acquitted. Very rejoiced he felt at the tenor of the judge's charge, in which there was not the slightest allusion made to damning facts revealed to himself that morning. He sought the friendly counsellor immediately after the trial to return his hearty thanks, but got a very cool and rough reception, and left the court with confused ideas on the subject of judicial integrity. By degrees he arrived at a tolerably correct notion of the economy of the process to which he owed his acquittal, and he would be a bold man who would afterwards speak ill of Lord Norbury in his presence.

The punning judge composed a punning epitaph for his tomb, but no more of it has remained in our memory than his request to the bell-ringer to do him justice, "for he too was a TOLER."

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

IN our anecdotes of Lord Townsend we should have mentioned Sir Hercules Langrishe as one of his bitter assailants in *Barratariana*, in which his Excellency figured as *Sancho Panza*. Mr. Dundas, as earnest an admirer of good liquor as Sir Hercules himself, once entertained him at a grand dinner party in London, and, with a

view to afford his friends a good laugh at the expense of his country, said to him :

"Sir Hercules, is it true that we Scotch formerly transported all our criminals and felons to Ireland?"

"I dare say," replied Sir Hercules, "but did you ever hear, Mr. Dundas, of any of your countrymen returning to Scotland from transportation?"

As Scotland is mentioned, we must introduce a good thing from that country, included among many other good things in Mr. Mair's collection. We would give any half dozen of our best Irish witticisms for the following, though it possesses neither wit nor *wut*. It is in the form of a dialogue between a visitor and a native :

"How long is this loch?"

"It will be aboot twanty mile."

"Twenty miles! Surely it can't be so much?"

"Maybe it will be twelve."

"It really does not seem more than four."

"Indeed, I'm thinking you're right."

"Really you seem to know nothing about the matter."

"Troth, I canna say I do."

CURRAN AND ABERNETHY.

SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE deserved, by his ready wit and presence of mind, to be a countryman of John Philpot, who subjugated even that rough potentate, Dr. Abernethy, in his own study. The brave and truly honest patriot was subject to

bodily ill and a settled melancholy in his latter years when renown and worldly competence were secured. He called on the rough physician eight different times, stated his ailments, but still remained convinced that the abrupt man had not got a clear idea of his condition. On the ninth visit he fixed his dark, piercing eyes on the doctor, and thus addressed him. "Mr. Abernethy, I have paid eight different visits, and paid you eight different guineas, yet I am persuaded you are still ignorant of the nature of my complaints. Now I am determined that you shall listen while I communicate the symptoms as well as I can." Abernethy, interested, and somewhat overawed, assumed the attitude of a patient listener, and cried, "Go on. Disclose not only your symptoms, but your parentage, birth, age, native place, and anything else you please." Curran, not a bit disconcerted, commenced, in a ludicrously grave fashion, "My name is John Philpot Curran." (These magic words at once fixed the doctor's attention. He was till then ignorant of the name of his patient.) "My parents were poor, but, I believe, honest people of the province of Munster, where also I was born at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father, being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune in that neighbourhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free schools, where I ob-

tained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College in the humble sphere of a sizar," and so he went on investing the true narrative with the most ludicrous character, till leaving a hiatus of several years he arrived at the cause of his visit. Abernethy never interrupted him till he got as good an insight into his case as the patient could help him to. By judicious hints and queries, he was soon in possession of the great man's ailments. He did all that his great skill could suggest for his relief, and continued his earnest friend and good health-aiding GENIUS till his death.

It was during his residence in London that being asked by an English acquaintance why a certain Irish friend of his always kept his mouth open while strolling through the city, he answered, "It is with the laudable intention of catching the English accent."

SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE OVER HIS WINE.

It has been hinted that this gentleman, with whom we have just shaken hands, had a good head for the drink. He was a commissioner of revenue, and very much liked by his acquaintance, but we cannot give him credit for all the wine he consumed without extra aid, notwithstanding his witty excuse about to be given. Sir Jonah Barrington, Sir John Parnell, and Dr. Duigan calling on him one even-

ing at his house in Stephen's Green, found him poring over his account-books, with one half-filled bottle of port, and two thoroughly empty claret-bottles before him. On the entrance of the gentlemen, the butler placed a bottle of claret before each. "Sir Heck," said Parnell, "you have consumed two bottles already."—"Very true."—"And had you no one to help you?"—"Oh yes, I had that bottle of port there, and I assure you he afforded me great assistance."

THE TREACHEROUS STRAWBERRY.

OUR old acquaintance, Alderman Faulkner, was not so fortunate in his auxiliaries as Sir Hercules. Having to entertain a party of seasoned toppers one night, and not willing to be put below the table till he had seen the last of them supine, he consulted his medical adviser on the means to that desirable end. "The strawberry," said his mentor, "is possessed of cooling qualities; put the largest one procurable in the bottom of your glass; keep your wits about you, and I insure you the victory." George followed the well-meant advice, yet was the first of the party to succumb.

He was in a bad humour next day when one of his brother toppers came in to condole with him. "But," said the comforter (own brother to him of Uz), "it was, after all, no inglorious defeat. You know you reached

the bottoms of six bottles."—"Six fiddlesticks!" cried he, in a pet. "It was not the wine, but the pestilent strawberry in the bottom of the glass which defeated me."

PERSONATION IN LIQUOR.

OUR own Richard Brinsley was frequently overtaken, but never completely subdued. The crystals were there, however, bedded in oil. One night a nocturnal guardian of his fellow men and women found the author of "The Rivals" apparently incompetent to take care of himself, and stretched along on the street flags. He shook him, requested him to rise, spoke to him angrily, spoke to him good-naturedly; still no sign of perception on the part of the inert image of man as he ought to be. "What is your name?"—"Hickup."—"Your name, I say."—"Wil - Wil - Wilberforce. Confound you, let me rest."

THE QUINTESENCE OF LOYALTY.

THEOPHILUS SWIFT, barrister-at-law, would have been remarkable for eccentricity if born fifty years later in time, but being kept in countenance by so many of our ante, anti, and pro-Union originals, he attracted only a moderate share of notice. His two sons inherited a considerable portion of his ability and oddness; the three scarcely agreed in predilections or dislikes, yet they were exceedingly

attached to each other. Quixotic loyalty to the royal family was an inherent and cherished characteristic of the elder Swift. He was ready to peril his life for its maintenance at any time.

Regretting that the Duke of York should have condescended to exchange shots with Colonel Lennox, and still more resenting that the Colonel should have had the presumption to challenge the royal duke, he sent an invitation to him (the Colonel) to meet him on the field of honour, giving him to understand that he owed satisfaction to every gentleman in the empire for the affront offered to his Royal Highness. The challenged man had never heard of Mr. Swift, but learning that he was a barrister and a gentleman to boot, he gratified him by accepting the invitation. In the duel which followed, the colonel's bullet went clean through the body of the counsellor. He was carried home with some appearance of life still clinging to him, made his will, and bequeathed his gold snuff-box to the Duke of York.

The genius of poetic justice could not allow such loyalty and single-mindedness to descend prematurely to the grave. Swift recovered, and when his antagonist, later in time Duke of Richmond, held his first levee as lord-lieutenant in Dublin Castle, Theophilus was careful to be among the first presented. "The last time I had the honour of being presented to your Excellency, I had better luck, for on that occasion you gave

me a ball."—"You shall have no reason to complain. As Colonel Lennox I gave you one ball, as lord-lieutenant I shall afford you two." And Swift accordingly received invitations to the next two entertainments of the kind given at the Castle.

MARRIED AND SINGLE FELLOWS, T.C.D.

MR. SWIFT placed in Trinity College one of his sons, to whom he had given as Christian name *Deane*, in memory of the patriotic DRAPIER. Considering that the college authorities did not appreciate the young man at his full merit, or actuated by some other motive, Theophilus published a pamphlet, in which he revealed sundry defects and shortcomings appertaining to the college authorities, and the system of education which they maintained. Moreover he asserted that though the founder of the institution, the Virgin Queen, insisted as a *sine quâ non* on the celibacy of all its fellows through all future years, several of the living reverend gentlemen were well known to be encumbered with wives and children, thus exhibiting disrespect for the memory of their vestal founder, and breaking the solemn vows made at their instalment. A wonderful commotion ensued inside and outside the venerable pile on the publication of this scandal, many of the unwedded principals ill-naturedly enjoying the confusion of their wedded colleagues.

However spiritualized academic flesh and blood might be, it could not resist its first indignant impulse to bring its vilifier before their lordships, and get him soundly punished for his impudence. Theophilus was not unprovided with means to defend himself, and to it they went, the judges being incensed and prejudiced against the libeller, his counsel little confident of success, but determined to defend him to the last line in their briefs. On this occasion, Rev. John Barrett, senior fellow, familiarly styled "Jacky Barrett," was lugged out of his sanctum, from which he very rarely stirred, to give evidence against the assailant of his loved and cherished establishment. Sir Jonah, who cross-examined him, gives this account of his defeat by the little kiln-dried sage.

"I examined the most learned of the whole University, Dr. Barrett, a little greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost. He knew nothing on earth save books and guineas, never went out, and held but little intercourse with mankind. I worked at him unsuccessfully more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce. At length he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. 'Indeed!' exclaimed he. 'Oh, I did not know you were a Christian.' At this unexpected repartee the laugh was so strong against me that I found myself muzzled."

Sir Jonah's fellows worked

just as diligently as he, but against the nineteen points in their favour stood the one point all influential—LAW, and the writer of the unfortunate pamphlet was sent to abide for twelve months in Newgate along with two hundred and fifty individuals, more or less, and all trained in pocket-picking or shop-lifting.

ONE TOO MANY IN A ROOM.

THE Rev. Dr. Burrowes, a fellow of college, and one of the number who had neglected to comply with Good Queen Bess's injunction, greatly rejoicing in the correction administered to the detractor of himself and learned colleagues, forgot in his glee the sensible counsel of not throwing water on a drowned rat. Heedless of the evil brought on Mr. Swift's head by his ill-advised pamphlet, he would write and publish one himself against the assailant of the "silent sister." A copy of this was shown to the imprisoned man while the sheets were still damp, and the blood once more commenced to flow in a healthy and rapid stream through veins and arteries. While Dr. and Mrs. Burrowes were rejoicing in the punishment inflicted on their unfriend, and the bitterness his tongue would feel as his eyes took in the contents of the just published attack, a law paper was handed in, requiring the writer to come, and appear, and justify his publication.

Dr. Burrowes was condemned

to six months' imprisonment in Newgate. On his entrance he requested the governor to lodge him in a single room, and as high as the roof would permit, that he might be spared the general sights and sounds of the establishment. The reply was that every nook and pigeon-hole was occupied by a felon of some kind. One room, indeed, was occupied by a gentleman by birth and manner, and he would endeavour to induce him to share this apartment. Permission was obtained, but oh! Themis and Nemesis! when the introduction was made, face to face stood Dr. Burrowes and Mr. Swift, mortification on one face, triumph on the other.

Reflection and the comfort of looking on a human countenance, and listening to a human voice in solitude, had their usual good effect. The philosophers parted at last with good feelings towards each other, and we hear of no other abusive pamphlet published by either.

A COLLEGE RECLUSE.

"The man of all for weighty lore,
In nothing is he *caret*;
The learned Dominie Sampson was
A fool to Jacky Barrett."

THE troublesome little man who obtained victory over Barrington, as mentioned above, entered college as a pensioner (not sizar, as is commonly supposed) under Dr. Monsel, in 1767, and in 1773 obtained a scholarship; in 1778 he became Fellow, and was promoted to Senior Fellowship in 1791. He

was obliged to quit his debentures, and his college rooms, and his books, and this world altogether in 1821.

Dr. Barrett was a bundle of contradictions. A pious man, he would swear like a trooper; even when examining on portions of Holy Writ; a strictly moral man in outward conduct, he made a collection of indecent books and prints; a man most learned in book knowledge, he could not distinguish a duck from a partridge; and once being obliged to go as far as Clontarf, he pestered every one with whom he conversed for a week after with his discovery of *live mutton* in a field outside the city. He was most obliging and good-natured in every respect except in the matter of cash alone. He died when master of a fabulous amount of money, yet was never known to give help to any of his poor relations. In his will he bequeathed his property to "those who had most need of it," and much of it would have been sunk in the Four Courts only for the wisdom vouchsafed to the executors. They considered the claims of his relatives as of equal importance with those of the various charities, and remembered them accordingly.

DR. BARRETT'S HA'PORTH OF MILK.

THE bodily and household attendants of Dr. Barrett were centered in Catty, an elderly woman, who probably thought her master one of the greatest

of men. Going out one frosty morning with a penny to bring in a halfpennyworth of milk, she slipped, severely injured one leg, and was conveyed to Mercer's Hospital. When her master heard of the accident, he overcame his dislike of "walks abroad," and proceeded to her ward. When he arrived, he found the poor creature writhing in pain, and he was affected to tears; but after a little his penurious feelings getting the upper hand, he cried, "But, Catty, what about the jug?"—"And sure, sir, it was smashed on the pavement."—"Well, well, it can't be helped, do you mind me; but, Catty, the halfpenny change, do you see."

A SWEEP AND A DOCTOR ROLLED INTO ONE.

DR. BARRETT'S dirty shirt and equally dirty hands obtained the title *sweep* for him among the students. One day, as he was crossing one of the courts, a freshman called out, "Sweep, sweep!" He was summoned before the board for the affront, but he asserted that he had at the moment caught sight of a sooty professor in the angle of the square, and given him a call, as his chimneys were in need of a scrubbing. "Ah, I have you there, do you see me. There wasn't a schweep in the whole square but myself."

A BRACE OF BULLS IN COLLEGE.

A HOUSE or two in one of the

squares having been taken down, and the authorities consulting about ways and means of having the débris removed, the doctor proffered his advice. "What trouble need you put yourselves to, do you see, but dig a big hole in the yard and shovel the rubbish into it?"—"But, Doctor, what is to be done with the clay and stones you take out of the hole?"—"Och, scoop out another and pitch them in."

Some of the doctor's admirers claim an invention for him, which our neighbours over the water will not willingly see taken from the great Sir Isaac Newton. Economic as was his household management, he afforded sustenance to a favourite cat, nor did he send her kitten to be drowned when an increase in the family occurred. Taking an opportunity when a carpenter was working for a college neighbour, he got a large and small hole cut out of the lower part of his study door to afford ingress and egress to his pets. An acquaintance calling in, asked the use of the holes, and was told. "And would not one be sufficient?"—"How would the big cat get through that small hole, do you mind me?"—"I don't know; but could not the little cat pass through the large hole easily enough?"—"Oh, the — admire me! I never thought of that."

There is little doubt but some great scholar, wrapt in mental study, committed this practical bull. Such preoccupied folk are more liable to ludicrous mistakes than the empty-minded

man of low degree and few ideas, who gives his whole and undivided attention to any new circumstance or question presented to him. An Englishman of the middle or lower class will give a readier answer to a question than an Irishman of like condition, if each is equally capable of the solution. Paddy is seldom without trains of thought coursing or crossing each other in his brain; John is not so subject to this inconvenience. When your query knocks at the door of Pat's brain-chamber, he has to remove the company in possession before the stranger is admitted. John's mental apartment is ready swept and vacant and the door open; the new visitor has instantaneous access. An Irish and an English girl were once in a company where the present writer happened to be, and he observed that when a question was proposed to his countrywoman she was obliged to get rid of ideas occupying her mind for the moment, before she could give her undivided attention to what was asked. The answer of the English girl was given almost before the last word of the question had left the questioner's lips.

BARRETT'S FAMOUS LATIN PUN.

THERE studied in college during the Doctor's reign an ill-favoured youth named King, whom his fellow-students spoke of and addressed as *Formosus*

Apollo. However his own opinion of his appearance was decidedly a complacent one. He had occasion one day to complain of the quality of a leg of mutton, but Jacky paid little attention to him. "It is quite putrid, sir," said King. "You need only look at the colour of it; it's quite black." The doctor looking full in his face, answered with a line from Virgil:—

"O *Formosus* puer, nimium ne crede colori."*

HOW THE DOCTOR RECEIVED THE KING.

AFTER the departure of his gracious Majesty from our shores in 1821, was published a thin volume of satirical poems, in which sundry public characters connected with the royal visit were handled: In one was embodied a letter from a Dublin student to a friend in the Middle Temple, and as the deeply read vice-provost occupied a considerable portion, we present a few verses of the lively lay. Omitting the opening verses, we commence with the King's doings.

"With us to-day he dined—that is,
With all the wiggled elves,
For we poor Commons propped upon
Short commons by ourselves.

Yet Bob we had our part, and so
We did it well and frisky;
For every glass of wine they drank
We drank a glass of whiskey.

* "Beauteous boy, trust not too much to colour." The pleasantry consists in rendering the first two principal words by "Formosus, my boy."

Which though not's good as wine, is very
Far before October,
For if we drank of that all night
We'd still be beastly sober.

Of course you know old Jacky Barrett,
Hat and wig also,
The snuff upon his chin and cravat,
Hat and breeches too.

He's four feet and a little bit,
His head as pumpkin big,
And in the height most folks allow
Eight inches for his wig.

Such was the man, all fixed upon
The monarch to address;
Oh, would that thou wert bigger, Jack,
Or that thy wig was less!

For such a queer Vice-Chancellor
Before a Royal eye,
Ne'er stood in this or any other
U—ni—ver—si—ty.

But what he wanted in his height
He well made up in knowledge,
For all that know him, know his head
Is in itself a college.

The man of all for weighty lore,
In nothing is he *caret*;^{*}
The learned Dominie Sampson was
A fool to Jacky Barrett.

The day of glorious days arrives,
Spreads wide the bustling hum,
Barrett is ready, hark, behold!
The mighty monarch's come.

His gait is grave, his look profound,
The monarch turns aside,
As if to sneeze, but Oh! it was
A tittering laugh to hide.

This soon passed off, and Jack com-
menced
His fine address to speak:
Some thought it would have been in Latin,
Others thought, in Greek.

However, as the worthy speaker
Spoke it, so I send it,
And for the sake of Barrett, Bob,
I hope you'll comprehend it."

We omit the oration.

"Oh! had there been a sword within
The reach of our good king,
A dagger, or a carving knife,
Or any pointed thing,

* Wanting: *Correctly*, He wants, or It wants.

So much he pleased the Royal ear,
That sure as I'm a sinner,
He would have been, delightful thought!
A knight before his dinner."

The king is shown through
the public buildings, then sits
down to dinner, and the fellows
entertain him with solid dis-
course.

"And so they did: the king declares,
Who's not without discerning,
That never did he get before
So great a dose of learning.

And lest it should affect his brain,
As too much learning may,
He got up soberly at nine,
And wisely went away.

I swear if he had dined with us
Poor scholars, we'd have given
Less learning, but by George, he
wouldn't
Have left before eleven."

DR. BARRETT AND THE MAYNOOTH PROFESSOR.

THE great scholar was once
visited by a Maynooth professor
who wished to avail himself of
his intimate knowledge of He-
brew to advance himself in that
study. They fell to work, and
great progress was made in a
comparatively short time. The
lessons coming to an end, the
pupil laid on the table a respec-
table sum as fee, but took occa-
sion to say that he had no means
of recompensing the interest
which his tutor had taken in his
progress. Much as the Doctor
loved money he would not touch
the honorarium, except to force
it back. "You could not have
felt more pleasure," said he, "in
learning than I did in teaching.
You were so eager and so clear

headed; and do you see me now, a penny of your money shall not go into my purse."

HOW THE KING WAS FRIGHTENED ON LEIN- STER LAWN.

POOR Mrs. Daxon was not so successful with His Majesty on his Irish visit as Reverend John, though she was only a little more bizarre in appearance. Her husband Giles, treasurer for Limerick County, and Heffernan Considine, of the same county, had afforded the King much entertainment by their wit, Irish idiom, and luscious brogue, and poor Mrs. Daxon, not having studied the fable of "The Ass and the Lapdog," determined on showing her gratitude for the notice taken of her dear husband. In person Mrs. Daxon was short and plump, but to give herself the advantage of height, she bore on her head a high plume of ostrich feathers. As His Majesty was enjoying a promenade on Leinster Lawn (rere of the Royal Dublin Society's House), the lady stepped out directly in front, went on one knee, and with hands uplifted was about to pronounce a blessing on him; but the dismayed, though foremost gentleman in Europe, whispered to his *Achates*, "Bloomfield, get that terrible woman away, if you desire to see me leave the lawn alive."

A HAUGHTY LADY SUBDUED.

THESE Limerick gentlemen just mentioned were excellent specimens of the good-natured, witty, generous, yet provident Irishman. One day at a dinner party, Considine was rather piqued by the neglect and contempt with which a young lady, his next neighbour, received his polite efforts to entertain her. So he began to address himself to the people on each side and opposite, and scattered about such a profusion of wit, humour, and drollery, that the haughty fair one was obliged to burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Now, my proud lady," continued he, "as I have taken a little of the starch out of you, will you take a glass of wine with me?" She complied, and treated him thenceforth with marked attention.

This lady showed much oddity in her conduct as well as in her manner. Mr. Robert M., in his "Recollections of Ireland," relates how she rejected the suit of a rich and amiable young gentleman, as he had had no experience of the conjugal state, and yet accepted him after the death of the lady who did become his wife, and left him ten children to take care of.

THE BIG MAN OF CLARE.

AN equally estimable man with Daxon and Considine, was their neighbour of Clare, Mr.

Green, solicitor, whom his familiars and the general public distinguished by the title of "Bumbo Green." He was perhaps the largest specimen of humanity whom the present writer had ever the fortune to see in his perambulations of Dublin streets.

Once, when about to take coach for Clare, he sent his servant to the office with directions to secure two inside places. "Well," inquired he, on the man's return, "did you succeed?"—"I did," said he, "after a manner. There was but one place vacant inside, so I paid for that and an outside one too."—"A very wise thing you did, indeed," ruefully observed the poor big man, "but what part of me do you intend to endure the cold on the roof?"

A LANDLORD REGARDLESS OF AMBUSH.

AS we have got into a vein of estimable characters, we must mention a descendant of the historical Lord Clonmel, of whom his biographers have been obliged to record some harsh proceedings. This nobleman possessing large estates in Tipperary as well as in Kildare, was some years ago expostulated with on his disregard to his personal safety, among the wild and revengeful men of the first-named county. "Ah, what have I to fear?" said he; "I have not the ill-will of a single man, woman, or child on my lands. I believe the servants sometimes

omit locking the outside doors at night. If any of my tenants happened to find me by the highway overtaken in liquor, his first care would be to take me on his back and trudge home with me. Now if that happened with you (his interlocutor was a *hard* man), Thigue or Donogha, supposing he did not put his foot on your neck, would leave you there to the mercy of the weather. Our nobleman's confidence arose from his Christian conduct towards his tenants. He lived among them, his rents were low, and he never seized on the cattle of an industrious man, nor visited him with an ejectment. He was as fearless of the gun-muzzle resting on the hedge and looking him in the face as Juvenal's penniless traveller in the presence of the thief.

A HAPPY THOUGH NOT STRICTLY LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THE passage in Latin just now alluded to, viz,—

"*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,*"*

being once submitted in "Trinity" to a rough specimen of a Kerry student for an accurate translation, he gave, without a moment's delay,—

"The empty traveller will whistle
Before the robber and his pistol."

* "The empty (moneyless) traveller will sing in presence of the highwayman."

A TRANSLATION THE REVERSE OF THE LAST.

ONE of our judges of refined classical taste was once when on circuit, encumbered with a jury of mere bucolic worthies, before whom he could not have the pleasure of making the slightest allusion to his favourite authors, nor exchanging ideas in the Greek or Roman tongues with the barristers. Wishing to get rid of his twelve sages without affronting them, he began, just as a trial had concluded, to compliment them on their intelligence, their patience, and the unwearied attention they had given to the various trials which they had decided. He further hinted that if longer confinement to the Court was undesirable, they might withdraw, and a new jury be sworn. But the flattery of the polished judge had such effect that one and all declared they were willing to remain at their post for three days more if required. The unfortunate dignitary cast, in his distress, a glance of resigned misery at Curran,* who soon came to his relief, but in an unexpected fashion.

"My lord," said he, "the compliment just paid does as much honour to your lordship as to the gentlemen of the jury. Probably the great Greek poet

Hesiod had these identical gentlemen in his mind when, in his *Batramyomachia*, he patriotically exclaimed,—

'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,'

The literal meaning of which, as your lordship need not be told, is, 'Where would be the king, the priest, the judge, or the soldier, without the farmer and his ox,' that is, *horse*, for modern adaptation."—"What do you mean?" said the judge in surprise; "your quotation is not from the Greek of Homer or Hesiod, but, as every school-boy knows, forms a line of Juvenal."—"Juvenal, my lord! you are surely misinformed." The judge looked earnestly at the counsellor to find, if possible, the drift of his fooling, but his countenance was impenetrable. "Mr. Curran," said he, in a displeased tone, "let there be an end to this ridiculous discussion. What can you mean by quoting as Greek a line of school-boy's Latin?"—"My lord, this not being a legal question, you will allow me to differ with your lordship. I am so confident of the correctness of my opinion, that I am quite willing to send up the quotation to the gentlemen in the jury-box, and if they don't find it to be Greek,—if it is not sound heathen Greek to them,—I'll give your lordship leave to commit me for contempt of Court." Here a scattered laugh arose through the building, the judicial brow relaxed, and a few of the jurors guessing they were the providers

* If the judicious reader detect any mistake in the name of the counsellor, or the identity of the quotation, let him take as excuse the fact of the writer not having met with the original anecdote for a quarter of a century.

of the merriment, whispered the others. The foreman, addressing the bench, said he and his colleagues would avail themselves of his lordship's indulgence, and judge and counsellors breathed again.

A FIDGET ON THE BENCH.

JUDGE GOOLD, Master in Chancery, was a different man from the robed gentleman last-mentioned. He was of a restless, turbulent, fidgety, and rough disposition, and could not sit quietly in his chair of judgment for any length. The anecdote about to be related appears so incredible, that we prefer giving it in the words of Mr. Robert M., before quoted. This gentleman, if living, will be found in the neighbourhood of Her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, and when found may be questioned.

"One solicitor, M——y by name, whom we all thought a little cracked, being, when engaged in a case in which he was personally interested, tantalized by Goold's fidgets and furies, one moment with his coat tails turned up at the fire, and the next in his seat on the bench, cursing and swearing like a trooper, says to him, 'Arrah, can't you be aisy, and bad cess (success) to you! Stick to that bench of yours, and not be running up and down like a skittish tom-tit every moment.' We all expected a committal, but no, he became quiet, and business in consequence went rapidly on."

We had the fortune of once enjoying acquaintance with Mr. M——y, an estimable man, but slightly unmanageable, and are persuaded that he would have acted as related. Master Goold's sudden defeat is not so easily accounted for.

FORCE OF HABIT: SECOND EXAMPLE.

THE curious opinion on the effect of long usage quoted below, is said to have been uttered when one of our judges on circuit was perfecting himself in patient habits at Maryborough.

Mr. Hayes, a barrister, thus occupied himself with Mr. Edge, a physician.

"If a person lying on wet straw were deprived of all the comforts or necessities of life, would it not hasten death?"—"That would greatly depend on whether he had been accustomed to them."—"Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond, it would not be injurious to him?"—"I think not, if he had lived sixty or seventy years in it."

SIX AND EIGHT PENCE.

MR. M., to whom we owe the anecdote of Master Goold, and who was formerly a solicitor in extensive practice in Dublin, relates that when anxiously consulting for the comfort of his patrons at an entertainment given at great expense, he overheard Sir William O'Malley ob-

serving to some attentive listeners, "Mr. M. will have to lay an additional six and eightpence on some of his clients to-morrow for this display." Finding himself overheard, he cast a frightened look at the attorney, and darted out of the room and out of the house, without even waiting for his hat.

A CURIOUS RISE IN LAW-LIFE.

WE are indebted for the following sketch to the author of "Recollections of Ireland." He evidently disliked the hero and heroine of the narrative, and got so disturbed on the very threshold of it, as to make the locality where the story was to begin a perplexed *terra ignota*.

"In a house up in Hatch Street, or in some other small street, up in that or some other locality, and in a high-up garret room was a low-lived, mean looking man without friends or connection."

This mean man made out the cause by assisting one rather clever barrister, and another perhaps as clever, but low-bred and vulgar, and distinguished by a brogue—assisting them to wit in their drudgery. Even in a garret room in a low street somewhere or other, and no one to be supported but the vulgar man and his equally vulgar wife, butter or eggs seldom appeared on the table, but the tide thus turned.

Late at night came a knock at the garret room door. "Who,"

cried the wife, "is standing out there? Your name if you please." "A friend." "That won't do; go away out of that." "I have got a brief for your master as well as a fee; so open the door, or I'll take both away. The hungry woman and her rushlight soon became visible to the man on the landing; milk, butter, and eggs appeared on the breakfast table next day, and misery took leave of the poor people.

It was a very unedifying and immoral circumstance, according to Mr. M., for an obscure papist lawyer to arrive at any eminence in his profession. Worse still, a Jesuit, who, wonderful to relate, neither set the Castle chapel on fire during service, nor blew up the Liffey to drown all the Protestants on its banks, secretly aided the pestilent lawyer and his wife, and he in good time appeared at the Castle, "hopping and skipping, and snapping his fingers; and she dressed out with hoops and lappets aping the queen."

A DISTINCTION ACCOMPANIED BY A DIFFERENCE.

GOOD but slightly prejudiced Mr. M. looked on the Roman Catholic portion of her Majesty's Irish subjects as disloyal at heart, and therefore ill-adapted to fill places of Government trust. The governing powers have however learned to distinguish between papists and papists, as the author of *Recollections of Ireland* chooses to call them. The individuals of one

class, sincere in the faith and practice in which they have been educated, have been early taught as well in their three-halfpenny catechisms as in more expensive works, that it is sinful to resist or combine against established authorities, or even to speak with contempt or disrespect of those who rule over us. Folk thus disciplined can hardly be driven into rebellion by the most reckless tyranny. Others are only Catholics in name. They are kept in the body through a variety of circumstances, are self-willed to the core, undetermined in belief, and not at all inclined to submit to discipline. If a young fellow of this class happens to be a student in Trinity College, he will freely eat fish on any day of the week except Friday. He will not touch salmon or ling on that day for any consideration. He must manifest himself to his fellow students and his superiors as a philosophical *Cawtholic*, long freed from childish prejudices. To the first of these classes belong the old Catholic families of England, and those of Ireland, whose faith and practice and inner life thoroughly correspond with their outward profession. Her Majesty owns no more genuinely loyal subjects than the individuals of this division. Those of the second will also be loyal as long as their interests or their inclinations make it convenient to be so.

An exaggerated specimen of loyalty and resignation to existing authority was furnished by the late Mr. Shiel in his

"Sketches of the Irish Bar." He supposed his man, a Catholic barrister proceeding down Capel Street to the courts, and finding a corpse suspended from every lamp post which he passed. This loyal and (we must say) apathetic man having got to the quay, would merely ask some intelligent person if these persons had been executed according to law. Being answered in the affirmative, he would sigh out, "All right," and continue his walk up Ormond Quay, and mention to some brother barrister the appearance of the Capel Street lamps with the same indifference as he would a dog-fight, or the vagaries of a drunken tinker at the foot of Essex bridge.

AN ABSENT MAN.

WE have lately been considering instances of temporary absence of the thinking powers in such learned men as Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Barrett, but the shortcomings of these intellectual giants are little above zero when compared with those of a clergyman, a friend of Mr. M., on whose "Recollections" we have so liberally drawn. He was chaplain to a foreign embassy, and in performing the service, and doing his duty in the pulpit, never made a mistake or suffered a lapse of memory. But his peculiar talent exhibited itself in a distressing manner on his wedding day. Scarcely did he become possessor of a charming and amiable bride, when his

brains went wool gathering. He stalked down through the church, out at the door, and into his coach, and was about giving directions to the coachman when his justly offended father-in-law seized his arm, and pointed to his disconsolate bride at the church door. Dismayed at his neglect, he sprung out, ran to the weeping beauty, made whatever excuse came uppermost, and behaved the rest of the day and all succeeding days as well as any absent philosopher in Europe.

*HE FORGETS HIS OWN
NAME AND HIS OWN HAT.*

OUR Reverend philosopher's next exploit was achieved at the foreign post office. Stepping in one morning, he politely inquired, "Are there any letters for me?" "Favour me with your name, sir, and I will try." "My name—my name—my name! It's very odd. Are there any letters for me?" "How can I tell when I am ignorant of your name?" Away he stalked, growling against the stupidity of the man, and still more against his own. By good fortune he met an acquaintance. "Good morning, sir," "Good morning, Mr. G." "Just so. Much obliged!" and returning to the office he obtained the expected letters.

Paying a visit one day, he forgot to resume his hat when leaving the friend's house. He took a walk through the town, wondered why everyone stared

at him, and finally was astonished at seeing his hat waiting for him on the hall table. He did not trust to his eyes till he ran his hand over his head.

"YOU CARRY CÆSAR."

SUCH, as *some* school boys know, was the courage-inspiring little speech made by Julius Cæsar to his boatman when terror-stricken by the fierce wind and the swelling waves. It was parodied on an occasion when the gentlemen of the Leinster circuit were waiting on the Kilkenny side of the ferry of Ballinlaw on the Barrow for a favourable moment to cross to the Wexford side. A storm was blowing, the river angry, and the ferryman fearful, but briefs were on the other side of the river, and the venture was worth the risk. Among the barristers was Cæsar Colclough of Tintern, who cherished on his journeys a pair of valued saddlebags. While the rest were hesitating like a timorous young bather with one toe in the water, Mr. Colclough (afterwards one of the members for Wexford) courageously flung in his travelling appendages, and still more courageously followed them. Mr. Charles Kendal Bushe (afterwards Judge) being also of the party, embalmed the exploit in the following quatrain,—

"While meaner souls the tempest keeps in
awe,
Intrepid Colclough crossing Ballinlaw,
Shouts to the boatman, shivering in his
rags,
'You carry Cæsar and his saddle bags.'"

Sir Jonah adds some particulars whose authenticity we do not vouch. Getting dismayed during the passage, he began to cry on the Lord for protection.

"Arrah, Counsellor," said the boatman, "don't go on praying that side if you please. Sure it's the other *lad* you ought to be praying to."

"What lad do you mean?" cried Colclough in alarm.

"What lad! Why, Counsellor, the ould people do be always saying that the *divel* takes care of his own, and if you don't vex him by praying the other way, I really think, Counsellor, we have a purty safe cargo aboard this present passage."

SOME TRIFLES OF CÆSAR'S LAUREATE.

A COUPLE of Irish *rare aves* (rare birds) had very wisely declined an appeal to arms, one on account of his wife whom he tenderly loved, the other on account of his daughter, whom he loved as tenderly (and indeed we commend the wisdom of one and the other from the bottom of our hearts). Counsellor Bushe, who had probably made a more profound study of the sixty-four (duelling) articles than the Thirty-nine, made this impromptu on the circumstances ;—

"Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command ;
One honoured his wife, and the other
his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land."

A friend of Bushe's not remarkable for cleanliness asked him what was best to be done in order to get rid of a soreness in his throat. He replied, "A prescription was lately written out for me by a learned physician, and I think I have it by heart. A certain fluid chemically compounded of eight parts by weight of oxygen and one of hydrogen, is to be raised by the action of fire to about 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. Into this you introduce your limbs till the surface of the fluid and the upper part of the calves of your legs are in a plane. Then taking *Avena triturrata* in your hands (I believe the vulgar name is oatmeal), and dropping it in the liquid, you bring it briskly into contact with the epidermis of your limbs by the process called friction, and carry on the operation briskly for a quarter of an hour or so. Then—" "Oh, that is sufficient. I think all this is only fine language for washing the feet." "Well it is indeed open to that objection, but not the less effective."

THE END OF A PUBLIC MAN.

"IRELAND Sixty Years Ago," if a copy is now attainable, may be profitably consulted for the gaol literature of A.D. 1800 and some years earlier. Readers will there find melodies celebrating executions and their eves, when the man about to die was visited by his friends and relatives, and waked in approved

style with accompaniments of card playing, some drinking, and a little quarrelling. They will also find, composed in choice slang, lays appropriate to bull baiting, and May-bush gathering, and the battles consequent on these now obsolete entertainments.

Tom Galvin was the *Calcraft* of Kilmainham, and relished his functions as much as ever did *Denis* in the history of *Barnaby Rudge*. When sitting by friend or acquaintance, Tom would occasionally fling his lasso over his head, and by a playful chuck give him an inkling of what he would experience if he did not pursue good courses. Jemmy O'Brien the informer, who brought some guilty and (perhaps) more guiltless beings as customers to Tom Galvin's place of business, was considered his great friend and patron, Tom never dreaming the while of being one day obliged to execute judgment on Jemmy. We quote Mr. Fitzpatrick with regard to O'Brien's latest exploit and closing scene.

"In the year 1800 O'Brien was deputed to scrutinise some persons who had assembled for the purpose of playing football near Steevens'-lane. In scrambling over a fence which enclosed the field, assisted by an old man named Hoey, who happened to be on the spot, the cry of 'O'Brien the informer' was immediately raised, the people fled, and O'Brien in his chagrin turned round, and illogically wreaked his vengeance by stabbing Hoey to death. He

was tried for the crime, and sentenced for execution by Judge Day, who was a just judge in bad times, and disregarded the eulogiums with which Major Sirr belauded O'Brien during the trial. The delight of the populace was unbounded. A vast ocean of people surged round the prison and under the gallows. A delay occurred, the people became impatient, and finally uneasy lest the government should have yielded to the memorial which was known to have been presented in his favour. A multitudinous murmur gradually gave place to a loud boom of popular indignation. The delay was caused by the cowardice of O'Brien, who shrank from his approaching doom. Prostrate on his knees he begged intervals of indulgence according as the turnkey reminded him that his hour had come. At length Tom Galvin the hangman, a person of barbarous humour, accosted him. "Ah, Misther O'Brien, long life to you, sir! come out on de balcony, and don't keep de people waitin'. Dey are mighty *onaissy* entirely under de *swing swong*."

JEMMY O'BRIEN UNDER THE SCREW.

"GENTLEMEN of the Jury," said Curran during the trial of an unfortunate man brought into the dock by the wretch whose miserable end has been just described, "How does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together? He walks along crowded Thom-

as street in the open day, and is accosted by a man, who without any preface, tells him he will be murdered before he goes half the street unless he becomes a United Irishman. Now, suppose that any of you gentlemen be a United Irishman, a Freemason, or a Friendly Brother, and that you met me walking, innocently walking along, just like Mr. O'Brien, and meaning no harm, would you say, 'Stop, Mr. Curran! don't go further; you'll be murdered before you go half the street if you do not become an United Irishman, a Friendly Brother, or a Freemason.' Did you ever hear such coaxing, such an invitation to felony as this? 'Sweet Mr. James O'Brien, come in and save your precious life. Come in, and take an oath, or you'll be murdered before you go half the street. Do, sweetest, dearest, Mr. James O'Brien, come in, and do not risk your valuable existence!' What a loss had he been to his king whom he loves so marvelously! Well, what does poor Mr. O'Brien do? Poor dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger. All his members refuse their office. He can neither run from the danger nor call for assistance; his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and his feet incorporate with the paving stones. It is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection from the passengers. He yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to fate. He enters the house, a parcel of men make faces at him,

but mark the metamorphosis. He who feared to resist in the open air and in the face of the public, becomes a *brave* when pent up in a room, and environed by sixteen men. And one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him, which after some resistance is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O'Brien becomes a United Irishman to save his precious life. . . The pill is so bitter to the perciency of his loyal palate that he is filled up to the neck with whiskey, lest he should throw it off his stomach. . . This cannibal, this demon greedy after human gore, has fifteen other victims in reserve, if, from your verdict, he receives the unhappy man at the bar. Be you, then, their saviours! Let your verdict snatch them from his ravening maw, and interpose between yourselves and endless remorse!"

KING MOB.

HAD Jemmy been reprieved the mighty mob would have probably executed an incalculable amount of mischief. Forty-one years before, their predecessors had in their hands the government of things in general for a short time. In 1759 there began to be generally entertained a suspicion of a design on the part of Government to bring about a Union. The Duke of Bedford, then Lord Lieutenant, was a popular governor, but private secretary Rigby was much disliked. The mob acting on the impulse of the moment, assembled at the door of the

House of Commons, and would give no credence to Rigby, who came to them and assured them they had no foundation for their suspicion. He gave place to the speaker Ponsonby, who had the address to pacify them, and send them home.

The fears of the people were only allayed for a time. Some new suspicious proceedings occurring, a couple of drummers in the college livery made their appearance in the Liberty, and proclaimed that if the people did not rise by one o'clock an act would be passed to abolish parliaments in Ireland. An immense crowd soon collected round Chichester House, seized on the members as they were making their way in, and obliged each to take oath that he would resist a Union. They were with difficulty prevented from taking Mr. Rowley, a Presbyterian, and in the opposition too, and drowning him. They pulled off Lord Inchiquin's periwig and red ribbon, and administered the oath to him. As he stammered somewhat, they began to curse him, but finding it was an O'Brien whom they had in their clutches, their insults turned to acclamations. They pulled the Bishop of Killala and the Lord Chancellor Bowes out of their coaches, and swore them, but entertaining some doubt of the binding quality of the oath administered by themselves, they made the Lord Chancellor renew his vow in presence of the Lord Chief Justice.

Next paying a visit to the

House of Lords, and Sir Thomas Prendergast incautiously coming to the door, they seized him by the nose and rolled him in the mud. Within, they were guilty of much indecency. They placed an old woman on the throne, and got in pipes and tobacco for her. They would have burned the journals in the House of Commons, only for the address of the clerk, who represented the irreparable mischief which the destruction of the records of 1755 would occasion. Their attention being turned off this wise project, they administered sundry lashes to one of their body, who had pulled off the hat of Lord Tavistock, son of the Lord Lieutenant. Both he and his father were popular. Rigby would have certainly been hung had they discovered him.

The Lord Lieutenant sent to the mayor to disperse the mob, but he excused himself as the riot act had no force in Ireland. So a troop of horse was sent among the crowd with strict orders not to fire. These, slashing about with their swords, scattered the people, but at the expense of fifteen or sixteen lives.

OLD STEPHEN'S GREEN.

HOWEVER some discontented individuals may laud the "good old times," comparisons generally turn out favourable to those in which we live. When the Sham Squire and Buck Whalley occupied houses on the southern side of our great square, the inclosure was little better than a

paddock for cattle, the chief defence against trespassers consisting of a deep and wide trench redolent of muddy matter in bad weather. But between this and a parallel low wall on the north side of the Green extended a spacious walk, the fashionable promenade of Dublin. There might be seen the Sham Squire arm-in-arm with Buck Whalley, and doing "the captivating" to the not very friendly crowd, his three-cocked hat fringed with swan's-down, his canary-coloured waistcoat keeping his breeches of the same hue in countenance, and his long and sharp-tailed green body coat adorned with highly burnished buttons. Violet gloves concealed his stumpy fingers, and gold tassels depended from the tops of his Hessian boots. A contemporary pamphlet represented the Squire at a drawing-room window of his house on the south side of the square (now No. 84) looking down with contempt on people whose shoes he had once cleaned. One of the vehicles of the day was called a noddie, and Higgins is said to have been in the mind of the originator of the proverb, "Elegance and ease, like a shoe-black in a noddie." Had Sir Andrew Agnew been sitting in a window in the house of the Buck or the Squire on a Sunday in the month of September, 1789, and witnessed the excitement of a crowd, with all their eyes intent on a horse race in the big paddock, he might perhaps have survived the shock.

*THE LORD MAYOR OF
DUBLIN MYSTIFIED.*

IT was the privilege of that great man to pasture his horses and cows in the great inclosure. One morning in special he derived little benefit from his breakfast, for an unprincipled wag, an acquaintance of his, called in when he had only got through half that meal, and informed him that one of the horses in the Green had lost a foot. Out he went in a hurry, vowing dire punishment on the mutilator, and into the inclosure he hastened, accompanied by a couple of his people, who lost no time in collecting the cattle round the statue of George II., which had and still has possession of the centre of the inclosure. According as each animal was examined, it was dismissed from the crowd, but the anxious eyes of the owner were unable to discover the slightest injury sustained by any one. The last beast was dismissed, and the master looking about him in perplexity, when one of his retainers happening to cast his eyes up at the statue, gave a loud laugh, and cried, "Oh, master, we're fairly circumvented. It's the poor King's horse that met with the *accidence*, but he doesn't seem to mind it."

*MAJOR SIRR IN HIS
DECLINE.*

TO omit all circumstances connected with Major Sirr when mentioning the men and things

of "Ninety-eight" would be repeating the mistake of omitting the character of *Hamlet* from the play of that name. But we are not fond of presenting historical characters of whom none of their contemporaries have said anything good. When copying some of the fine water-colour drawings in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, A.D. 1827 or 1828, we frequently remarked the Major strolling through the rooms, and interesting himself about the distribution of the prizes. He kept up a lively conversation with one gentleman or another, his companion. He was rarely alone, and his tones were those of one who in erroneous parlance is said "to speak through his nose." He had entirely the appearance of a lover of æsthetics, one who had passed his life in galleries of the Fine Arts.

Mrs. Anastasia O'Byrne, who has afforded so much aid to the writers of local history of our day, gave more sombre reminiscences of the Major to Mr. Fitzpatrick. She had, without being aware of his identity, frequently remarked him driving from the Castle to his place in Cullenswood about one o'clock in the day. He was always wrapped in a dark camlet or cloth cloak, he exhibited a stern but not repulsive countenance, and might be considered the remnant of a handsome man. After repeated inquiries she discovered who he was, that he wore armour under his clothes, that he enjoyed no rest at night, that he drove out at the hour

specified to get a few hours' sleep at his country place, that he returned into the city to dine, and that he passed the live long night in company, wide awake.

An acquaintance once mentioned to Mrs. O'Byrne that he happened to drop in one day at the head police court, where the Major presided, and witnessed an exciting scene. He had just sentenced a reckless old lady of the Coombe or the Weavers' Square to a solitary confinement of a day or so on account of some late boisterous exhibition of hers while under the influence of Mr. Richard Swiveller's *Rosy*. On hearing the fiat she burst out into a fearful narrative of some of her judge's acts during the reign of terror, and so affected him that he stopped his ears, looked about helplessly for a little, and then shouted to the police, "Take her away, take her away! for heaven's sake take her away!"

BEATEN AT HIS OWN WEAPONS.

A DIFFERENT man in character was the good-natured, learned, humorous, and intensely witty Ferdinand Theodore Porter, who sat in the police magistrate's chair some time later than 1745, but the precise year we have not at the moment leisure to ascertain. If not before Major Sirr's day there is no help for it. If our man did not bandy jokes with Curran and Mac Nally, he was well qualified to do so. Small chance one or the other

would have to boast a victory over him in the war of wits. But as Curran sometimes "stumbled over a potato" (our authority is Lord Byron), even so our scholar and humourist incurred a signal defeat at the tongue of an own sister of the bibulous citizeness just mentioned. The good magistrate had not the slightest idea of a wordy controversy with the woman bemused in liquor. He was advising her for her good, and feelingly besought her to renounce whiskey, punch, and beer. Mark the ungrateful return.—"As to them lickens, your worship," shouted she, "I'll say nothing, but to the hour of my death I'll give my curse to PORTHER."

OLD DUBLIN DURING THE DARK HOURS.

THE police office just passed through reminds us by association of the generally inefficient body of commissioners, chiefs, and constables who misruled the city till within the past half century. Thus the late Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls, spoke on the subject in his "Ireland Sixty Years Ago."

"So late as 1812 there were only twenty-six small oil lamps to light the immense square of Stephen's Green, which were, therefore, one hundred and seventy feet from each other. The foot-pads congregated in a dark entry if the moon shone; if not, the dim and dismal light of the lamps was little obstruc-

tion. A cord was provided, with a loop at the end of it; this loop was laid on the pavement, and the thieves watched the approach of a passenger. If he put his foot in the loop it was immediately chucked; the man fell prostrate, and was dragged rapidly up to some cellar or waste yard, where he was robbed, and sometimes murdered. The stun received by the fall usually prevented the victim from ever recognising the robbers. We knew a gentleman who had been thus robbed. When he recovered he found himself in an alley at the corner of a lane off Bride Street, nearly naked, and severely lacerated and confused by being dragged over the rough pavement."

WATER SOLD AT A HIGH PRICE.

DURING part of last century our city was as badly off for water as we have just seen it was for light. The supply coming from the Dodder at Templeoge, passed through Mr. Compton Domville's lands, and this gentleman, when at high feud with the corporation, more than once cut the bank, and dammed the current, and left the citizens without the needful element. Once the Lord Lieutenant was obliged to bring a large force of horse and foot to discomfort Mr. Domville's retainers, who under his orders were preventing the water supply from reaching the city. At last the incommoded citizens looked to another quar-

ter for relief, and by "exerting their energies," the grand canal began to supply the city in 1775.

The strongest manifestation of Mr. Domville to war with the city to the last drop, was exhibited under the circumstances about to be related.

Lord Santry, a rather ill-conducted young nobleman, having drunk rather freely at the fair of Palmerstown, and quarrelled with a poor man named Laughlan Murphy, stabbed him on very slight provocation. Suddenly repenting of his deed, he gave a surgeon money, and requested him to look after the wounded man, but this functionary sadly neglected his charge; he left the poor creature lying on damp straw, and death ensued.

Lord Santry's trial for this crime was the first held in the Irish House of Lords (1739). He was found guilty, and condemned to die, and Dublin Society was moved to its centre. The nobleman had been no favourite, but when the sentence was known, memorials were drawn up in every quarter. The heaviest pressure was however applied by Compton Domville. He protested in the most solemn manner that if his relative was executed, he would effectually cut off the water supply. The culprit was pardoned, but the title became forfeited, and the estates passed into the possession of Sir Compton Domville.

A LIBERTY TAKEN WITH HISTORY BY TRADITION.

THIS is how that independible carrier of stories, Tradition, has preserved the fact of the homicide.

Lord Santry belonged to that detestable body, the Hell-fire Club, whose uniform was red and black, whose members used most blasphemous language, drank the health of the devil, and were guilty of many diabolical acts. This Lord, being at the club house in Saul's Court, Fishamble Street, made a man drink an excessive quantity of brandy, and forced more into his throat, till at last the passage was filled up to his very mouth; then a lighted candle was applied to this opening, and the spirit taking fire, blazed away till the poor wretch was burned to death.

CHANGING THEIR COLOURS.

THOUGH the two great parties, to one or other of which nearly every native of Ireland belongs, are steadfast enough in keeping to their line of politics, they have changed their colours since William gazed on the Irish lines from the hillocks over the Boyne. To avoid confusion on the day of fight, where French, Dutch, Danes, English, and Irish might be confusedly mixed, the Williamites bore green twigs, green ribbons, and any other portable green thing procurable, while the Jacobites, in the failure

of white silk, stuck bits of white paper in their hats. Since then green has been substituted for white, and orange for green. Some of the volunteer corps of 1782 bore oak leaves in their hats in honour of William and the Boyne, though they were far from approving of his parliament abolishing the wool trade of Ireland. This measure they reprobated in their charter song, one verse of which we subjoin, the well-beat sheepskin being of course the volunteer drum. Pat thus addressed his brother John :—

“Were you not cursed dull when you took
off our wool,
To leave us so much of the leather, the
leather:
It ne’er entered your pate that a sheep-
skin well beat,
Will bring a whole nation together,
together.
One and all, young and old, ne’er com-
plain of the cold,
Though stripped to the skin and the
bone, sir, the bone, sir:
All join the parade, and shout out a free
trade,
Or else you may leave it alone, sir,
alone, sir.”

WOMEN’S DREAMS NEVER ATTENDED TO.

ABOUT the time when our volunteers were enjoying the bravery and excitement of their parades round the statue of William in College Green, a young man named Hickey, a native of the county of Cork, returning from Newfoundland, made acquaintance with a Mr. Caulfield while on the voyage from England to Waterford. After stopping in that city for a short time, Hickey started on foot for

home, having a sum of money about him, and Caulfield at his desire accompanied him. After some time Caulfield returned to Waterford, and continued to live there unmolested, though he excited his neighbours’ curiosity on one occasion by getting twelve shirts made by twelve different young women. A report got abroad that a young man of the neighbouring county, expected home for some time, had not arrived. An innkeeper of Portlaw shortly after came into Waterford, and deposed before the magistrates that Caulfield had come to his house with another man, whom he now suspected to have been murdered by him, and that they had gone from his house in the direction of the home of the young man now missing.

When asked how he remembered these casual customers so well, he hesitated, but when pressed, he explained the matter. The morning of the day in which they arrived at his place his wife told him a dream which she had had the night before, and which was continuing to trouble her. Two men entered the house, stayed some time, and then went away. Her spirit accompanied them, till at a certain spot, of which she gave a distinct description, she saw one murder, rob, and bury the other.

When Hickey and Caulfield arrived at the house, the woman started, and as soon as she found an opportunity, told her husband that these were the very men she had seen in her dream. When they were about

to set out on their journey after taking some refreshment, Mr. Rogers, the innkeeper, endeavoured to persuade them to stay with him till next morning, but they were intent on going, and left the place accordingly.

The magistrates, keeping Caulfield in custody, sent two or three men in the direction which the travellers had taken. The features of the locality seen in the dream being impressed on their minds, they recognised them in a spot between Portlaw and Carrick-on-Suir, and after a careful search in its neighbourhood the corpse of Hickey was discovered. At the next assizes the trial took place. Caulfield's counsel endeavoured to throw ridicule on the evidence connected with the dream, but owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case they did not carry the court or the jury with them. Even the judge in his charge adverted to the vision as an intervention of Providence. The prisoner was sentenced to die, and was executed, but not till he had made full confession of his crime. He had had it in his mind before the arrival at the inn, but was turned from his design by the frightened earnest look which Mrs. Rogers cast on him as he and his fellow traveller entered.

When they arrived at the fatal spot he mentioned to his companion an inconvenience which his hand was suffering from knobs on his stick, and he accordingly handed him his knife to smooth them down. The devil at once suggested to him, "Now

is the time," and he accordingly gave the death-blow to his victim.

Caulfield was a handsome man, appeared to be sensible to religious influences, and to be sincerely penitent for his crime. We wish the pious ladies of Waterford had not been so impressionable, but they did send him choices of suits to die in, and walked in the funeral procession singing the fifty-first Psalm. French novelists can never show entire sympathy to a lady unless she has forgotten her duty to God and her husband. Mr. *Creakle's* affectionate gushings (see *David Copperfield*) were monopolized by Heep, Littimer, and such-like hypocritical rascals. In our narrative the murderer was sentenced by a judge of his own name, and in the dream the shorter man was the murderer, while in reality he became the victim.

A HUNT IN DUBLIN STREETS.

ON the north side of Merrion Square lived in the early part of the present century a loving couple, into whose heads the idea of matrimony had not entered till they had long passed the term of maturity, the lady being nearly fifty on her wedding day, and the gentleman in all probability some years older. Our authority, Mr. M., more than once mentioned, calls the happy man Major Spread, and a good specimen of an Irish gentleman was Major Spread, being six feet

high, gifted with a rich southern brogue, and much admired by Mrs. Spread. Seeing no prospect of play-rooms or nursery-rooms being put in requisition for a rising family, and not relishing the stillness of a large empty house, the mistress procured a dozen or so of barking poodles, and the master several couple of harriers.

In the morning Mrs. Spread entered the Square, surrounded by her pugs, and promenaded for some time, enjoying the gambols and excursions of her favourites, and having given them and herself air and exercise, returned into the house. At ten the Major showed himself, attended by his huntsman, whipper in, &c., and all gave tongue in their own way, the human animals varying the vocal performance with cracking of whips and blowing of horns. Now and then the men and dogs sought suitable localities outside the town, but on one occasion a street coursing most annoying to the master's feelings was brought about in this wise.

Just before the point of time of the regular meet, one of that class of mortals who delight in inflicting ludicrous sufferings on their fellow creatures, came on the ground, and laying down a thick slice of raw bacon on the pavement, and keeping the other end of the string to which it was fastened in his hand, he set out on a brisk tour through a portion of the city. As soon as the dogs were well out in the street they got scent of the game, and scampered after the dragger with

melodious howls. The Major and his folk followed them closely, but were unable to force them out of the course taken by the joker. In this way they went on to the terror of the fearful and the delight of the jackeens, through Clare, Leinster, and Nassau streets. Their noses then taking a northerly direction, they scoured Grafton, Westmorland, Sackville, and North Frederick streets, and turning down Dorset Street the unfortunate followers of the chase began to fear that it might approach Dundalk or Drogheda at least before they could draw rein. Things in this world are never so bad but they might easily be worse. The harriers turned down Gardiner Street, nor stayed their course till they gained the quay at the Custom House.

Tired of the unpalatable public notice received from the gazers along the route of the hunt, the Major hoped for a quiet return home, but it was not to be. Down along the quay with renewed ardour went the dogs, and after innumerable *rencontres* of a disagreeable character, dogs, horses, and men were "brought up all standing" at the lighthouse, the witty fellow who caused the sport having there flung in the bacon as food for fishes.

MAJOR SPREAD'S MODE OF PAYING TAX.

MAJOR SPREAD was a man of the nicest honour. When any

friend not endowed with fighting qualities felt ill-inclined to accept a hostile invitation, our man was ready to be his substitute at a moment's notice. He paid his rent like an honest man, and all king's duties like a loyal subject, but to the demand of the Merriion Square Commissioners for an annual offering of £3 15s. he was determinedly deaf. The committee, finding all other means of extracting the subsidy useless, sent a man armed with legal authority to the Major's house, and this officer on being denied any coined money whatever, began to remove sundry handy articles of furniture to a van waiting for the purpose in the street.

The master on returning from a visit, and being shown the desolate condition of his parlour, walked to the Committee room, upbraided the gentlemen there assembled for their want of respect to their neighbour, and then and there invited the chairman, Philip Doyne, to meet him in arms on the smooth turf of the Fifteen Acres. Doyne was not a fighting man, and in vain the offended man requested Benjamin Ball, the banker, and other members, to support the honour of the body. Collectively and individually they refused compliance till their chairman would lead the way. This he would not do "for any earthly crowns," in the language of *Miss Miggs* (Barnaby Rudge), and the poor Major was, after all his annoyance, obliged to pay the odious impost, saddled with law costs.

A VERY CHEAP TIME-PIECE.

PAT POWER of Daragle, Esq., was as ready at the pistol as the worthy Major, and equally ready to oblige a friend. Still he was not blood-thirsty in the proper sense of the word. Standing on the sod opposite his fire-eating friend, Mr. Bob Briscoe, he cried out, "I have still a friendship for you, Bob, and will show it." He accordingly shot off one whisker and the tip of the adjoining ear.

Our man was somewhat clumsy, and never sought to disguise the place of his birth by affectation of tone or pronunciation. In a tour which he took through England he attracted considerable notice and occasional affronts, one of which he corrected after a way of his own.

As he was sitting in a box in a coffee room, he became the centre of attention to a group of gentlemen, who occupied a table at the opposite end of the apartment. Hearing him give some direction to a waiter, they recognized him as an Irishman, and took it into their wise heads to extract some cheap amusement out of him. One of the number accordingly beckoned to a waiter, and handed him a gold watch, directing him to show it to the man in the opposite box, and ask him the hour. The attendant did as he was desired, and Mr. Power, taking the watch out of his hands, said, "In a few moments I shall wait on the gentleman who sent you on this

errand, and tell him the time of day to the moment." He called to his servant for his pistols, put one under each arm, walked over to the table, and looking rather sternly on the party, quietly asked, "To whom does this watch belong?" There was no answer. "Gentlemen, if no one claims it, I must take the trouble of keeping it till I discover the owner. Here," said he to his servant, taking out a pinchbeck article, and handing it to him. "I have room only for one in my fob; mind this for me till we stumble on the owner of the other."

POTATOES AND PISTOLS.

THE same gentleman, or, as some say, a Captain Bligh, a countryman of his, having ordered his supper at an inn in England, the waiter laid down two covered dishes, which, when the covers were removed, were found full of potatoes. "Whom may I thank for this plentiful meal?" said he to the waiter. "These two gentlemen in the box at the end of the room." "Very well. Please send my servant." He came, and got his directions. The man of Erin supped heartily on the potatoes, to the amazement of his providers, and at the conclusion of the meal his servant came in, and placed a covered dish on his table, and another on that occupied by the two men of wit. They raised the cover, and, Oh, horror! two murderous firearms were discovered side by side in

the dish. Power or Bligh, whichever it was, taking up one of his weapons, called out in an encouraging tone, "Gentlemen, I owe you something for your entertainment. So I beg permission to exchange shots with you, one at a time, however. If the first falls I shall then give satisfaction to the survivor; my servant will give the word of command. Take up one of the pistols; it is primed and cocked. When Paddy comes to ten counting slowly, either is at liberty to blaze. Go on, Paddy; one, two, three." But that was as far as Paddy could get before the humorous gentlemen were clean out of the house. The man in possession generously paid their bill.

A TRUE ALIBI.

ONE of the early trials in which the late Daniel O'Connell defended the accused man took place in Ennis, and it would seem at first as if no eloquence could save the accused. The prosecutor distinctly swore that the prisoner, in company with another, rushed on him at a certain place, at seven o'clock on a May evening, gripped him by the collar, and threatened to blow his brains out, if he did not give up the money which he had received for a cow that day at the fair. Mr. O'Connell plied him hard with questions, but he was not to be shaken. "There was good light, and he looked hard in the man's face." "How much whiskey did he drink at

the fair?"—"None ; two pints of porter only ; was as sober as a judge."

When all seemed lost, the rector of a neighbouring parish on the coast offered to give evidence in favour of the prisoner. His appearance much prepossessed the court in his favour. He swore that on the day of the assault, 19th of May, the prisoner had been in his employment from five o'clock till very late ; had not quitted the rectory, in fact, till after midnight. Mr. Bennett, the leading crown counsel, did not neglect to cross-question the clergyman, and to all his questions but one he gave most satisfactory answers. That query was : "What kind of work was the man employed on?" but to it the witness would give no answer. Such was the uncertainty in the judge's mind when charging the jury that he left them to decide for themselves, and they, without hesitation, acquitted the prisoner.

Some time after, Counsellor Bennett and this reverend witness happening to enjoy a *tête à tête*, with nobody within earshot, the lawyer requested the clergyman to reveal to him (provided he was not prevented by any serious scruple) why he had been silent on the kind of work done on that nineteenth of May. "I have not the slightest objection to make a confession to you, for I know you are incapable of abusing my confidence. Through the whole of the evening of that 19th of May the prisoner was engaged distilling pottheen whiskey for me."

THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

AT a trial in Cork it was of the utmost importance for O'Connell's client that the then young counsellor should have the examination of a certain witness ; but in the legal routine of the case it was to the senior counsel his examination belonged. The attorney was fretting and fuming, till, at a whisper from O'Connell, his eye singled out a stupid oaf of his acquaintance then in court. Him he got put in the witness's chair to be examined by the senior lawyer ; but all the man of law could extract from him was, that his name was Tim Hegarty, for he knew nothing whatever of the merits of the case. Of course, the much-desired witness fell into the hands of the junior, and was turned to the best possible account.

A COUNSELLOR EN-LIGHTENED BY A COW-STEALER.

BEFORE recording the lesson of wisdom hinted at in our title, we must do ourselves the pleasure of an extract from Mr. O'Flanagan's sketches of the "Bar Life of O'Connell," while still in possession of youthful vigour—*i. e.*, youthful for a counsellor.

"When his portly figure, smiling countenance, arch

glance, and joyous smile were seen in court, he was the observed of all observers. His manner well sustained the impression his appearance created. While his inimitable drollery moved to laughter, his deep pathos melted to tears, and, with the versatility of consummate genius, while the tears were flowing, his flashes of wit spread the brightness of a rainbow, lighting up the tears as they fell. The Irish heart was the instrument he loved to sound, and he touched each string with the hand of a master."

The worst of a conscientious lawyer's life is the close neighbourhood of fraud, want of principle, and villany of every description into which he is brought by the exigencies of his profession. The great man having extricated from his embarrassment a worthy who had killed a neighbour's cow, and was found in suspicious proximity to the beef, was waited on by the rascal to receive thanks for his masterly defence. The fattest cow in the herd having been selected, the counsellor was curious to know how the choice fell on that particular animal, as the night when execution took place had been very dark. "Well, counsellor, I'll put you up to it. When you go for to steal a cow, mind and take the one that's farthest from the ditch. The poor thin crathurs always goes to the ditch for shelter, while the fat bastes keeps outside."

A CAUSE GAINED BY A DANISH VOCABULARY.

THE proprietors of a salmon fishery on the Black Water, near Youghal, brought an action against certain parties who had interfered with their privileges of the exclusive use of nets. The defendants maintained that the weir had been always called the "Lax Weir," and, consequently, no one had a right to make a close or exclusive weir of it, or prevent others from taking the fish. It was known that the fishery had been long since under the management of Danish merchants; so Mr. O'Connell turned his attention to northern philology for a moment, found that *Lax* in Danish meant salmon, and won the cause for his clients by showing that the name of the construction in question did not mean "loose or free weir," but "Salmon Weir."

PROVING TOO MUCH.

O'CONNELL'S far-reaching ingenuity did not fall short of his other great mental qualities. He was defending at the Cork assizes a man indicted for murder, and had under examination a redoubtable witness, who would stop at nothing to criminate the prisoner. A material evidence against the accused, whose name was James, was furnished by a hat having been found near the body, which hat the witness strongly swore to as having belonged to the prisoner.

The case was at about its worst point for the accused when the counsellor requested to have a look at the hat. He examined its outside, its top, its rims, and finally entered on a careful inspection of the inside. Turning it round slowly, and repeating the letters J-A-M-E-S, he said to the witness: "Now do you mean to tell the court and jury that this name was in the hat when you found it?"—"I do, on my oath," replied the witness. "Did you see the name there?"—"I did, surely." "This is the same hat; no mistake about it?"—"Och, no mistake; it is his hat." "Now you may go down," said O'Connell, triumphantly. "My lord, there is an end of this case. There is no name whatever in the hat."

A PRAYER OF THE WICKED.

AT two successive assizes a highway robber defended by O'Connell was liberated, and at the succeeding one he was requested to be his friend again, the last offence being piracy. The acquittal was not difficult to be obtained this time, as the court had no jurisdiction, the offence, if any, having occurred on the high seas, over which the Court of Admiralty alone has control. As the counsellor was passing near the dock, immediately after the trial, the scoundrel cried out, in a tone of most unbounded and genuine gratitude, "Oh, may the Lord spare you to me, counsellor!"

A HARD-WON AND WORTHLESS VICTORY.

IN our opinion, Mr. O'Connell never rejoiced in his mature years over the victory obtained in his duel with Mrs. Moriarty, when animal spirits were high, and life seemed worth living for. Mr. D. O. Maddyn, we believe, was the first to record the battle in a printed book. We know not where to look for his authority. Perhaps he had none.

Mrs. Moriarty was mistress of a stall of *notions* on Inns' Quay, and backers and non-backers laid a wager on the comparative abilities of the counsellor and the stall-woman in a wordy engagement. A party of legal wags surrounded the scene of the coming strife, and swords were crossed.

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"—"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and I'm not ashamed of it, and one and six-pence is the price of the stick. It's as chape as dirt, so it is."—"One and six-pence for a walking-stick that cost you two-pence! why, you're no better than an imposter."—"Two-pence, your granny, and *imposther* in your own teeth! Cut your stick, you cantankerous jacknips!"—"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*."—"Stop your jaw, you—, or I'll make you go faster nor you came."—"Don't be in a passion, you ancient *radius*. Anger will only wrinkle your beauty."—"Be this an' be that, if you go on wid your

impedence, I'll tan your hide, though it'd be a pity to dirty my fists on you." Here Biddy poured out a torrent of tall words, too transcendental for our pages. "Easy now, easy now; don't choke yourself with fine language, you whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*!"—"What's that you call me, you murdherin villian?"—"I call you what you are, a *parallelogram*, and there's not a judge or jury in Dublin that would say it's a libel."—"Oh, tare an ouns, you ruffin! to call an honest woman a *parallelygrum* to her face. I'm none of your *parallelygrums*, you thief's breed."—"Oh, not you, indeed! I suppose the next thing will be to deny that there's an *hypothenuse* concealed in your house."—"That's a lie for you. I never had such a thing in my house, you swindler."—"Oh you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple of a duplicate ratio*." Here poor Biddy gasped for breath, and her antagonist improved the occasion. "While I have a tongue I'll give you the benefit of it, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands, a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats. She is trembling with guilt to the very extremity of her *corollaries*. Ah, you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent* and equiangular basket-woman, you abandoned *similitude of the bissection of a vortex*!"

The tongue was struck dumb, but the hands retained their powers. Catching up a saucepan, she would have revenged

on her foeman's nose the offences of his lips, but, like a worsted hero before Ilium, "he mingled in the throng."

LIFE IN DEATH.

O'CONNELL's great powers of judgment and penetration were evidenced, among innumerable instances, in that of a trial about the validity of a will. O'Connell, for the heir-at-law, was pressing on a witness to the will. To more than one question asked of him whether the testator was alive when he signed the document, his unvarying answer was, "There was life in Mr. So-and-so when he was signing the will." The able and acute counsellor, thinking, at last, that he had got within the wily knave's defences, cried out at him, "Now, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day answer for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth, when his hand was put to the will?" The trembling witness confessed that so it was.

FEARLESSNESS IN A JUST CAUSE.

MORE honourable to the great man's memory than his geometrical victory or his acuteness in detecting knavery, is his noble assertion of the claims of a young and abashed barrister to be heard with attention by the punning Lord Norbury and the morose Judge Johnson.

The yet unfledged barrister, John Martley, was timidly essaying his first motion before the two unsympathising judges, one of whom, Judge Johnson, listened with impatience and ill-humour; and while he was losing his presence of mind and floundering about in his subject under the unkindly reception, Lord Norbury went on punning and his fellow judge growling. O'Connell, pitying the confusion of the new aspirant, begged some of his seniors to interfere, but they would not; so he generously bearded the grumbling lions himself.

"My lords," he said, "I respectfully ask your lordships to hear this young gentleman. Mr. Martley is not personally known to me, but I submit he has a right to be heard."—"Oh, Mr. O'Connell," said Lord Norbury, "we have heard Mr. Martley, and we cannot allow the time of the Court to be further wasted."—"Pardon me, my lord, you have not heard him. He has not been allowed to state his motion. I am sure he is quite capable of doing so now, if your lordships permit him."—"Mr. O'Connell," asked Judge Johnson, with an air of defiance, "are you engaged in this motion, that you presume to interfere?"—"My lord, I am not," replied Mr. O'Connell, "but I rise to defend the privileges of the bar, and I will never permit them to be violated either in my own or the person of any other member of the profession."—"Well, well," interposed Lord Norbury, "we'll hear Mr. Mart-

ley. Sit down, Mr. O'Connell."

Mr. Martley then proceeded and stated his motion successfully, and ever felt grateful for the kind interference of his able friend.—(*Mr. O'Flanagan's Bar Life of O'Connell.*)

A FEW OF BARON O'GRADY'S GOOD THINGS.

THOUGH the witty sayings and caustic remarks of Baron O'Grady were not so numerous as those of Lord Norbury, they excelled them as much as a genuine sally of wit excels a haphazard pun. Among the myriads of puns uttered by the facetious lord, some of them could scarce avoid being happy. We add a couple to those already quoted.

Mr. Wallace having been horsewhipped near Nelson's pillar in Sackville-street, applied for a criminal information against his assailant. "I am of opinion," said the judge, "that the Court should grant its protection to any one who has bled under the immortal Nelson."

Riding to the hounds one day with a Mr. Pepper, this gentleman's horse thought proper to throw his master. When remounted, said Norbury to him, "What is your horse called?"—"Billy," said he.—"Oblige me by calling him for the future, *Pepper-castor.*"

O'Grady was superior to puns, but his sarcasms were dreaded. There was great noise on one occasion in the Court-house at Tralee, and the Chief Baron sought

in vain to procure silence. Looking in despair towards the sheriff's pew, he spied him contentedly reading a book. "Mr. Sheriff," shouted he, in his direction, "If you do not put down this noise, you will not be permitted to finish your novel in quiet."

He commenced one of his charges in the same Court with, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will of course acquit your own relations."

A highway robber having been acquitted on the last day of the assizes, much to his surprise, he asked the sheriff if there was any other charge against him. Being answered in the negative, he added, "Then, Mr. Sheriff, I shall be obliged by your allowing me half-an-hour's start before you give him his liberty."

GOOD MEMORY NECESSARY TO A LIAR.

AT an election in the County Clare, at which O'Connell was the Sheriff's assessor, the signature of Darby Moran gave much trouble. It was asserted that the name was in Darby's own handwriting, but it had the cross between name and surname, and the words, *His Mark*, above and below. The man who personated Darby Moran was on the spot, and a confused discussion was proceeding, when at last the assessor called out, "Darby Moran, can you write?"—"To be sure I can."—"Then write your name on this leaf." Darby took pen in hand, and

his fingers, under the influence of long habit, traced out JOHN O'BRIEN. Great surprise and merriment ensued, and the false Darby was obliged to listen to a few very disagreeable truths.

*A MAN ABOUT TO SINK
SAVED BY A STRAW.*

O'CONNELL was engaged for a man at the Cork Assizes, but neither he nor the attorney had the slightest hopes of saving him from the gibbet. Serjeant Lefroy occupied the chair of the circuit judge, who was ill at the time, and the counsellor rightly conjectured that he would be averse, except in an extreme case, to utter the doom of death. He resolved on an unusual line of proceeding, and tormented the witness for the Crown with a series of annoying questions not bearing in any shape on the subject. Serjeant Goold, the Crown prosecutor, objected to this proceeding, and the judge was obliged to say he could not allow Mr. O'Connell to proceed any longer in that line of examination.

"Well then, my lord," said he, after some parley, "as you refuse to allow me to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands." He flung down his brief, and left the Court, saying the while, "The blood of that man, my lord, will be on your head if he is condemned." The far-seeing and accurately-judging advocate well knew what he was doing in throwing such responsibility on an inexperienced

and humane judge. In about half-an-hour, as he was pacing the flags outside, his attorney, forgetful of his hat, came running to announce success. The judge had charged so favourably that the prisoner was acquitted.

O'CONNELL AND COUNSELLOR WEST COMPARING HEADS.

JUDGES and barristers occasionally lowering themselves from their social platforms, and imitating angry women scolding in the street, "call names." Lord Plunkett applied to good Mr. West, the sobriquet of *Sow West*, as his head and face had nothing of a puny character about them. O'Connell probably used the term when preparing to contest the City of Dublin with him, a hearty laugh is of such service to preparatory speeches.

When the two candidates were in presence of their constituents in the Court-house, O'Connell again quizzed his rival good humouredly on the absence of Hogarth's line of beauty in his upper regions. In reply Mr. West said, "It is all very well for Mr. O'Connell to attack me upon my appearance, but I can tell you, if you saw Mr. O'Connell without his wig, he does not present a face which is much to boast of."

To the surprise of the spectators, no less than of Mr. West himself, O'Connell walked across, pulled off his wig, stood close by Mr. West, and cried out, "There

now, my wig is off, which is the better looking?"

This sally of practical humour was received with bursts of laughter and cheering. O'Connell looked admirably, exhibiting a scull which, for volume and development, was not to be surpassed.

A LYING AND TREACHEROUS FACE.

A NOBLEMAN in the neighbourhood of Cork diverted so much of a stream from its original channel as to cause loss and inconvenience to a neighbour, who accordingly instituted a suit for its recovery. The nobleman employed an attorney named Fogarty to manage his defence, and it so happened that Mr. Fogarty, though an abstemious man, owned a face, which, in size and colour, would become the most abandoned toper in Cork, Dublin, or Limerick. O'Connell appeared for the injured party, and dwelt on the wrong done to his client in wantonly depriving him of a benefit which his farm had enjoyed so long, and which it enjoyed no longer. In place of that, the defendant now monopolized the water; he diminished it. It had been daily becoming small and beautifully less. "There is not now," he said, "gentlemen of the jury, a tenth of the ordinary quantity. The stream is running dry, and so low is it, and so little of it is there, that," continued he, turning to the rubicund attorney, "there is not enough in it to make grog for

Fogarty." The poor man's traitorous face assumed a still deeper dye of roseate purple, though little needed to swell higher the roar of laughter, in which the grave judge, and the graver registrar and crier, were obliged to join.

TICKLED TO DEATH.

It was of great importance for the party for whom O'Connell was once engaged to prove that a witness was drunk and incapable on a certain day, and thus he made his approaches :—

"Well, Darby, you told the whole truth to that gentleman," pointing to the counsel who had just given him up. "Yes, your Honour, Counsellor O'Connell."—"How do you know my name?"—"Ach, sure everybody knows our own *pathriat*."—"Well, you are a good-humoured, honest fellow, Darby. Now tell me, did you take a drop of anything that day?"—"Why, your honour, I took my share of a pint of spirits."—"Your share of it? Now, between ourselves, wasn't your share of it all but the pewter?"—"Why then, dear knows but that's true for you, sir," and poor Darby recognised in the burst of laughter that arose, that he had committed himself and his friends.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

ONCE at a public meeting O'Connell illustrated the system

adopted by the peasants to deprive themselves of little, and give even less than that little to the rectors, while they were subject to the tithe nuisance.

"Paddy," says the rector, "you owe me £1 17s. 6d."—"What for, your reverence?"—"Tithes, Paddy."—"Then I suppose you gave the family some value before I was born. Surely you never gave anything to me that I remember. But, please your reverence, I have no money."—"You have a cow, Paddy."—"But if your reverence takes her, what will Norah and the *childher* do?"—"Well, I'm sorry, but the cow must be distrained."

Paddy stamps TITHES on the cow's side, and not a soul in the three townlands will buy her. So the disappointed man gets a regiment and a half of red coats, and they and their officers, all gentlemen by birth and education, march seventeen miles across bogs and fields, and along bad roads, and bring the cow to Carlow. There the auction is to take place. The crowd collect, and the parson rubs his hands. "There will be bidders enough now." The cow is put up at £2—no bidder; £1—no bidder; 10s.—no bidder; 5s. 6d.—18d.—not a soul will bid, and back goes the cow to Norah and the *childher*.

INCONVENIENCES OF POPULARITY.

LIKE Charles Dickens and other popular men, O'Connell was kept in a perpetual worry

by his admirers. Once he received a letter from New York stating the writer's discovery of a Queen Anne's farthing, and giving a particular description of it. Then followed a modest request that the Great Liberator would negotiate the sale of the same coin for him in London, where, as he was informed by several intelligent persons, it would realize a handsome fortune for its possessor.

Mr. Peter Waldron, of New York, was an admirer of still more trouble-giving proclivities. Thus ran his letter :—

“Dear Sir,—I have discovered an old paper in which I find that my grandfather, Peter Waldron, left Dublin about the year 1730. You will very much oblige me by instituting an inquiry who the said Peter Waldron was ; whether he possessed any property in Dublin or elsewhere, and to what amount ; and in case he did, you will confer a particular favour upon me by taking immediate steps to recover it, and if successful forwarding the amount to me at New York.”

It is probable that no one of Dickens's begging-letter writers ever attained to such a sublime point of impudence as did Mr. Peter Waldron. The man who outdid all his former doings, by the modest request that an ass and car might be left out for him at a certain hour of the following day, halted a long distance under Mr. Waldron's perch.

SELF-INTEREST INTERFERES WITH SLAUGHTER.

AT a special commission in Kerry, a Mr. S., against whom O'Connell had occasion to utter some unpleasant language, jumped up and called him a purse-proud blockhead. “I have no purse to be proud of,” said he, “and if I am a blockhead, so much the better for you, as I am the opposing counsel. It will not be amiss, however, to beat a trifle of good manners into you,” and letting action follow on speech, he administered to him some sound strokes of the president's cane on the back. Next day he received by the hands of Mr. William Ponsonby, of Cratloe, a challenge in due form ; but time was scarcely given to answer it when another missive arrived revoking the offer. Mr. O'Connell's life was mentioned in a valuable lease held by Mr. S., and therefore he could not afford to shoot him. But let Mr. O'Connell get his life insured, and then he was his man at sword or pistol.

This man was a genuine coward, yet he fought six duels in his time through dint of fear, and brought his valuable life safe through all.

The present writer never had the fortune to see O'Connell with his wig and gown on, but he was more than once filled with enthusiasm at meetings, listening to his spirit-stirring words, or ready to die with laughter at humorous passages in his speech and his inimitable

gestures. Often has he met his portly form moving along Nassau Street, his face shaded with his broad-leafed hat, and his strong right hand fancying the umbrella handle to be a sword-hilt. Better still, we have seen him, while he ruled as king absolute in the hearts of seven-eighths of the Irish people, engaged humbly at prayer, as undistinguished as he could render himself among the little citizens and citizenesses who frequented Clarendon Street Chapel.

KING WILLIAM ON HORSE-BACK.

THE statue in College Green, on which in our day Protestants and Catholics, Whigs and Tories, look with equal indifference, evidently possesses not the virtue of the original, which was inaugurated with great *éclat* on the 1st of July, 1701. Some years since our collegians might be called image worshippers, so much did they venerate the statue, but in the beginning it was not so. The Jacobite spirit was not extinct in the Dublin *Alma Mater*, neither was the spirit of mischief, and the young collegians could not overlook the fact that the king contemptuously kept his back turned to the darling seat of Irish letters. Now the statue would be found in the morning adorned with green boughs, now defiled with mud, and at another time with a straw figure astride on the crupper. On the 25th of June,

1710, some non-sympathisers coated his Majesty's face with mud, and walked off with his sword and truncheon. At a later date it was discovered to have been done in a drunken freak by three young men of the college, two of whom were severely punished. Another insult was offered in 1714, and in 1765 it was taken down and replaced on a higher pedestal.

We can hardly realize now as we look down the wide expanse of College Green on a fine Sunday morning in Summer, that somewhat more than a century since there was but a limited space at each side of King William, that Sedan chairs, grouped on every side, presented no small obstruction to horse and foot, and that notwithstanding a little watch-house on the east side there was in its neighbourhood a plentiful provision of filth. It at last became such an eyesore that a notion was entertained of removing it to the barracks, but the volunteers brought it once more into favour by holding their reviews in its neighbourhood from the year 1779, the 4th of November being the gala day.

During the volunteer movement the statue was in high favour with all parties, but afterwards it lost its popularity with the national party, and in 1798 the sword was wrenched from its side, and Watty Cox, by trade a gunsmith, attempted to file off its head. The material being special good brass, he was unable to get through the operation in time.

In 1805 King William's un-friends obtained a small success. November 4th falling on a Sunday, the rejoicings were deferred till Monday, and the watchman in College Green kept himself awake for fear of the execution of any unlawful design on the effigy. On Saturday, as midnight was at hand, a painter approached the guardian, bearing in his hands a paint bucket and brush. "I come from the city decorator," said he, "to prepare the statue. He was afraid to send me during light for fear of being interrupted by the mob or maybe getting a stroke of a stone." "Well, fire away." He painted diligently for some time, and then approaching the watchman again, said, "I find I must go back to the workshop for something which I forgot. Will you mind my paint pot and brush till I return?" He did not return, and when day began to break the warden discovered the bucket suspended by a halter from the King's neck, and the poor King himself all covered with a vile black compound of tar and grease. It was in time removed, and the solemnity held, but the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Bedford, would not sanction it afterwards by his presence. The performers from that time omitted the firing from the programme. The sly painter's handy work was commemorated in a street ballad of the day, sung to the air of "De night before Larry was stretched."

"The night before Billy's birthday,
Some friend to the Dutchman came to
him;

And though he expected no pay,
He told the policeman he'd do him.
'For,' said he, 'I must have him in style,
The job is not wonderful heavy,
And I'd rather sit up for a while
Than see him undressed at the levee,
For he was the broth of a boy.'

Then up to his highness he goes,
And with tar he anointed his body,
So that when the morning arose,
He looked like a sweep in a noddy.
It fitted him just to the skin
Wherever the journeyman stuck it;
And after committing the sin,
'Have an eye,' said he, 'watch, to the
bucket,
For I have not done with him yet.'

The birthday being now very nigh,
And swaddling clothes made for the
hero,
A painter was sent for to try
To whitewash the face of the negro.
He gave him the brush, to be sure,
But the first man so deeply did stain
him,
That the whitewash effected no cure;
Faith, the whole river Boyne would not
clean him,
And still he remains in the dirt."

On the occasion of the visit of his Majesty, George IV., and during the civic reign of Sir Abraham Bradley King, the death-blow was given to the unwise institution. In 1822, the Lord Mayor, John Smith Fleming, forbade the ornamenting of the statue with colours or emblems calculated to give offence, and the only remarkable procession round the statue, which occurred at a later day, was formed by a body of trades on their way to Merrion Square to present an address to O'Connell.

In the year 1836, and on the 7th of April, time a few minutes after midnight, a light burst from the side of the statue next the bank, and immediately after the figure was blown with a deafening explosion several feet in

the air. The legs and arms were found broken, and the head much injured, a circumstance not to be wondered at, seeing that the blast of heated air, caused probably by fulminating silver, extinguished all the lamps in College Green. We must say that neither rider or horse now guarding the trickling fountain in College Green, can compare as a work of art with his predecessor. However, being under the protection of a popular corporation, and presenting an inoffensive, healthy bronze hue to the eyes of all who traverse College Green, the days of "William on Horseback" are likely to be long in that airy and cheerful thoroughfare.

*EARS AND NO EARS;
EYES DITTO.*

If clever French writers could be aware of the load of contempt they heap on themselves in the sight of their English neighbours by the outrageous sketches which they present of their habits and manners when at home, they probably would reform their "custom of an afternoon" of attempting descriptions of what they have not seen, except for a moment, nor studied at all. The Irish, in many instances, have to complain as sadly of their English visitors, as natives of England have to complain of their Gallic ones. Many hurried visits and sketches of strangers from Little Britain, or St. Mary Axe, or Ratcliffe Highway, are merely ludicrous or

contemptible productions in themselves, but they pass for facts among the masses of English people, and consequently they keep up an unhealthy feeling of mingled dislike and derision towards their neighbours and fellow-subjects, who have the ill-luck to be separated from them by the Irish Sea.

Our country people usually dry their turf for some weeks after its being cut before they think of making a fire out of it. Yet a commissioner employed by "All the Year Round" saw some Connaught folk boiling their potatoes with it the very day on which it was taken reeking, soft, and damp from the bog. One of these wonderful turf-cutters was seen taking a log on his shoulders to do the deed which in all the instances that ever came under our notice required a peculiarly shaped iron spade. In order to carry the supply of fuel home, he made use of a cord and a *kippeen* (stick or twig) slung at his back; but we have not the slightest notion how the stick and the cord secured a fairish load of freshly-cut peat. The report made by the sapient commissioner may be found in "All the Year Round" for August 13th, 1859.

That worthy baronet and most agreeable writer of travels, Sir Francis Head, imposing it as a task on himself to correct his travelling fellow-countrymen for their misrepresentations concerning Ireland, did not adopt the plan of grave fault-finding or exposure of conclusions rapidly made.

He probably knew the country well, but, intending to throw discredit and ridicule on the hasty and prejudiced visitors from England, he presented his satire in the guise of a genuine tour, exaggerated the defects of his predecessors, and entitled his book, "A Fortnight in Ireland." What keen irony in the title! It implied a cutting rebuke, as much as if the judicious mentor had said in so many words, "You, Mr. Tittlebat, and you, Mr. Thornback, behold in this book of mine, as in a mirror, a reflection only slightly exaggerated of your worthless, stupid, and prejudiced productions. You have dashed them off after a visit of a fortnight, whereas a book worth reading concerning this or any country should be the result of excursions and sojourns of some months."

We do not mean to consider Sir Francis's valuable book in reference to characters or facts. To impart to his work that spirit of ludicrous earnestness and gravity which distinguishes the famous "History of New York by D. Knickerbocker," or Swift's patriotic scheme of using the Irish babes as food, he cordially gave the Irishwomen full credit for womans chief excellence, chastity and conjugal fidelity, and to the educated Irishman credit for genuine politeness and hospitality. But then mark the cunning exaggeration of the faults of Messrs. Tittlebat, Thornback, and Stickleback. Every one that is not a well-bred and hospitable gentleman is a furious or deep-plotting parti-

san, a lazy wretch, or an importunate beggar, rejoicing in rags and dirt.

Treading on the sore heels of the inventors of the etymology of *Thafe*, *Praste*, *Rade*, *Belave*, and similar words, he affixed such sounds to the words quoted below as will be a caution to the successors of Messrs. Tittlebat and Co.

Honour, *arnh'r*; Nelson, *Nal-son*; parade, *prate*; hospital, *harspital*; don't, *doun't*; small, *sma*; long, *lhong*; years, *yares*; potatoes, *pita-turs*; job, *jarb*; him, *hum*; soldier, *souldier*; Vice-regal, *Vice-agle*; shew, *shau*; pocket, *porcket*; feet, *fate*; indeed, *indade*; hoped, *horped*; it, *ut*; Dublin, *Dhublun*; stop, *starp*; deer, *dare*; obelisk, *orbelisk*; steam, *stame*; your, *yere*; that, *thart*; man, *marn*.*

Sir Walter Scott, not having a smaller coin about him, once gave a shilling to an Irish beggar, with the remark, "Remember, Paddy, you owe me sixpence." "Och," was the answer, "may your honour never die till I pay you!" If any book resembling the "Fortnight in Ireland" is in any future time to be published, may we not die till we see it.

LOOSE THREADS TAKEN UP: SHERIDAN.

OUR Richard Brinsley, com-

* These *spells* are accurately copied; *Arnh'r* occurs in hundreds of places.

ing up to London to contest the seat for Westminster with Mr. Paull, happened to be in the same coach with two of the electors, he and they unknown to each other. One of the men asked the other to whom he would give his vote. "To Paull, certainly; for, though he is but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan." "Do you know Sheridan?"—"No, and don't intend, if I can help it." Alighting for breakfast, Sheridan took the questioner aside. "Will you please to let me know the name of the gentleman with whom you have been conversing? He is a very agreeable man."—"Mr. T——, an eminent lawyer. He lives in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields." "Much obliged." When they were under way again, Sheridan led the discourse to the subject of law, lauded the system itself, alluded to the possible misery of a people possessing no laws, extolled the character of many eminent lawyers past and present, but regretted the fact of so many living professionals being thoroughly unprincipled. "However," continued he, "of all the rascals of the profession, by far the greatest is Mr. T——, of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields." "I am Mr. T——," said the highly offended man. "And I am Mr. Sheridan." The joke was now transparent. There was a shaking of hands all round, and Mr. T—— and his friends exerted themselves to forward their new friend's interest at the election.

Sheridan used to repeat with much relish a feeling observation made to him once by one of his constituents: "Oh, sir, things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform; we poor electors are not paid at all."

A certain creditor, Shaw by name, was ceaselessly dunning or drumming the poor man for a debt of £500. Once, as he was vigorously applying the screw, his victim endeavoured to introduce a diversion by mentioning the pressing need he was in for £25 to defray the expenses of a journey he was obliged to take. Mr. Shaw gave a decided refusal, and was gently reproved for his use of false weights and measures. "You persist in asking me for five hundred pounds," said he, "yet you will not afford myself the small accommodation of twenty-five."

An old maid, a relation of his, frequently exercised his patience in obliging him to take long out-door walks with her. Renewing her suit on an occasion when his entire stock of endurance was down to nought, he observed that the weather was bad and rainy. Returning to the charge in some minutes, she observed that the weather had cleared up. "Ah," said he, "so it is—sufficient for one, but not enough for two."

Let us hope that the two following good things never occurred. His son Tom once expressed a wish to descend into a coal mine. "What is the object?"—"Merely to be able to say in company that I have been down in one." "And

what's to prevent you from saying so without running the risk?"

"Tom, you graceless rogue, I'll cut you off with a shilling."—"If you have it about you, father, I'll be obliged to you for it."

LORD PLUNKETT.

THE reader, as we trust, has not forgotten the information which Plunkett, when in his barristerhood, afforded to Lord Redesdale on the different qualities of English winds and kites, and of Irish ditto. We proceed to supply some other memorabilia of the great and good lawyer, who by sheer merit obtained in succession the offices of Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor. Now and then we strive to ascertain, by a vigorous mental effort, whether a chief justice or a chancellor, when endeavouring by every means in his power to ascertain the truth in a trial, and to do strict justice—ever feels disturbed, and his self-respect damaged, by remembrance of various times when he exerted every faculty to save a knave or a murderer from well-deserved punishment.

Lord Plunkett, when sitting in his dignified chair, and conscious of the respect, nay reverence, felt towards him by every individual in the court, must have at times found his self-respect diminished to some extent by the souvenir of a trial in his own county town of Enniskillen, where he vigorously defended a notorious horse-stealer, and worked out his acquittal. So highly did the

rogue's sympathisers in the body of the court approve of the zeal displayed by the advocate for their brother, that one of them cried out in a burst of grateful enthusiasm, "Long life to you, Plunkett! Boys (*sotto voce*) the first horse I'm in for, I'll have Plunkett."

On being told that his successor in the Common Pleas, Chief Justice Doherty, had little or nothing to do, Plunkett remarked, "Well, he is equal to it."

A Mr. Moore, a clerk in the Court of Chancery, prided himself on his fine handwriting, and Mr. Morris, an attorney attending the same Court, was vain of his personal appearance. "Plunkett," said Bushe one day, while the Lord Chancellor was expected, "why should this court remind us of the road to Chester?"—"I give it up."—"Don't you see we are near *Pen-man Moore*?"—"I was stupid indeed," replied Plunkett, "with *Beau Morris* opposite me."

Being told of the appointment of an indolent man to a judicial office where there was little business, "It is the very court for him," he exclaimed. "It will be up every day before himself."

"Until the year 1820, there were no regular reports of the Irish cases. All the new authorities were imported from England, so that the accident of a fair or foul wind might sometimes affect the decision of a cause. 'Are you sure, Mr. Plunkett,' said Lord Mannors once, 'that what you have stated is the law?'"—"It un-

questionably was the law half an hour ago,' replied Mr. Plunkett, pulling out his watch, 'but by this time the packet has probably arrived, and I shall not be positive.'"—(*Irish Quarterly Review*.)

*THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A POET AND A
GENTLEMAN.*

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was in Ireland in 1825, he paid a visit to Lord Plunkett at Old Connaught, Bray. Thence host and guest made an excursion to Glendalough, and Sir Walter would not be satisfied to come away without first climbing to St. Kevin's Bed. When about to leave the place, Lord Plunkett gave Cathleen the guide to understand, that the lame but adventurous and active visitor was a poet. "Poet!" said she, in an incredulous tone, "D—— a bit of him. He's a rael dasent gentleman; he gave me half-a-crown."

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.

OUR biographers have not preserved many of Grattan's witty or humorous sayings, but we have no dearth of eloquent invectives and patriotic outbursts. Still the man who, when enduring pain from accidental hurts received at his triumphal charring, could thus jest on his suffering, must have powers of wit at command. While the surgeon was putting him to pain, he cried out, "The papers will of course give a glowing account of the triumph. They will say,

"he was unanimously elected; he was seated in his chair amid acclamations, &c., &c., &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye received on the way."

*BE GENEROUS: LET
JUSTICE MIND ITSELF.*

THERE are few folk from Kilkenny to Kingstown who have not heard of the eloquent Dr. Kirwan, and the mighty sums of money which he extracted from all pockets by his charity sermons, and poured into the laps of widows and orphans. Some time later, another earnest preacher emptied the purses of Catholics as adroitly as Dean Kirwan did those of Protestants. It is out of our power to say in what year since 1825 this good man, entirely made up of heart, died. It would appear as if there was no room in the good priest's mind and heart but for ideas and feelings of compassion. He would involve himself in debt for the sake of any of the charitable institutions befriended by him, and it often happened that when his creditors hinted to him that they would like to touch their money again, poor Father——, being already at his purse's end, would soon get to his wits' end, and sometimes fail to scrape together the sum demanded.

In this way he ran up a twenty pound obligation to a farmer in his parish, and after the lapse of some months the creditor began to consider his chance of repayment very small. He was one evening talking over

the matter with his wife, when she suddenly informed him she would insure him payment on his solemn engagement to hand her over five out of the twenty pounds. She wanted that sum for such or such a need. Their daughter Honora would be glad of a new gown, or master Pat of a pony. He gave the promise and she the advice.

Next day at an early hour he waited on his Reverend debtor. "Oh, Father——, I am at a terrible pinch. I have to pay £100 this week, and I am still £30 short of the sum. If you can't help me I don't know where to turn. Even the twenty pounds you owe me would be of no use." "Well, well; at this moment there is not half a guinea in the house. This is Tuesday: come over and take a bit of dinner with me on Thursday at four o'clock, and who knows what God may send in the interim." The cook had a good dinner on the table at the hour appointed, the farmer was punctual to time, the host was (for it was out of his power to be otherwise) cheerful and hospitable, and when the cloth was removed, and a strong tumbler of punch had gone the way of all liquor, thirty pounds, in notes and gold, spread out on the mahogany, gladdened the eye of the guest, who of course was mighty grateful. Miss Honora got her silk gown, or Master Pat his pony, and next Saturday morning a messenger handed the benevolent clergyman a letter which, on being opened, revealed a ten pound note, and the information

that his grateful parishioner had received some money from a *very unlikely* quarter, and therefore was glad to be enabled to repay his Reverence the loan so kindly advanced. The good easy man was probably too unworldly in disposition to become aware of the ingenious device exercised at his expense.

A CHURCH DIGNITARY NOT ABOVE PUN-MAKING.

THE late Archbishop Whately had as large a heart as the Fingallian priest, but his judgment was equal to his charity. The poor of Dublin and of Stilor-gan lost a beneficent patron at his death. His high station and grave character have not sufficed to preserve his memory from being incrustured with sundry puns and witticisms of which the living man had never even dreamed. Even the late Harry Lorrequer (alas that we must say the word!) could not forbear laying violent hands on His Grace under the flimsy guise of the "Dean of Drumcondra," and making him at a convivial party thus furnish the derivation of *topsy turvy*.

"*Unde* topsy turvy—*unde* topsy turvy!" said the Dean. "Whence topsy turvy? Do you give it up? Do you, Mr. Attorney? Do you, my lord? Do you give it up, eh? I thought so. Topsy turvy, *quasi* top-side t'other way."

The conversation turning on the use of the lasso, the Dean proceeded to give a practical illustration to his neighbour, a

fat, florid lady, adorned with a yellow turban and bird of paradise plume.

"Nothing more simple," said the Dean, holding his napkin over Mrs. Kennyfleck's head, to the manifest terror of that lady for her yellow turban. "You take the loop of a long, light rope, and measuring the distance with your eye, you make the cast in this manner."—"Oh, dear! oh, Mr. Dean, my bird of paradise plume!"—"When you present a bull, ma'am, you should not have feathers," rejoined the implacable Dean, with a very rough endeavour to restore the broken plume. "Had you held your head down in the attitude of a bull's attack, I should have lasso'd you at once and without difficulty."

Dr. Townsend Young, in a note to Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches," furnishes the following bit of information concerning our subject.

"Some one was extolling the firmness of the British squares in sustaining the furious charges of the French Guards at Waterloo. 'What was their coolness to ours?' exclaimed Dr. X. 'Had they to stand the shock of Whately's charge, as we did the other day, they'd soon disperse, I promise you.'"

The next anecdote is from the same authority.

"A lady having asked the meaning of *Ariston men to Hud-dor* (Water is the best thing), he replied, 'Water is the best thing for fish, sea-fights, and steam-engines.' The lady stared, asking, 'Does it mean all that,

your Grace?' 'Oh,' he cried, with the complacency of a cherub, 'There is no getting meaning out of Greek without a paraphrase, you understand, ma'am.'"

The Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin sat side by side in the board-room of the Commissioners of National Education some thirty years since. There, or at some vice-regal dinner, Dr. Whately gravely asked Dr. Murray, his colleague, "Dr. Murray, what is the difference between you and me?" The questioned man could adduce some hundreds of points of difference, but no single one was sufficiently comprehensive or apropos. "You give it up? Then I'll enlighten yourself and the company. You're a Roman and I'm a *Rum-un*."

CARBOY WIT.

HIS Grace having an English gentleman at his palace, took into his head one day to treat his guest to some specimens of those ready answers for which our carmen are said to be remarkable. He hired an outside car, and they drove about. A heavy shower came on as they were passing the Custom-house, but that did not prevent his Grace from asking their guide what statues were these over the front of the building. "An' sure they're the Twelve Apostles, my lord."—"Where are your eyes, man? I can see but four."—"An' aren't the others gone inside for shelter from the rain? Would

your lordship have them to be standing outside in such weather as this?"

The weather cleared up and the conversation went on. "Paddy, if the Black Fellow was allowed his choice between you and me, which of us would he take?"—"Me, to be sure, my lord. He will be sure of your Grace at any time."*

If the following circumstance did not take place during that excursion it is a pity, but we fear that it occurred several years before. No matter. The Doctor and his English friend disagreed on the comparative directness with which an Englishman and Irishman of the people would answer a question. They met two good subjects on the quay on whom to try the experiment, and the question was proposed in the first instance to the native of England. "What would you take, my man, for throwing yourself directly into the Liffey over that little wall?"—"I declare I wouldn't take twenty pounds."—"Well now, Paddy, what would YOU take?"—"Faith, gentlemen, I would take my death o'could." It was agreed on both sides that this was by far the more direct answer."

* Paddy, though nominally a Catholic was not a well informed one; for it is considered in his community a grave offence against charity to pass sentence on any individual inside or outside the church, particularly when such individual has borne a good character during life. Such an answer might be given in jest to an equal, but national politeness would never permit it to be made to a doctor of divinity.

A CORONER'S INQUEST IN OLD TIMES.

BEFORE leaving the North Wall it will not be amiss to record a circumstance said to have occurred when there were humorists in the land, and when bizarre incidents excited little surprise. It is probable that the late Mr. Carleton got the first hint of his "Resurrections of Barney Bradley" from it. We prefer the metrical form in which the story was told, for we suspect it is now remembered but by few.

"'Twas Murphy Delany, so merry and frisky,
Went into a shebeen to get his skin full,
And reeled out again, pretty well lined with whisky,
As soft as a Shamrock, as blind as a bull.

But a bit of an accident happened our rover,
Who took the wall's edge for the floor of his shed,
And the keel of a coal barge he just tumbled over,
And thought all the time he was going to bed.

Some friends going by took him out of the river,
Sent for a horse docthor his sickness to mend,
Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,
But dead as a door-nail, so there was an end.

They sent for the coroner's jury to try him,
But Pat not half liking their comical strife,
What with twisting and turning, the while they stood by him,
He came, when he found it convenient, to life.

'Arrah, gentlemen honey, give over, an't please you:
I'm as live as a mackerel, and likely to do.'

'Be quiet, you spalpeen, and keep your tongue aisy;
Do you think but the docthor knows better nor you?'

So the jury went on with the business much further,

Examined the docthor about his belief;

They brought poor Delany in guilty of murder,

And swore that they'd hang him in spite of his teeth."

It is probable that another verse has been irrecoverably lost. In all likelihood it recorded the resurrection of the patient, and his ejecting by force of arms the faithless *crowner* and his men.

HE'S NOT COVETOUS, BUT HE'D FAIN HAVE ALL.

IT is to be feared that until our island has lain under water for twenty-four hours, a great portion of its populace will continue very DRY. The following good thing is supposed to be peculiarly Irish, but we have found it even in Sicily.

One of our landlords receiving a visit from a tenant who did not present himself empty-handed, addressed him, with a hospitable air. "Larry, you must not leave the house without taking something. Which do you prefer—a glass of spirits, a glass of port, or a tumbler of punch?"—"Oh, sir, I'd be sorry to put you to so much trouble, but since you insist on it, I believe I'll begin with a glass of port, and then I'll venture on the glass of spirits, while the punch is getting ready."

Here is a variety of the same

circumstance found in George Storme's *Select German Stories* (Asher & Co.). Where Herr Storme found it he does not explain. The following is a literal translation.

"When Lady Hamilton's luggage was being landed in Palermo, Lord Nelson's steersman made himself very useful in having it carefully conveyed into the ambassador's residence. Lady Hamilton took notice of his great attention, put a moi-dore in his hand, and said, 'Now, my friend, what will you drink?'—"Oh, thank you, gracious lady; I am not thirsty."—"Oh, but Nelson's steersman must take something from me; so what will you have—a glass of brandy, a tumbler of grog, or a tumbler of punch?"—"Madam, as you insist, it would be unmannerly to refuse. So I'll take a glass of brandy first, and then the tumbler of grog, while your ladyship is mixing the punch."

MORE WORDS ON "THE DROP OF DRINK."

SMALL welcome would the English steersman or the Irish ploughman have given to such wine as its proprietor thought he was doing honour to, when he asserted that there was not a headache in a hogshead of it. "Ay," said a much disappointed guest, "but there's a stomach-ache in every glass of it."

The following effusion in honour of the beverage reserved for the last by the sailor and the land lubber will be perhaps considered inferior in execution to

some of Anacreon's and Captain Morris's, but our steel pen to a thraneen, it is equal or superior to their best things in heartiness.

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

"As I was sitting in my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of
June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the tune he sung was the jug of
Punch.

CHORUS, *not worth repeating.*

What more divarshin might a man desire
Than to be sated by a good turf fire?
A friend fornent him up-on a bench,
And straight betune them a jug of punch.

The muses nine and Apollo famed
In crystal cups drinks Castalian strames;
I would not grudge them ten times as
much,
As long as I have a jug of punch.

The 'morthial gods drinks their necthar
wine,
And they tell me claret is very fine;
But I'd give them all just in a bunch
For the king o' lickier, the jug of punch.

The docthor failed with all his art,
To cure th' impression on my heart,
But in my cheeks there arose a blush,
When I laid my hand on the jug of punch.

Now when I'm dead an' in my grave,
No costly tomb-stone will I *haive*,
But lay me down to my last sleep
With a jug o' punch at my head and
feet."

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF TEA.

A WEXFORD farmer, who had drunk more than one jug o' punch in his time, but knew not the taste of tea, once calling at his landlord's BIG HOUSE, was kindly received by one of the young ladies, who thought she could not offer him a more acceptable treat than a cup of tea. She filled a large china cup, laid the sugar-bowl beside it, and said, 'There, Jemmy, sweeten it to

your liking." She was called out of the room on the moment, and so was unaware of the horrible grimaces which passed over the poor man's features as he sipped the bitter stuff. He either had not noticed the sugar, or was unaware of its effect on the tea. He painfully affected his people that evening with his sufferings while endeavouring to overcome the terrible drink got from Miss C., and all wondered how the *quality* could come to relish such disagreeable stuff.

Calling to the castle again in about half a year, he met a similar reception from the same young lady. Jemmy fearfully eyed the cup, and would have put its contents behind the fire, or thrown them out at window, but his hostess this time stayed in the room. He put the vessel to his mouth as a child would a cup of physic, but this time Miss C. had supplied the sugar, and Jemmy was agreeably surprised by the pleasant taste of the beverage. After draining every drop with the highest relish, he laid the cup down, and addressed his kind entertainer. "Many thanks, Ma'am, for that nice drink, what do you call it?" "That is green tea, Jemmy." "Ah then, Ma'am, *Gramachree* (love of my heart) was green tay, but to Halifax with 'Sweeten it to your liking.'"

SIMPLE AND COMPOUND BODIES.

THE farmer's visit No. 3.—
This time Miss C., encouraged

by Jemmy's gratification on the last visit, prepared the third cup, but happened to present it from her own delicate hand. She of course had hold of the saucer, and her client, through natural politeness and some shyness, seized the handle of the cup as the farthest from her pearly coloured fingers. Her attention was secured by some other thing at the moment, so she let go the saucer, and the next moment it was in *brishe* on the floor. "Oh, Jemmy," said she, starting, "what an accident! which of us is in fault?" "Me to be sure, ma'am; but I vow to goodness, I thought the *scauldheen* was stuck to the *plattther*."

THE BULL AND THE BANK-NOTES.

SOME bulls considered indigenous to Ireland, came to light in Grecian lands long before the battle of Marathon. The following practical and historical bull has had many vouchers, yet the time required between the first idea and the execution ought to have been sufficient to indicate to the bull-makers the absurdity of what they were about doing, and the loss it would inflict on themselves, not their ill-wisher.

Alderman John Beresford, already mentioned as being so much disliked by the populace of Dublin for his cruelties in 1798, was a banker as well as an ultra-loyalist. It is said, but on what authority we know not, that the people being once roused by some extra piece of cruelty on

his part, brought all the notes of his, that happened to be in their possession, and made a bonfire of them. It certainly proved a *bonfire* for him.

A BULL ON A LADDER TOP.

THE late Mr. Lover's Irish hodman enjoyed the same amount of wisdom as one of the note-burners. Two bricklayers' assistants, one an English, the other an Irish man, comparing their respective degrees of strength and agility, agreed to find out who was the better man by each attempting to carry the other to the roof of the building at which they were occupied. So Paddy taking John in his hod, bore him up the ladder in safety to the parapet. Both then descending, Paddy was in his turn carried in safety to the same spot. "Now ain't I as good a man as you at the hod, Paddy?" "You are indeed John, but I was in great hopes when we were up to the second-floor window that you'd get a tumble: you made a false step just there."

AN EQUIVOCAL INVITA- TION.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, being Irish by birth, could not avoid executing an odd bull. Being anxious to display hospitable feelings towards a gentleman of his acquaintance, he thus expressed his wish. "Now, sir, I hope that if ever you come within a mile of my house you will

stop *there* for the night." A special pleader, however, might prove to the satisfaction of an ordinary jury that there was no blunder in the invitation. He might with ease show, that the adverb *there* had as good a right to refer to the word *house* as to the word *mile*.

THE MOON'S SUPERIORITY TO THE SUN.

THE theory set out in our title was defended in an eighteenth century song, which was metrically adapted to the fine old air of *Langolee*.

"Long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
Which serves us for lamp-light each night in the dark,
The sun appears only by day, which by nature,
Has light of its own as you all may remark.
Attend to my ditty, for I will be bound, sir,
That it would save the nation a great many pounds, sir,
To subscribe for good moonlight the live long year round, sir:
'Tis as true as I'm now singing *Langolee*."

BE KIND TO YOUR BEAST.

THIGUE, riding one day to the market with a sack of potatoes across the horse's back, began to fancy that the poor beast was getting very tired. Being a kind master, he brought the horse to a stand-still, and contriving to get the loaded bag on his own shoulders, trudged on heartily, incumbered with his load, but consoled by the idea of the great relief he was giving his horse.

DISCRETION IN TAKING MEDICINE.

DR. SIMMS used to tell with great unction a clever saying of a patient, one of his own countrymen. "What is that medicine you are giving me, Doctor?"—"An emetic."—"I won't take it; *sarra* use in it. The doctors in Dublin gave me two of them, and neither ov 'em stayed two minutes on my stomach."

A CHANGE WITHOUT IM- PROVEMENT.

IN a solidly written work on Irish ecclesiastical matters, the writer, unconscious of the offence his assertion might give, wrote—"An eminent personage at this time abandoned the errors of the Church of Rome, and adopted those of the Church of England."

DIRECT AND INVERSE PROPORTION.

WHEN lotteries were State institutions, Darby bought the sixteenth of a ticket for one guinea and a half. The same ticket being drawn a prize of £20, Darby's share of which was £1 5s., the lucky speculator thus consoled himself:—"Well, well, as it was a twenty pound prize, I have only lost nine and three halfpence, but if it happened to turn up a thousand pound, one, I'd be broke horse and foot. (The Irish guinea was £1 2s. 9d.)

TAKING A PATTERN.

AN execution took place on the side of the White Mountain in Wexford some fifty-five years since. Solomon Doran having been found guilty of the murder of Mr. Frizell, of Ballindonny, suffered within a few perches of the scene of the crime. On the morning of the fatal day, Jem Quigly, of Castleboro', met with Pat Behan, a youth of about fourteen years of age, hurrying westwards along the road from his native village, Courtnacuddy. "Where to, Pat?"—"To see the execution, to be sure."—"And what's taking you to look at that dismal sight?"—"My father sent me to take a pattern."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

NEXT to the memory of Sir Boyle Roche we set that of *Mr. Bright*, one of the characters in "The Orphans of Dunasker," by Rev. Mr. Brittan, of Longford, who, if he could have imagined the existence of worthy, rational people among his Roman Catholic neighbours, and had written more, might be now esteemed a national benefactor. The little adventure that befell Mr. Bright we could tell in fewer words, but we love good Mr. Bright too well to take, as he himself would say, the words out of his mouth.

"Mrs. Bright went up to bed at her usual hour, half-past ten, as well as any of us standing here. I was looking about for

something or another, when the maid bounced in on me with her face the colour of a sheet, and bid me run up-stairs that minute if I ever expected to see her mistress alive. You may guess where my head was then. But I was up-stairs, and in the bedroom while a cat would be licking her ear, and there, sure enough, she was stretched dead upon the bed.

"The maid and myself did all we could to bring her to, but she would not stir if we died for it. I pulled her, and shook her, and hallooed in her ear, and I might as well be talking to a post. Then it luckily came into my head, 'Wouldn't it be as well to send for a doctor?' So I ran down-stairs again, hunted out a sheet of paper, and wrote off for Dr. Weldon, begging of him not to wait for man or horse, but to come anyway, as I did not think if he made ever so much haste he would *overtake* her.

"I called up the coachman, and gave him the letter, bidding him take my own mare, and ride like a steeplechase, and I scolded him to give him confidence, and I scolded the whole house to make them smart, they were all in such confusion. Just as I pushed him out to saddle the mare, I heard the maid shouting to me to come to the mistress, who wanted to speak to me. I was up-stairs in less than no time, and there I found her sitting up as well as ever she was in her life.

"She told me that she knocked her elbow against the corner of

the chimneypiece, and the pain made her faint before she could tell the maid what was the matter with her. She laughed, poor woman, at my fright, and when she heard the doctor was sent for, insisted he should not come. Luckily, the coachman, who is always slow, was not gone. So I got the letter from him, opened it, and added these few words: —‘P.S. Dear Doctor, it would be a pity to disturb you out of your warm bed this hour of the night; so don’t come. It is all over. Mrs. Bright sends her compliments to Mrs. Weldon, and only fainted with her elbow.’ I then sealed it again, told John to deliver it with his own hand, and so it ended very well for us all.”

“Well, Mr. Bright,” said Mr. Merryweather, “you left nothing undone in a case requiring prompt measures.”—“Exactly so,” said Mr. Bright. “Everything was thrown on my shoulders, and I did take prompt measures.”

ADMIRATION THROWN AWAY.

“I HATE that woman,” said a gentleman, “for she changed me at nurse;” and Horace Walpole is said to have admired the happy confusion in the gentleman’s mind, and pronounced the whole idea a bull of the rarest character. Yet the whole thing admits of the easiest explanation. The woman substituted another child in place of the speaker while in his infancy. The knavery of the woman was

discovered at a later day, and he was restored to his parents. How could confusion of ideas be imputed to the mature man when he said he was changed at nurse?

“WHY CAN’T YOU COUNT?”

“BECAUSE I CAN’T
READ.”

IF asked why so silly a bull as the following is given admission into our collection we are not prepared with an answer. Its silliness we admit, but it can scarcely be read without laughter. We have it in the German collection of Storme, as well as in an Irish one.

A seriously-inclined but illiterate girl had been so constant and attentive at church, that she had the entire service by heart. She always had her prayer-book before her, and much edified the young man to whom she was betrothed by the close attention which she bestowed on it. One day, happening to have forgot his own manual, he asked her permission to look into hers. She readily granted it, but what was his surprise to see the book held the wrong way in her hand. “My dear,” said he, “your book is upside down.”—“I know it is, but that’s the way I always read: I am left-handed.”

“IT WASN’T THE DRINK:
’T WAS THE SALMON.”

THE following occurrence took place in the writer’s neighbourhood only a few weeks since:—

"A servant girl in one of the large establishments solaced her leisure hours with the perusal of 'The Family Herald,' and the imbibing of creaming pots of porter. Frequently she could not tear herself away from her two favourite sources of comfort when her presence was needed in parlour or drawing-room; and things went from bad to worse till she lost her place. Her case was being very freely handled at the neighbouring dairy, the little maid of which had been in the habit of buying for her her weekly 'Herald' and daily porter, and the chief blame for her dismissal was laid on the liquor. 'Not a bit,' said the young lamb just mentioned. 'The porter never got her turned away; it was all the fault of them Family *Herrins*.'"

GOOD ADVICE.

A YOUNG Irishman in the employment of a veterinary surgeon was considerably chaffed on one occasion by some young friends with whom he was passing the evening. At last one witty fellow asked him what he would do if a horse with broken wind was brought to him to be cured. "Faith," said he, after a short pause, "I'd advise his owner to get rid of him as soon as he could."

A VENERABLE JOKE.

THE great church scholar, John Duns Scotus, or Erigena (Irishman), being once occupied

in grave and gay discourse with the King of France, his Majesty waggishly asked him, "What is the difference between a Scot and a sot?"—"The table only,"* replied the ready scholar.

"WHERE WAS THE PENNY TO PAY THE POST?"

"THE Irishman in London" was holding forth to some pot-house companions on the amenities of his native country. "It is the cheapest country in the world to live in," said he. "You will buy a fine salmon for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence."—"And, Paddy, why did you leave that blessed and cheap country?"—"I left it because I didn't happen to have either the twopence or the sixpence about me."

A COOK OF IMPERFECT EDUCATION.

A COUNTRY clergyman having hired a housekeeper, handed her a paper of tea the first evening of her service, with directions to prepare it as soon as was convenient. She was rather long about the business, but at last made her appearance with two plates, one bearing a darkish mass of damp leaves, the other a *print* (pat) of butter. "Musha, your reverence, but this new kind of cabbage is mighty hard to boil tender. Put butter to your own taste in

* The original of question and answer:—
"*Quid interest inter Scotum et sotum?*"
"*Mensa tantum.*"

it: I didn't know how you'd like it."—"Well, indeed, I am afraid I won't like it with or without butter. If you relish it yourself, you're welcome to it."

A DISMAL JOKE.

A POOR houseless Irishman spent one long night in Edinburgh walking about the streets, or sitting on the cold hard steps. Morning being come, on the front of a building, he read "Lying-in Hospital." "There is charity among the Scotch, after all," said the poor fellow. "This must be for the reception of lying-out patients, like me. I wish I had come by at nightfall."

COLLABORATION.

AN unfinished poet, a native of "Cork's own town," once commenced a heroic poem, but, alas! could get no farther than the first two lines:—

"The sun's perpendicular height
Illumines the depths of the sea."

After putting his brain to no small torture, he laid his head down on his crossed arms, and fell asleep. During his nap, Richard Milliken, or Dr. Maginn, or some other poet of his acquaintance, came in, and seeing the state of things, including the unfinished verse, completed it, and noiselessly quitted the room. On awaking, his surprise equalled his disappointment on reading the result of the united labours:—

"The sun's perpendicular height
Illumines the depths of the sea,
And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cry, 'Hang it, how hot we shall be!'"

This egregious verse recalls another, whose paternity we should be glad to assign to a native:—

"I sits with my foot in a brook,
And if any one asks me for why,
I hits him a lick with my crook,
And says 'Sentiment kills me' says I."

EQUIVOCAL PRAISE.

AN Englishman, travelling in Ireland, fell into conversation with a native, and took occasion to complain of the state of the particular road they were on, and of the roads of Ireland generally. "Well," said Paddy, "we know they are not the best in the world; so to make up for their condition we give good measure, anyhow. Eleven of our miles are as long as fourteen of yours."

AN UNCANONICAL DISPENSATION.

WHEN Major-General O'Hara was governor of St. Lucia, a young fellow applied to him for leave to marry his aunt, a Madame le Batt. He had "obnoxiously made his approaches" to different priests on the island, but their *sine quâ non* was, that he should first obtain a dispensation from the Pope. Now, as the Holy Father was very far away, and the necessary proceedings would be expensive, he had taken the resolution to

apply to his Excellency, of whose power he entertained lofty ideas. "Your taste is odd," said the Major, "but that's no concern of mine. I shall not baulk you." Taking a sheet of paper, he wrote down the following dispensation, and handed it the gratified man:—

"The bearer of this has my permission to marry his aunt, or even his grandmother, if he chooses.

"CHARLES O'HARA,
"Governor and Pope of
"St. Lucia."

SPEAKING IN CIPHER.

A TRIAL was held in the Four Courts, before three judges, one of whom was a man of undoubted ability, the other two in little estimation. As the counsellor on the losing side was conversing with a friend some time after, he complained of his "ill luck." "You could not expect to succeed," said his friend, "with a hundred on the bench against you."—"A hundred! there were only three." "I say there were a hundred. What other number is represented by a figure of ONE and two ciphers?"

HEART AND TOES.

A GOUTY and irritable old gentleman, making way with difficulty along the north side of Merrion Square, was taken possession of by a sturdy beggar, who vigorously plied him for nearly half the length of the

enclosure. No sacred name, no pious motive, was left out in the attack; but the gouty man possessed moral courage, and the assailant at last desisted, with the disparaging observation, "Ah! I wouldn't be after losing a' quarter of an hour of my valuable time if your Honour's heart was as tender as your toes."

NATIONAL TRAITS.

THREE individuals, representatives of the lands of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, passing down a fashionable street (the reader is at liberty to select the locality), took notice of a very handsome young woman attending to her business just inside a shop window. "I say," said John, "there's a very pretty girl. Let us go in and ask if Mr. Thomson lives there, and have a chat with her."—"Oh! by my word," said Patrick, "we must make a purchase from the darling creature."—"Hoot awa', mon!" expostulated Alexander, "dinna throw awa' the siller. Let us just gang in and ask for twa and saxpence for hauf a croon."

The moral of this tale is contrary to our own experience. In general, we have found John less careful of his loose cash than Pat.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL PUN.

TWO students from the kingdom of Kerry were undergoing an examination in Old Trinity,

in the course of which the professor asked one of them what was the *Minotaur*. The questioned man had not been introduced to that terrible fellow, but his better-informed fellow-student whispered him, "A monster, man!" Catching the words, but slightly missing the pronunciation, he stoutly answered, "A Munster man," and thereby lost much ground in the estimation of his examiner.

A THIEF VICTIMIZED BY AN HONEST MAN.

BARRINGTON, already introduced to the reader, was one evening on the look-out in the pit of Crow Street Theatre for unguarded trifles. A gentleman near whom he happened to stand, looking earnestly at him, thought he recognised the notorious pickpocket. Feeling at once for his watch, and missing it, he seized his man in a moment, and ordered him to restore his property. "Make no disturbance," said the conveyancer, in a low voice; "here it is." The PLUNDERED, being an easy-going man, let the rogue off without hesitation, he was so pleased at the recovery of his property. Guess his surprise and disgust on his return home when his eye lighted on the supposed-to-be-stolen article lying on the table. Barrington, in order to escape observation, had handed him one out of five or six concealed about his person.

THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY.

A CONNEMARA farmer, once paying a visit to Dublin, took it into his head that he would create a sensation among his neighbours on his return by describing how he enjoyed a jaunt in a sedan chair from Leinster House to the Castle. So hinting his wishes to a couple of chairmen, they installed him in a seatless vehicle waiting to be repaired. They started, and the worthy was obliged to ply his limbs, and endure the splashing of every muddy spot on the route. When liberated, his ill-natured supporters asked, with a grin, how his honour liked his jaunt. "Oh, I dare say," said the much-splashed victim, "it was the genteel thing; but it looked to me like walking, and very dirty walking, too."

STRANGE TASTE IN AN ARCHBISHOP.

OUR next anecdote is only Irish from the fact of its being related by Lady Morgan. Her little elysium in Kildare Street is now occupied by a Mr. Thorp, who, perchance, has never read "O'Donnell" or "Florence MacCarthy." The anecdote is here presented in a literal translation from the German of Herr Storme, from whom we borrowed the anecdote of Lady Hamilton and the Steersman.

"When the Knight (Ritter) Charles and Lady Morgan had the honour of dining in the

palace of the Archbishop of Toronto for the first time, he thus addressed them: 'You must excuse my partiality for cats. I do not exclude them from the dining-room, and you will find them to be agreeable company.' Between the first and second courses the door opened and several beautiful large Angora cats walked in. They were presented under the names Pantaloon, Desdemona, Othello, &c., took their places on chairs by the table, and conducted themselves with a quietness and decency which could not be surpassed at any table in the highest society in London. The Archbishop happening to ask one of the chaplains to help Signora Desdemona, the servant drew near him and said: 'My lord, the Signora Desdemona will wait till the roast meat is served.'

AN INTELLIGENT ECHO.

THIS and the following piece of extravagance do not belong to the class of blunders. They are merely wilful exaggerations indulged in by sayers of good things.

A certain person was praising the sharpness and truth of an echo in some locality. "Ah," said one of his hearers, "it is infinitely inferior to one on the lands of Paddy Blake, of Galway. If you only raise your voice before it, and cry, 'How are you, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Very well, I thank you, sir.'"

AN EQUALLY INTELLIGENT TELESCOPE.

A SCIENTIFIC bore was decanting to a Wexford baronet, a distant cousin of the great Baron Munchausen, on the perfection to which telescopes were brought at the time. He went on refining and enlarging till his auditor was intensely tired. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at last, "the instruments you talk of are not fit to hold a candle to one I have at home. It not only brings the belfry of Enniscorthy Church outside my window, but enables me to distinguish the hymn that is singing at the time."

SOME OF MORRIS QUILL'S HUMOURS.

"AH," exclaimed the above-named humorist, during a very warm engagement in the Peninsula, "I wish my worst enemy was kicking me down Sackville Street."

Morris's cowardice was as unreal as his simplicity when asked why he bought his commission in the 31st. "Ah, sure, it was to be near my brother, who is in the 32nd." Great delight was his when he could mystify snobs or self-important personages. Before these he would affect ignorance or vulgarity, according to circumstances, to entertain his company.

Some prim and straitlaced guests being once at the mess-table, Morris, assuming the accent and pronunciation of a

Munster peasant, thus addressed the colonel: "Colonel, I resaved a leetther to-day from my mother in Kerry. Just read the direction on it. I'm sure it's plain enough, and still it's two months comin'. The colonel, knowing his man, read out—

"To Mistor Docthor Morris Quill, Esquire, along with Lord Wellington's fighting army in France, or Spain, or Portingale, or maybe elsewhere, and the Western Injies. From his loving mother."

The stiff-backed visitors looked at Morris with great contempt after this specimen of the state of education in his family. They were sadly disconcerted when made aware of the Doctor's habits of masquerading of an afternoon.

DR. QUILL'S DANGEROUS SECRET.

DR. QUILL'S real cause of exchanging from the 31st was a desire of seeing active service. He brought with him several warm letters to the colonel and the superior officers of the new regiment, but did not present them, for fear, as he alleged, that they might think he was on the look-out for an invitation to dinner.

Some days after joining, a supercilious major meeting him in the mess-room, the following series of questions and answers ensued:—

"Pray, sir, were you not a considerable time in the 31st?"—"Oh yes, I was, faith."—"It is a very good corps indeed, a

very good corps. I wonder you did not remain in it. What made you leave it, sir?"—"Why, faith (*simulating confusion*), I don't like exactly, major, to mention the reason."—"God bless me! what was it?"—"Major, I know you are a gentleman, every bit of you. So if you give me your honour that you will not mention it to anybody, I'll tell you the whole affair."—"I pledge you my honour, I will not mention it."—"Pon your honour," said Morris emphatically.—"Pon my honour," echoed the Major. "Well, shut the door, Major. You see when I was in the 31st, I owed a little money here and there, and was bothered with duns. So I just—one day that I was short of a little money"—"Well, sir!" interrupted the major.—"Well, I just—put—a—few of the mess-table spoons and silver forks into my pocket, that's all."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, indeed, and a fellow in livery saw me do it, and stopped me before the officers. The Colonel was a civil fellow, and let me off without a court-martial."—"Indeed! ho—hum. Good morning, sir."

Notwithstanding the pledging of the Major's honour, the Colonel and the officers were soon in possession of all he could tell them; a meeting was held, resolutions come to, and the orderly sergeant sent to request Mr. Quill's presence at the assembly. Being informed by the Colonel that his delinquencies in the 31st were known, he cast an arch look on the

Major, and exclaimed, "Ah, Major, Major, so you have told on me though you pledged your honour." The major winced a little.—"Now, Colonel, that gentleman asked me a question in a joke, a rather free one, and I made him an answer of the same kind. He asked me why I quitted the 31st, an odd question, and he got as odd an answer. I think it is about time to deliver my introductory letters. Here is one for you, Colonel; here's one for you, Captain Smith; one for you, Captain Jones; one for you, Lieutenant Edwards, &c., &c., &c. Never did the mess-room echo heartier laughs than those now occasioned by Morris's craft, and the Major's gullibility. The latter laughed from the teeth out, but the effort made him sick. Morris's good nature, good humour, and drollery, soon established him a general favourite.

*MICKY FREE, A FOOL TO
DR. QUILL'S ORDERLY.*

NEVER was such a treasure possessed by any officer in a strange country, and no money to be had, than Dr. Quill possessed in Denis. There was not a sixpence in the regimental chest, as one might say, yet Dr. Quill would invite friends to dine with him without knowing how a single eatable was to be got.

The guest having arrived and the fowl, pork, or young pig laid before them, Quill would ask,—

"Where did you *buy* these things, Denis?"—"Oh, please your honour up there above—over the hill—down there at a farm house."—"You're sure you *bought* them, Denis?"—"Oh yes, I ped for 'em, sir, that is, I offered the money to the farmer, but he said, 'Never mind, Denis: it will do another time.'"—"Very well, very well, Denis. As you paid for the provisions it is all well, but take care that the provost marshal doesn't give you your *change* one of these days."—"Ach, we're here, starvin' and fightin' for the Portuguese; so the laste they may do, is to give us our dinner at any rate."

*DEATH BEFORE NEGLECT
OF DUTY.*

THE Brigadier-general while proceeding during a hot engagement to a point in the field where his presence was needful, saw the Doctor running in the shelter of a hedge, not to the scene of fire and smoke, but in the contrary direction. "Where are you going, sir?" shouted the General. "I protest," was the answer which came to his ears, "I'll stay there no longer; it's too hot." The irate commander supposing the run-away to be a recreant man of the sword, sent his aide-de-camp after him to march him back prisoner, but Morris got to the hedge where his instruments were lying before the pursuer, and was seen returning with them as fast as his legs could bring him. The aide-de-camp, recognising the

merry surgeon, burst out a laughing, and so did the General, and so did Morris himself. Having seen a brother-officer grievously hurt in the fight, and not having the instruments suitable for his case about him, he had been hastening for them when spied by the brigadier.

* * These anecdotes of the gallant Munster man are to be found in "The Military Sketch Book" (Colburn, 1838), a most amusing and interesting work.

IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

ALONG with Morris Quill and his brave brothers, of Scottish, English, and Welsh land, figured in the peninsula a colonel, brave as a lion, but as precise as a Martinet, and more select in his choice of words than *Percie Shafston* himself. Sometimes the non-commissioned officers did not understand him, and ridiculous consequences ensued. Once, when making an inspection of his men, he was much irritated by the dirty state of one private whom he had more than once before reprovved for his neglect of cleanliness.—"Here, Corporal Fogarty," said he, "take that eye-and-nose offending man, and *lave* him in the river." If discipline would have allowed, the Corporal would have scratched his head in perplexity, but the order was peremptory, and he marched off his man. Before the operation intended by the Colonel could well be performed, Corporal Fogarty presented himself. "Well, have you done as I directed? Where

is private —?"—"He's where your Honour ordered him to be—in the river." "I intended you to see the man washed, and brought back clean."—"Faith, your honour, the words as I caught them were, '*Lave* that man in the river.' I took him to the river and left him in it, and there I hope he is still safe and sound."

A VALID EXCUSE.

LIEUTENANT O'BRIEN, commonly called Skyrocket Jack, while sitting on a gun-carriage in the ship *Edgar* at Spithead, happened to be blown up a reasonable height, but falling into the water, he was picked up black and damp, and in that plight presented to the admiral. "I hope, sir," said he, "you will excuse my dirty appearance. I came off ship-board in so great a hurry that I have not had time to shift myself."

UNPOPULAR WITH FRIENDS AND FOES.

A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL in the Irish Brigade was despatched by the Duke of Berwick (natural son of James II.) to Louis XIV. with an account of some irregularities among his troops at Fort Kiel. His Majesty, considerably annoyed, exclaimed, in a pettish tone, "These Irishmen give me more trouble than all the rest of my soldiers."—"Your Majesty's enemies to a man make the very same complaint," rejoined the Hibernian officer.

AN ANOMALY IN PHYSICS.

JOSEPH MILLER, Esq., in the grave and dismal work which he bequeathed to posterity, thus related an extraordinary feat performed by that soldier by instinct, the mere Irishman :—

“The colonel of an English regiment, going out of his tent one evening, saw approaching one of his Irish soldiers conducting three prisoners of war. The captor gave the military salute, and pointed to his prize. ‘Ah, how have you managed to secure the three? Were you single-handed?’—‘To be sure I was, your honour, but I managed to *surround* them.’”

CATCHING A TARTAR.

NOT so fortunate was Paddy Mullowney, between whom and a comrade the following dialogue was maintained across a barrier of brushwood, and during a retreat :—

“Come on, Paddy.”—“I can’t.”—“Why?”—“I have taken a *presner*.”—“Bring him along with you.”—“He won’t come.”—“Then come away without him.”—“He won’t let me.”

TOM DOGGET AND HIS BADGE.

THOSE patrons of ours who have read “The Waterman,” or seen it performed, cannot forget the rowing match on the Thames for the badge. Provision was made for this institution by Thomas Dogget, born in Castle

Street, Dublin, and author of “The Country Wake,” published in 1696. To his great merits as an actor, Congreve’s plays owed much of their popularity. That dramatist wrote out the parts of *Fondlewife* and *Ben* expressly for him. In low comedy and singing humorous songs he was scarcely to be excelled. To commemorate the Hanoverian succession he instituted the rowing match for a coat and silver badge on the first of August, the candidates being six young men one year out of their apprenticeship. The Garrick Club possess an original portrait of Dogget, never engraved. The following lines were written with a diamond on a glass pane in Lambeth on the 1st of August, 1736 :—

“Tom Dogget, the greatest sly drole in his parts,
In acting, for certain, was master of arts,
A monument left, no herald is fuller,
His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
Ten thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the theme of their song,
When Old Nol with great Louis the Bourbon’s forgot,
And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.”

TOM MOORE’S EARLY ACTING.

OUR national poet was a pupil of the worthy Mr. White, whose academy was situated at the rear of the house in Grafton Street, now numbered 79. White rather fostered dramatic propensities in his pupils, and an instinctive love of acting exhibited

itself in our subject from a very early age.

"How great was my pride, delight, and awe!" he says in his journal, "when summoned to cross the yard to the master's house to be introduced to Miss Campion (a popular actress), and to have the high honour of reciting to her *Alexander's Feast*."

Great was the little fellow's gratification on receiving a gracious bow of recognition from the young lady in the streets a few days later.

"I question," he says, "if a salute from Corinne when on her way to be crowned in the capitol, would have affected me in after-years half so much."

The handsome and vivacious child was sure to be singled out by his schoolmaster when infantine display was found desirable at one of the public exhibitions, "to the no small jealousy of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was still more wonderful. 'Oh, he is an old little crab,' said one of the rival *Cornelias* on one occasion of this kind. 'He can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age.'—Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next her, one who was slightly acquainted with our family, "if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born."

During a vacation the little man and some of his juvenile friends got up the little comedy of "The Poor Soldier," and played it to the entire satisfac-

tion of themselves and their friends. "A very pretty person (he says), named Fanny Ryan, played the part of *Norah*, and I was the happy *Patrick*—dressed, I recollect, in a volunteer uniform of a boy much larger than myself, and which, accordingly, hung about me in no very soldierly fashion.

"I wrote a farewell epilogue for the occasion, which I delivered myself in a suit of mourning, as little adapted to my size as the regimentals. In describing the transition we were about to undergo from actors to mere school-boys, my epilogue had the following lines:—

"Our pantaloons, that did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book;
Our harlequin, who skip'd, leap'd,
danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side."

MOORE AT THE KILKENNY THEATRICALS.

THE amateur theatricals which have associated such pleasant souvenirs with the old City of Kilkenny, endured from 1802 to 1820, many of the performers being furnished from the Irish Bar. Moore filled such roles as *Sam* in "Raising the Wind," *Robin Roughhead*, *Mungo*, *Sadi* in "The Mountaineers," *Spado* and *Peeping Tom*. Some of Spado's allusions to his short stature and other peculiarities were received by the audience as entirely applicable to the low-sized actor himself, especially those contained in the following lines:—

"Though born to be little's my fate,
Yet so was the great Alexander,
And when I walk under a gate
I've no need to stoop like a gander.

I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,
Whose paper kite sails in the sky;
Though wanting three feet in my body,
In soul I am thirty feet high."

It is much to the credit of the poet's memory that when John Banim, then an enthusiastic boy, waited on him with a specimen of his poetry, he gave him the kindest reception, obtained for him a season ticket, and took an unfeigned interest in his well-doing.

IRISH BULLS CONDUCTING ENGLISH ONES INTO WRONG PASTURES.

THE considerate actor who was appointed to present LION in the interlude in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," was considerate enough to allay the fears of his audience beforehand by proclaiming that he was in reality mere Mr. Snug the joiner, at their service, and no ravenous wild beast. Had Mr. Edgworth, when issuing his "Essay on Irish Bulls," been as discreet, he would have spared the Yorkshire or Lancashire Agricultural Society the trouble of ordering several copies of the work, the expense incurred in discharging the bill, and the mortification of finding the bulls mere creatures of the brain, instead of the robust animals pastured on the rich meadows of Meath or Limerick.

MACKLIN, CHRISTENED CHARLES MACLAUGHLIN.

THIS celebrated actor and author came to the world during the retreat from the Boyne. His mother would accompany her husband to the Jacobite camp, and in the disastrous retreat she was obliged perforce to seek a temporary refuge, and submit to woman's destiny. Her second husband was a Williamite trooper, William O'Malley by name, and not an unkind step-father. Young Charles was such a scape-grace as to be distinguished by the name of "Wicked Charley." He tried different occupations in early life, a college scout (*skip* in Dublin slang) being among the number, but finally fixed on the stage, to which he had always a hankering from his first appearance as *Monimia* when a schoolboy.

Observing in his strolling life that his Irish accent was a drawback to his success, he took lessons from a Welsh clergyman, and the result was a hybrid enunciation not familiar to the inhabitants of any part of the empire. He himself, later in life, gave lessons in accent to a Scotch student, who wished to obtain the pure and undefiled accent of England.

MACLAUGHLIN ENDS IN MACKLIN.

OUR hero, having got rid of his Irish accent, fancied he would advantageously discard his Irish

surname. Indeed, convenience had as much to do in the change as conceit. His English acquaintance could not get nearer the guttural sound than *Macclottin*. With his Irish friends the change did him bad service. Phil Flanagan calling to his lodging, inquired of the mistress, "Is young Charley MacLaughlin at home?" "Charley who, sir?" "Charles MacLaughlin, from Dublin." "Macclottin, Macclottin! I really don't know any such person." Phil taking a letter from his pocket held it out to the woman, exclaiming, "Arrah, don't be joking, missis. Do you think I don't know my cousin's writing, and doesn't he say here he lives three doors from Temple Bar, and isn't this house three doors from them big gates?" She denied all intention of giving offence. "There was no Mr. Macclottin in her house. The only gentleman occupying her apartments was a Mr. Macklin, from Ireland, as she believed."

When Macklin returned from the rehearsal, his landlady mentioned the inquiry made in his absence for a Mr. Macclottin. "Why, bless my soul!" said he, "I am the person inquired for." "You!" said she in a scream. "Well Mr. Macclottin, Macclugton, or Macklin, the sooner you leave my house the better. I'll have no people with two names stopping here." It required some trouble on the part of the manager of the theatre to assure her of Macklin's respectability.

"THIS IS THE JEW THAT SHAKESPEARE DREW."

MACKLIN was the *Peachum* of "The Beggars' Opera," *Scrub* in "The Beaux Stratagem," *Marplot* in "The Busy Body," and obtained great applause in these and other such impersonations. To suit the bad taste of the audiences of a century and a half ago, Lord Lansdowne set about improving "The Merchant of Venice." He called his adaptation "The Jew of Venice," and converted the tragic Shylock into a low-comedy character. Macklin's judgment decided that the play, as it came from Shakespeare's brain, would prove a success. He put it in rehearsal, merely read *Shylock's* part without infusing any passion into it, and had the actors and actresses in dire distress, and expectation of an entire failure. Things were not improved when he appeared in the green room, not in the ludicrous costume of Lord Lansdowne's Hebrew, but such as we ourselves have seen on Edmund Kean. Amid the awful stillness of a crowded house the play commenced, the actors and actresses not daring to call their souls their own, but from the first scene in which *Shylock* had anything to do, to the conclusion, the applause went on increasing, and Macklin's triumph was complete. Nineteen nights in succession the play was repeated to crowded houses.

"On the third night of representation all eyes were directed to the stage box, where sat a de-

formed little man, and while others watched his gestures as if to learn his opinion of the performers, he was gazing intently on *Shylock*, and as the actor panted in broken accents of rage, and sorrow, and avarice, 'Go, Tubal: fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal,'—the little man was seen to rise, and leaning from the box as Macklin passed it, he whispered:—

"This is the Jew,
That Shakespeare drew."

Macklin was the original *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant* in his own play of "The Man of the World." In our days, Mr. Phelps has made the character personal property. "Love à la Mode," in which he personated *Sir Archy MacSarcasm* is seldom repeated; wherefore we know not. Charles MacLaughlin expired on the 11th of July, 1797, at the ripe age of 104.

MRS. MARGARET WOFF- INGTON'S DEBUT.

IN 1727 Mme. Violante opened a large house of entertainment in Fownes's Court, near Anglesea Street, and afforded amusement to the Dublin lieges by the performances of acrobats and of performers of *tours de force* generally, she herself dancing on the

tight and slack rope. This species of attraction losing its charm after a while, she constructed a stage, got scenery painted, and had plays and farces performed. Her artists were not the first in their line, and the speculation failed. But the French dancer on the cord was not to be discouraged. She secured actors and actresses, none beyond ten years of age, instructed them carefully, and brought out "The Beggar's Opera," then the rage in London. Night after night, crowded houses testified their approbation of the new order of things. Among the juvenile performers was enlisted the pretty, gentle, little Peggy Woffington, whose previous business was minding her mother's fruit standing at the corner of the same court. In time the little basket girl was the best representative of the high bred lady, which the theatres of London could supply. She was not without her failings, but could not be surpassed in sweetness of disposition, and kindness of heart. The almshouses founded by her at Teddington still survive. "A writer of the last century tells us that he remembered seeing Mrs. Woffington's mother, whom she comfortably supported, a respectable looking old lady in her short black velvet cloak, with deep rich fringe, a diamond ring, and small agate snuff-box. She had nothing to mind but going the rounds of the Catholic chapels and chatting with her neighbours." (*Irish Quarterly Review*.)

The Italian singers having taken London by assault, Dublin (always its servile imitator) followed suite. While Margaret Woffington was still in her teens, a Dublin poet thus satirized the acquired *tasté*, in many instances one of affectation :—

“ There’s scarce a Forth man or Fingallian,
But sings or whistles in Italian.
Instead of good old Barley Mow,
With *t’amo tanto* drives the plough ;
They o’er their cups can sing *si caro*,
And dare profane it at the harrow.”

The Barony Forth man is here unscrupulously slandered. Till a much later date than that of the song, English was scarcely introduced into the barony.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF “SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

GOOD-HEARTED and simple-minded Oliver Goldsmith getting, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, a guinea in his pocket, and being on his way to Edgeworthstown school, sauntered on leisurely, admiring the gentlemen’s seats and every other thing worth admiration as he went along. In this blest and heedless condition of mind, he found himself in the town of Ardagh at nightfall, thought he had better stay there till morning, and, meeting a respectable-looking man, he inquired for the best house in the town, meaning thereby the best inn. The inquired-at man, by name Cornelius O’Kelly, the best fen-

cing-master of his day, answering the question in the letter but not the spirit, directed him to the residence of Sir Ralph Fetherstone. Oliver, entering the parlour with the jaunty air of youth, found the master of the mansion sitting at a good fire, said he wished to pass the night at his house, ordered supper, and invited the landlord and his family to sup with him. Sir Ralph, learning his family and highly esteeming his father, humoured the joke, played the old-fashioned landlord, and much enjoyed the young fellow’s self-approbation and thorough unworldliness. When retiring for the night, Oliver requested a hot cake for his breakfast. The cake was consumed next morning by the youth and his hosts, but his chagrin and confusion on demanding his bill and discovering his mistake, can scarcely be conceived. In his play of “She Stoops to Conquer,” he turned the mistake to good account.

“SNUFFED OUT BY AN ARTICLE.”

KEATS was not the only one who came thus by his death. Such of our readers as take an interest in old theatrical books, have met with “The Eccentricities of John Edwin, Comedian.” The son of this humorist belonged to the Crow Street Theatre, in the beginning of the present century, when the late John Wilson Croker, then a briefless barrister, published his

very biting and familiar epistles to Frederick Jones, the then proprietor of that place of entertainment. Few now alive have seen the performances of any half dozen of the artists censured or praised in the "Familiar Epistles," but among that half dozen the brave old comedian Mr. Williams must be remembered. "The Comedy of Errors," in which he and Yorkshire Johnson (Jones was his real name, and he was a Cockney besides) represented the two Dromios, was as delightful a treat as could be presented to the public. Johnson had got up Williams's face so well, and so ludicrously copied and exaggerated his grimaces and gestures, and bodily movements, that the latter looked only a pale copy of himself, and the house indulged in a continued peal of merriment while either was on the stage. For the sake of those who remember the respectable old citizen, we copy Croker's allusion to him when he was in his prime, with the hint that he did not receive a just appreciation from the satirist.

"Next Williams comes, the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff;
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each free and easy motion;
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins.
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast, and points his toe:
Is merriment to be expressed,
He points his toe and slaps his breast.
His turns are swings, his step a jump,
His feeling fits, his touch a thump,
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts, and moves by starts."

Edwin was one of the unlucky artists who failed to secure the

approbation of the satirist. Tradition says that his death was caused by the few lines devoted to him. He died in 1805, and an upright slab in St. Werburgh's church preserved, at least till lately, his name and the date of his death. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the acting of his widow, who was unequalled in such parts as *Mrs. Malaprop*, *The Duenna*, &c. These are the lines to which such malign power has been attributed.

"Heaven, that dooms to equal fate,
The thespian and the human state,
With Mrs. Edwin blessed her vows,
But cursed us with her lubbard spouse.
Yet let us spare him for a name
High on the rolls of comic fame,
And on degeneracy take
Compassion for the parents' sake,
Such as he sometimes feels, who views
Howards or Russells cleaning shoes."

CROW STREET V. PETER STREET.

THE once famous Astley put his horses through their paces in a circus in Peter Street, and the patentee of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, fancying that he was encroaching on his own privileges by having "The Lock and Key" presented in his amphitheatre, brought his grievance before their Lordships in the Four Courts. Curran being one of the counsel employed, contrived to deprive the cause of any decent degree of gravity by his exordium.

"My lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said "Lock and Key" is to be considered a patent one, or

else of the spring and tumbler kind." It would not be easy to produce another instance of this kind of pleasantry, in which the words to be abused presented themselves so unreservedly to the abuser.

*THESPIAS AND BACCHUS
FALSE FRIENDS.*

A CERTAIN guardian of the lamps in Crow Street Theatre, named Flood, possessed such powers of memory and mimicry that he got many a half-crown from the actors or their patrons for exhibitions of his talents. Passing along the quay one day, he saw a boy struggling in the river, and being a fearless man and a good swimmer, he threw himself in and saved the lad. The parents of the rescued boy being influential people, got the brave man a place in the Custom-house, and he kept his roistering propensities in check, till in an unlucky hour he was deputed to rule the revenue in Dingle. Being now his own master, he gave scope to his theatrical impulses, fitted up a little theatre, and trained the youthful Romeos and Juliets of that remote town to walk the stage, and declaim with effect. Worse still, he would have little suppers for his performers, male and female, when play and farce were over, and sundry yards and hen-roosts were invaded to furnish cheer for these Olympian feasts.

Flood by degrees got into bad odour with the higher

powers as well as with the smuggling populace, and something must be done to retrieve his character. Taking a favourable time, he apprehended a citizen at night at the head of a string of horses all laden with tobacco. The horses and loads escaped, but Connor their owner was put in prison, and then put before the judge. He was a man with a large family, and if convicted would suffer several years' imprisonment. O'Connell was fee'd for the defence, which appeared nearly hopeless; but several zealous and unprincipled young friends of Connor waylaid and secured in succession poor Flood for some days before the trial, spouted, and caused him to spout, drank with him, and made him drink, and when at last he sat in the witness's chair, he was very much bemused in ale and punch. Still, by a supreme effort he kept mastery over himself, and gave unequivocal evidence against the prisoner. He had risen, and was leaving his pew with much self-approval, when O'Connell shouted at him, "Come back, Alonzo!" Like the war-horse at the trumpet blast, poor Flood got excited, and exclaimed, "Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogen!"—"And who is your last Imogen?" He shook his head with drunken gravity, but under the counsellor's screw-pressure he was obliged to confess to many peccadilloes connected with his amateur theatricals, as well as dark deeds of conveyancing of fowls from yards and roosts. He abused his examiner

right and left, lost his judgment, contradicted his own testimony, but would be immediately mollified when O'Connell would treat him to bits from plays, or furnish him with cues. One of these so affected him that, crying out "My life, my love, my Belvidera!" he attempted to fling himself on his false friend's neck. There being an unnoticed chasm between the respective	seats, and the victim entirely beyond vulgar caution, he fell prone on his face in the trench, and all his powers were for the moment paralyzed. The jury took but little time to frame their verdict of acquittal, and the rescue of the poor smuggler furnished the great lawyer with much self-complacency in after years.
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NOTE.

OUR motto is furnished from one of the shorter poems of Sir Walter Scott,—“The Search after Happiness.”

IRISH PROVERBS.

SUCH sayings in this collection as may not be familiar to the general reader are translations from the Irish, but used by the now English-speaking people in some other forms. They have been selected from the copious store to be found in the excellent Irish Grammar written by the Rev. Ulick J. Burke, of St. Jarlath's College. All the rest have been heard by the writer in the province of Leinster, but the greater part are as much the property of Hindustanis, Persians, Germans, Italians and Spaniards, as they are of the inhabitants of the banks of the Liffey and Slaney, the form and appendages varying according to the political, social, and physical conditions of the different peoples among whom they are domesticated. No one need fear any future scarcity of the article. Rev. Ulick Burke has as many in the native Irish as would fill a good-sized volume, and is not every one aware of the awful number of editions created to infold the mighty mass of the Proverbial Philosophy of Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq. !

A burnt child dreads the fire.

A cat is able to look on a king.

A chance shot will kill the *divel*.

A crooked cake makes a straight back.

A day in the bone is worth two in the tally. (*Rest is as needful as work.*)

A drink before a story. (*Give encouragement to professional musicians, artists, &c.*)

A drink is shorter than a story. (*An excuse for a drink before the story ends.*)

A gift horse is not to be looked in the teeth.

A good beginning is half the work.

A hen is heavy when carried far.

A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

- Always rub your skirts to some one better off than yourself.
 A miss is as good as a mile.
 An alms from his own share is given to a fool.
 An empty vessel sounds loud.
 An illiterate king is a crowned ass.
 A man without learning and wearing fine clothes,
 Is like a gold ring in a fat pig's nose.
 A sage is not always wise.
 As black as the sole of your shoe.
 As dark as bags.
 As fine a man as you'd meet in a kish of brogues.
 A shoemaker's wife and a smith's mare are always badly shod.
 As puny-stomached as Bully (*the house-dog; said of a glutton*).
 As welcome as flowers in May.
 A thorn in mire, a hound's tooth, and a fool's retort, are the three
 sharpest things in creation.
 A watched pot never boils. (*A thing anxiously expected seems
 slow in coming.*)
 A wet funeral is lucky.
 Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on;
 And happy is the bride that the sun shines on.
 A wet and a windy May makes strong barns.
 A wren in hand is better than a crane on loan.
 A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
 Badly got, badly gone.
 Beggars can't be choosers.
 Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fray.
 Big head, little wit.
 Catch a weasel asleep. (*An order to do some difficult thing.*)
 "Come day, go day, God send Sunday!" (*A wish attributed to
 an indolent person.*)
 "Dível thravel your speed!" (*A mistake of persons imperfect in
 English for "D. speed your journey!"*)
 "Dível die with him! If we lose a friend we'll lose a foe."
 (*Said on the death of an acquaintance for whom the speaker
 had little regard.*)
 Don't keep a dog and bark yourself.
 Donald is Thigue's brother.
 A chip of the old block.

Don't put off thatching till the storm is at hand.

Don't tie with your tongue what you can't open with your teeth.

(*A dissuasive against an imprudent marriage.*)

Ease and elegance, like a shoe-black in a noddy.

Eaten bread is sour.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

Every child is as its nursing.

With education form the tender mind ;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Everything, and cabbage a-Sunday. (*Expressive of comfort among our peasantry.*)

Everything troubles you, and the cat breaks your heart. (*A reproof addressed to a querulous person.*)

Fair and easy goes far in the day.

Far-away cows have long horns.

Far-away hills look green.

February fill-dyke,—neither black nor white.

Friends are known in distress.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

"Go and kill a Hussian for yourself." (*See page 107.*)

God never shuts one door, but he opens another.

God never made a mouth without making something to put in it.

God's relief is nearer than the threshold.

Going to a goat's house to look for wool.

Going to law with the devil, and the court held in hell.

Gold is light with a fool.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Half loaf is better than no bread.

He breaks his wife's head, and then buys a plaster for it.

He cut a rod to whip his own back.

He got up before the D. shook his doublet.

He has too many irons in the fire.

He improves like bad fish in July.

He is like a *swinged* cat, bettther *nor* he looks.

He is not able to drag a herring off the coals.

He is not covetous, but he'd fain have all.

He is never without a *cawbeen*, a *threheen*, and a *sligheen* (*Old hat, old stocking, and old shoe*).

He that's born to be hanged needn't fear water.

He that's born under a threepenny planet will never be worth a groat.

He was fit to stack his duds (*to break into a fit of madness*).

He went to look at somebody drinking. (*An euphuism for "He went to drink."*)

He'll either make a spoon or spoil a horn.

He would swear a hole through a griddle.

His feeding is better than his education.

He is better fed than taught.

If *ifs* and *ands* were pots and pans, small work would be for the tinker.

If wishes were horses, beggars might ride ;

If straws were swords, I'd have one by my side.

If you were as *catcheous* as you're snappish you wouldn't leave a bird on the bushes.

It's a bad bird that defiles its own nest.

It's a bad blast that is not good for some one.

It's an ill wind blows that does nobody good.

It's a long lane that has no turn.

It's easy to bake with meal at your hand.

It's no secret when it's known to three.

It wasn't from the wind he got it. (*He did not obtain his knowledge without study.*)

It's Tallow-Hill talk with you. (*This locality was famous for robberies committed on carmen. "Your talk is as idle as a carman's boast before he had got away clear from Tallow (Tallacht) hill."*)

It's to please herself that the cat sings her *cronān* (*purrs*).

It was the three borrowed days that killed poor *Raphogue*. (*The Cow having wagered with March that he would not be able to kill her, and having survived the thirty-first day, she kicked up her heels, lowing out, "That for March." The enraged month, out of spite, borrowed the first three days from April, and did the poor beast's business.*)

Fig be jowl,—cheek by jowl.

Keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Look before taking a leap.

Looking for a hound without knowing its colour.

Make a complaint to no one but a friend.

Many a shabby colt made a fine horse.

Many a day shall we rest in the grave.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Men and women meet ;—mountains never.

More holy than godly. (*A jest on ragged clothes.*)

More by chance than good luck.

Never scald your lips with another man's porridge.

No fool like an old fool.

"No force, black pig." (*I'll lose no more time in persuading you to do what's right.*)

No one knows where the shoe pinches better than *him* that wears it.

No tree but has rotten wood enough to burn it. (*An allusion to the evil wrought by bad members of a family.*)

Nuts taste bitter in the evening (*to those who have feasted on them through the day.*)

Och mavrone ! (*oh my sorrow !*) black stones will never grow white !

Often was *Ugly* amiable, and *Pretty* sulky.

Once paid, never craved.

One nail spoils a horse, one horse spoils a team of six.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost.

For want of a shoe the horse was lost.

For want of a horse the man was lost.

One cockchafer thinks another handsome.

One scabby sheep infects a flock.

One story is good till another is told.

"Peace be with them !" as King James (I. ?) said to his hounds.

Poor and proud, like the *Moneytummer* people. (*In every district some village or townland is thus characterised.*)

Poverty is no crime. If it was, many a one would be hanged.

Put more potatoes in the pot, maybe some one is coming down Scollach Gap. (*An anticipation of some traveller coming in hungry.*)

Putting on the mill the thatch of the kiln.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Right wrongs no man.

She ate shame and drank after it. (*Said of an abandoned woman.*)

She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. (*Affectedly modest.*)

She wipes the plates with the cat's tail. (*Said of a slattern.*)

She wipes her face with the pot rag. (*Ditto.*)

Shoes in the cradle, the feet in the mire. (*A hint to those who do not thankfully use the good gifts of Providence.*)

Skinning a flea for its hide and tallow.

Standers on the *ditch* (fence) are the best hurlers.

Bachelor's children are the best educated.

Success attends slovenliness. (*Misers generally neglect cleanliness.*)

There's luck in muck.

Summer is summer till Michaelmas Day.

Winter is winter till the middle of May.

Take a short stick in your fist, and be off to—.

That man has an eye in the back of his head.

That's the lazy man's load. (*Said to a person who carries too many things at once to avoid a second journey.*)

That woman won't sell her hen on a rainy day. (*A character for cleverness.*)

The cat will soon take you under the bed. (*Said to a faint-hearted person.*)

The cow dies while the grass is growing.

The darkest hour is before the dawn.

The devil could not hold a candle to him. (*Said of a very wicked person.*)

The foot at rest meets nothing.

The shut hand catches no fish.

The fox has you by the throat. (*You are hoarse.*)

The lake is not the heavier for the duck.

The lamb teaching its dam to bleat.

The longest way round, the shortest way home. (*Regular industry to be preferred to speculation.*)

The pig is on your back. (*You are in a bad humour.*)

The priest christens his own child first. (*The saying alludes to the circumstance of a few newly-born children being left to the care of a clergyman and some neighbouring families.*)

There is a rib broke in the devil. (*Some obdurate person has done an act of mercy.*)

There's nothing sharper than a woman's tongue.

There never was an old shoe that could not get its match of an old stocking. (*A matrimonial aphorism.*)

The scanty dish tastes well.

Hunger is good sauce.

Three without rule,—a woman, a pig, and a fool.

The smell was strong enough to knock down a horse.

This won't put much fat on my ribs. (*Said of a profitless affair.*)

Time and I against any two.

To carry water in a sieve.

Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

To rake a fire on the edge of a lake, or to throw stones on a strand,
is as foolish as to advise a silly woman.

Two eyes are better than one.

Wash your dirty linen in the house. (*Keep silence to your neighbours on your domestic affairs.*)

We brought the summer along with us.

We never miss the water till the well runs dry.

What can't be had is just what's wished for.

What can you expect from a cat but her skin.

What the devil gives with one hand, he takes with the other.

What the housewife spares, the cat eats.

What your neighbour gets, you never lose.

When a man is down, down with him.

Where the thing is not, the king loses his right.

While a duck swims, a swan's feathers are white, and a dog snarls
and bites, a woman will be perverse.

Wine is sweet, sour its effects.

Wine tells truth.

Words are but wind ; but blows are unkind.

You are a better turner than a dishmaker. (*You are expert at misrepresentation.*)

You are as stiff as if you had oatmeal to sell.

You can't have your loaf and eat it.

You got a blind man to judge of colour.

You make fish of one, and flesh of another.

You might as well be throwing stones against the wind.

Your eye is bigger than your stomach. (*You will not be able to eat as much as you think.*)

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